THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 6, 1909

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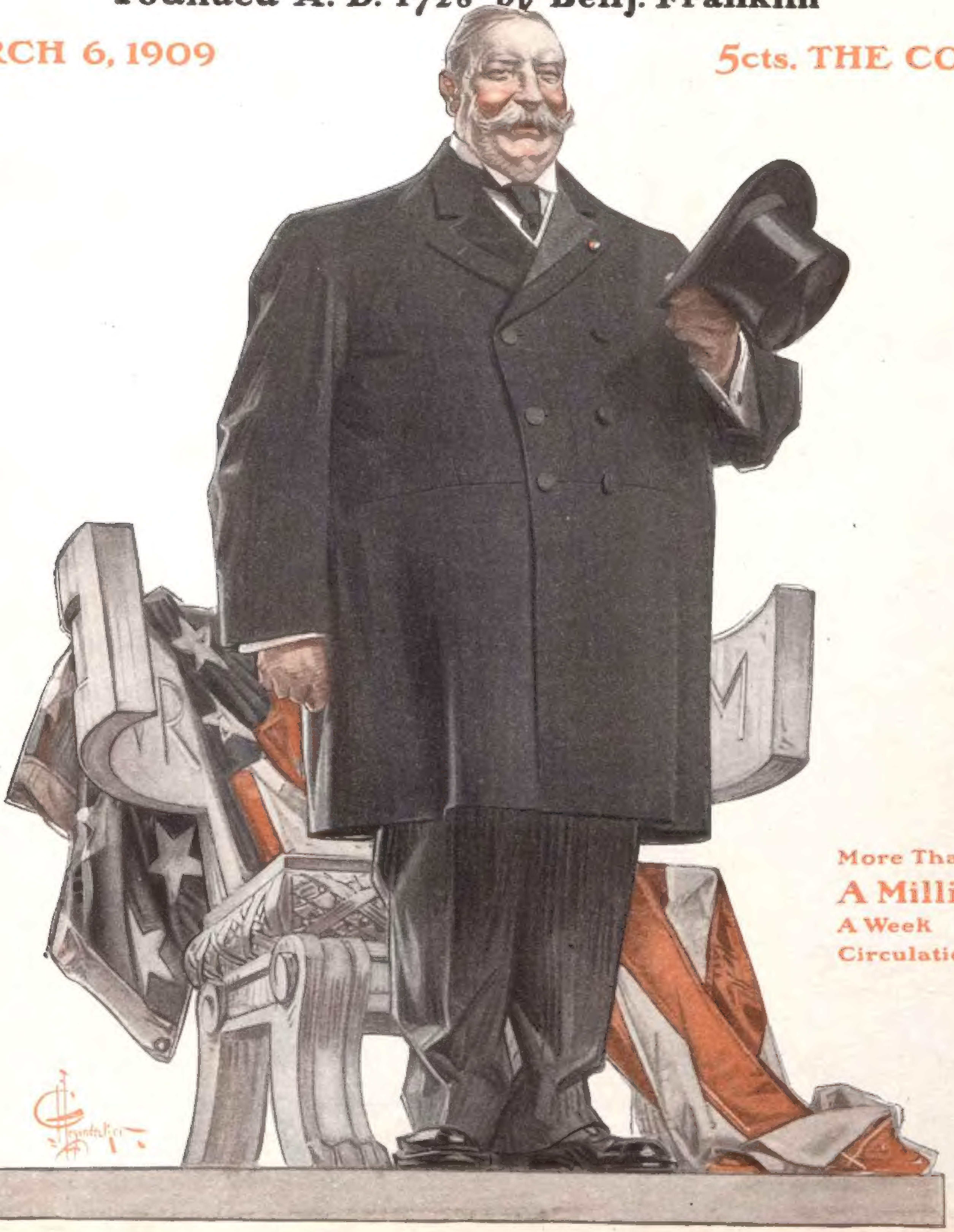

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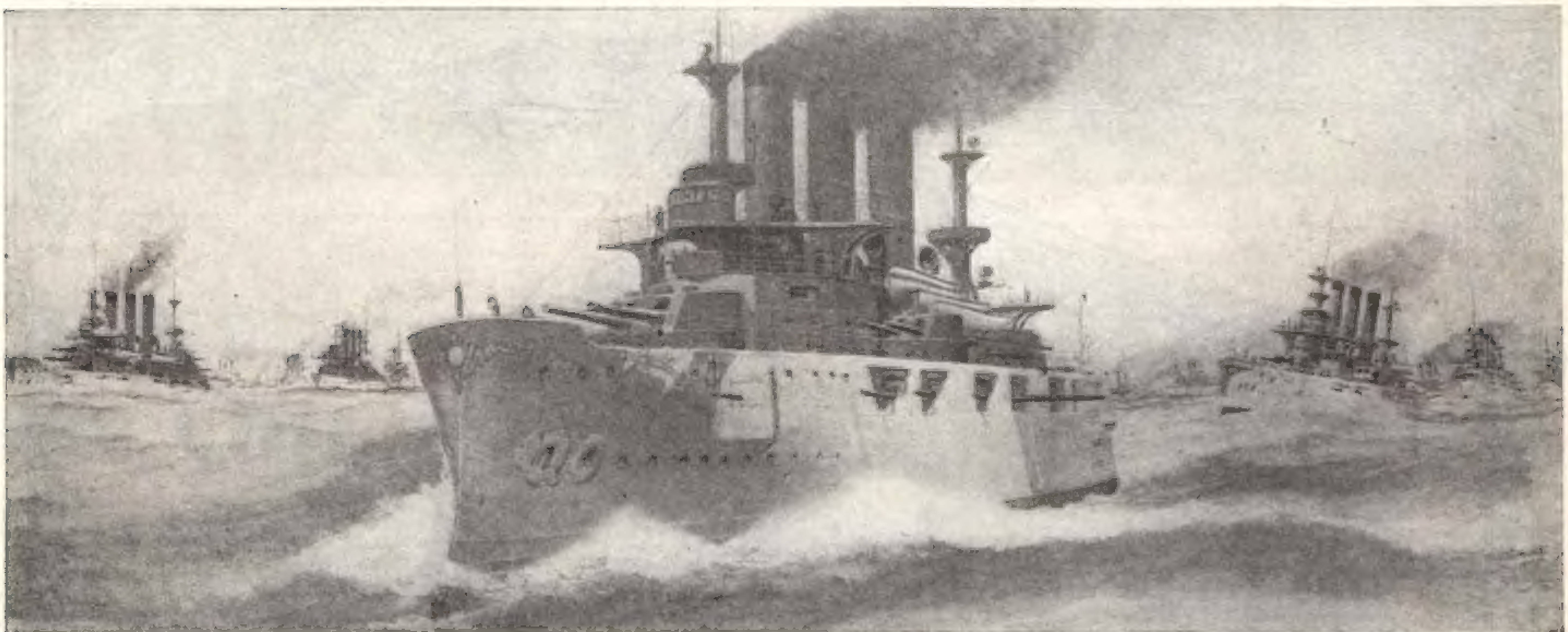

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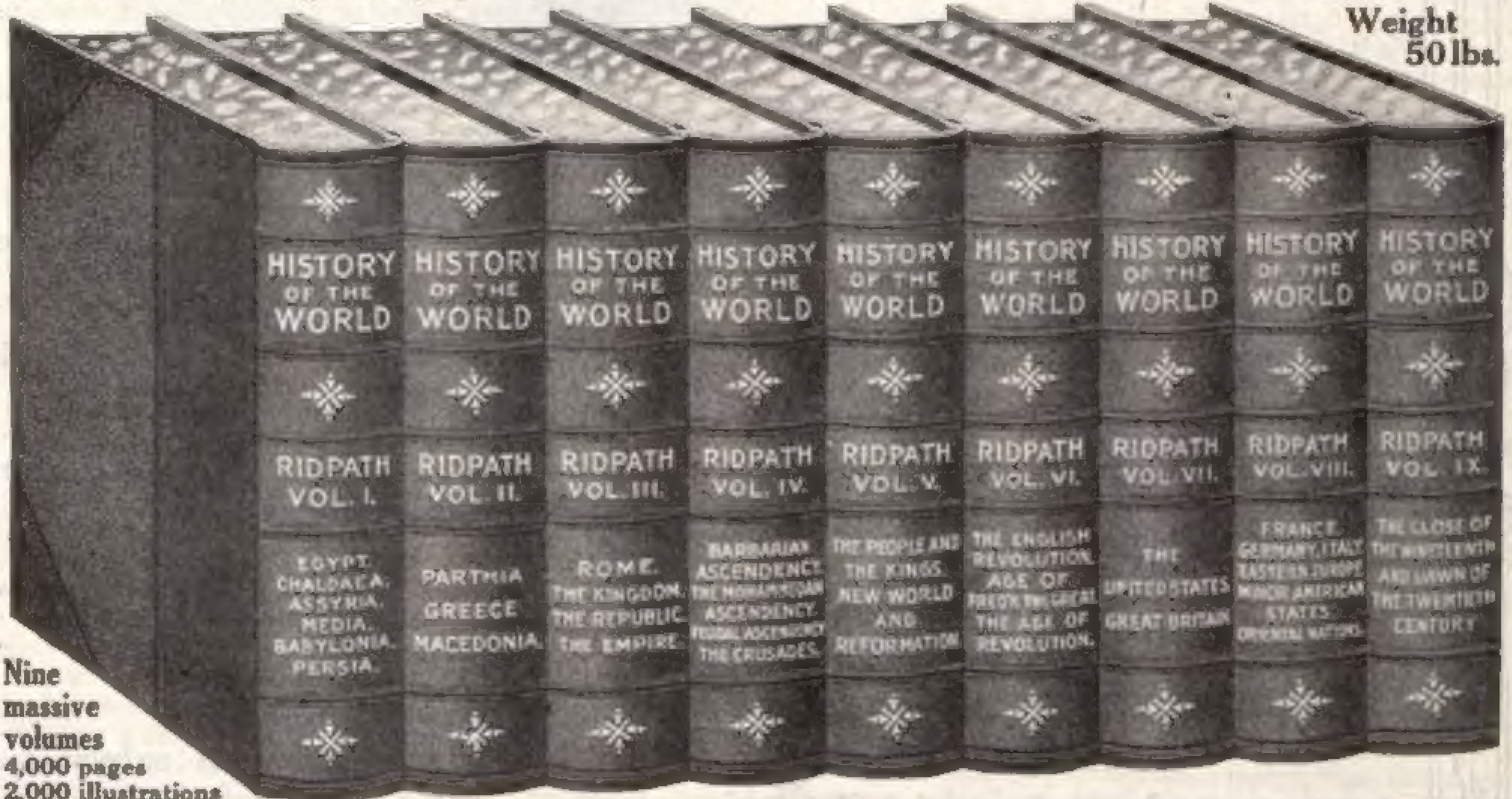
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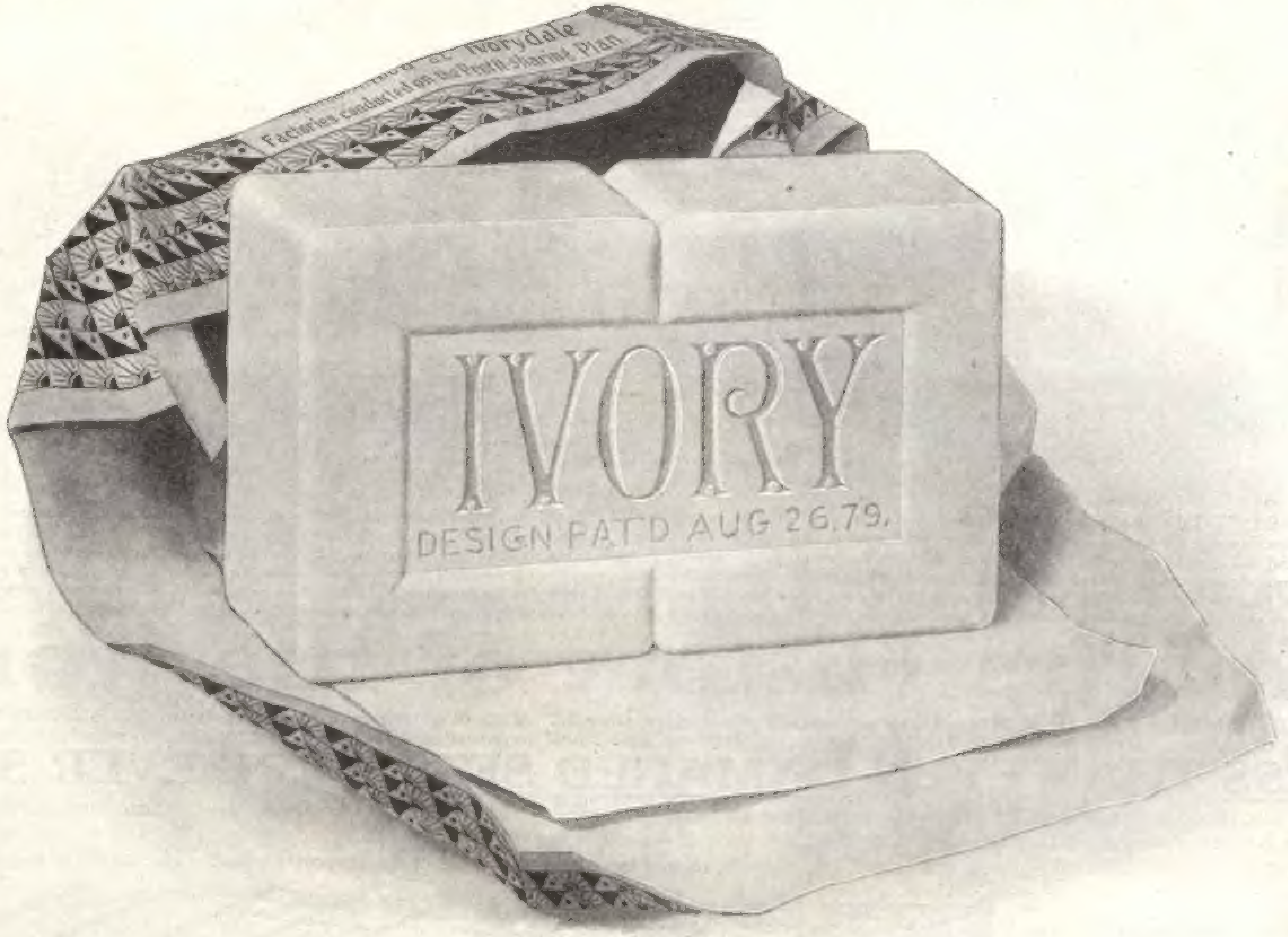
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Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

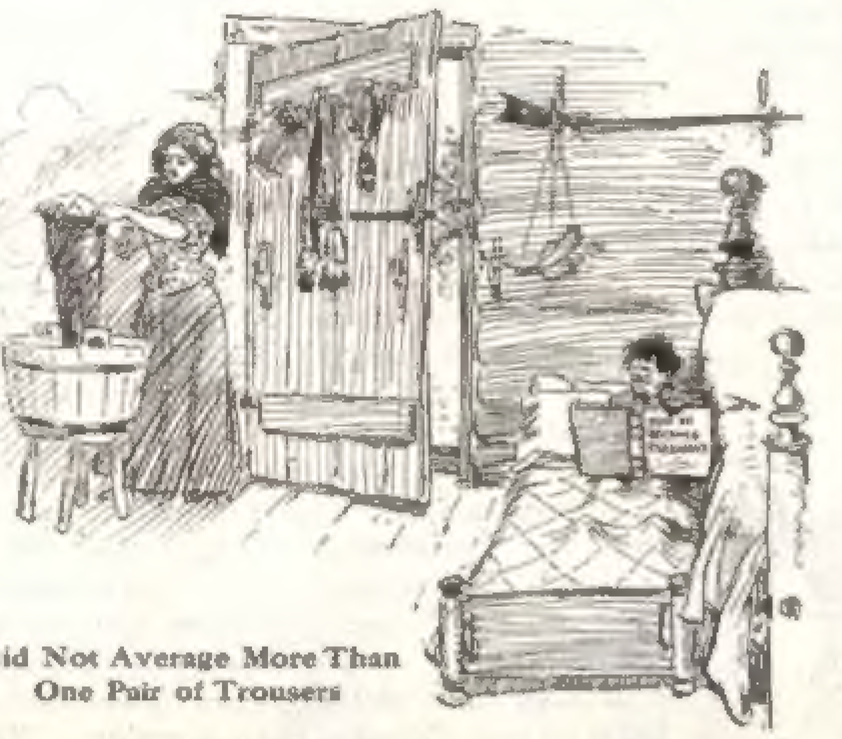
Volume 181 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1909 Number 36

A Nature Faker's Observations on Our Presidents

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

THE President is the grandest of American institutions. He is also the scarcest. There is never more than one of him at a time, and sometimes only a fraction. In all there have only been twenty-six, counting Grover Cleveland as two Executives. The Presidential chair has just been enlarged and specially reënforced for the twenty-seventh, who was seated in it this week.


Did Not Average More Than One Pair of Trousers

No American institution is better beloved by the people than the President. He is the embodiment of all the romance of liberty and equality. Any boy who is born in America and does not go Democratic may become President. Only about one in ten million have turned the trick, but the fact that the office is free to all, and that most of the men who have filled it did not average more than one pair of trousers apiece in their youth, has spread a romantic glory about it that time has not dispelled. Every President is fitted with a halo by an admiring public and his historians. While it is true, possibly, that, in a very few cases, the halo came down over the neck and shoulders of the wearer, as a washtub would have done, the fact is not officially admitted. Grand, solemn and imposing, the twenty-six Presidents of the United States stretch across the last one hundred and twenty years of history like railroad water tanks across a flat and arid plain. The President is the most extensively hired man in the Republic. He has eighty-six million employers, who help pay his wages, feel a proprietary interest in him, and stop in to talk things over with him whenever they are in Washington. He is the only man in America whose public acts, private opinions, personal tastes, household bills, and choice in neckties, amusements and sons-in-law are entirely open to discussion by every citizen of the country in good standing. He must suit a majority of the whole people in all these particulars in order to obtain his job. The wonder is that there have been any Presidents at all.

Thus Resembling Joe Cannon

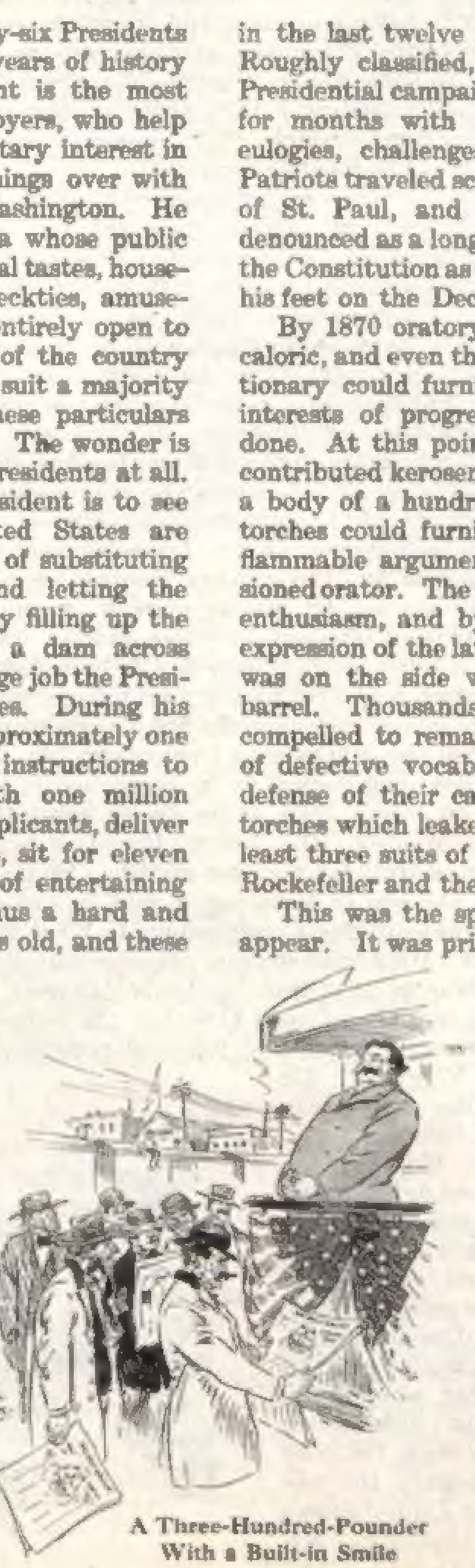
The chief task of the President is to see that the laws of the United States are obeyed. There is some talk of substituting an easier task for this and letting the President earn his money by filling up the Arizona Cañon or building a dam across the Atlantic. Besides this large job the President has many smaller duties. During his four years he must write approximately one hundred and ten yards of instructions to Congress, shake hands with one million people, divide eleven thousand offices among seven hundred thousand applicants, deliver one thousand addresses, dedicate one hundred miscellaneous buildings, sit for eleven thousand photographs and do two hundred thousand dollars' worth of entertaining on a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. Being President is thus a hard and exhausting task. Only four ex-Presidents have lived to be eighty years old, and these were early Executives who served before the Washington correspondent and the handshaking Marathon were invented.

Styles have changed greatly in the United States since the last days of the eighteenth century. This is especially true with Presidents. The open-faced, smooth-shaven President was used almost exclusively up to 1860, when a President with a beard was tried and gave excellent satisfaction. This led to a violent change of fashions, and for the next thirty years it was impossible to elect a President who was not adorned with chinchillas, scrubbing brushes, "stuns'ls," or some other sort of facial upholstery. Through the administration of Grant, Hayes and Garfield beards raged with increasing vigor. With Arthur they began to dwindle, and a Presidential chin became visible for the first time since 1868. The office suffered under Harrison from another attack of whiskers, but since then has been free from them. Three out of four of the last Presidents have worn mustaches, and the new style seems firmly engrafted upon the position. The custom of wearing hair was partially discontinued during the administrations of John Quincy Adams, James A. Garfield and William McKinley, but has since been revived.

A glance over the lives of the Presidents indicates that most American boys fall down in their ambitions along this line because they do not begin to train early enough in life. Next to becoming a great baseball player, nothing requires so early a start as the President business. Washington was military commander of a whole territory at the age of nineteen; Madison was a legislator at twenty-five; John Quincy Adams was Secretary of the Russian Legation at fourteen and Minister to Holland at twenty-seven; Andrew Jackson was Senator at thirty; William Henry Harrison was Governor of Indiana Territory at twenty-eight; Tyler was a member of the Virginia Legislature at twenty-one and a Congressman at twenty-six. Even Lincoln, who was a slow starter and could not read big words when he was fourteen years old, was a bigger man in the Illinois Legislature at the age of twenty-five than that body possesses today. In the early days the American boy spent his youth in training for the Presidential race. During the last three decades he has spent it in training for his college baseball or football team. In consequence, baseball has become great, while Presidential timber is so scarce that one party has been compelled to use the same candidate three times in the last twelve years. Various means of electing the President have been used. Roughly classified, they are hot air, kerosene and printers' ink. Prior to 1870 Presidential campaigns consisted almost entirely of oratory. The atmosphere quivered for months with denunciation, invective, asseveration, vituperation, apostrophes, eulogies, challenges, retorts discourteous and other forms of vocal bombardment. Patriots traveled scores of miles to hear their candidate described as an under-Secretary of St. Paul, and the opposing great man denounced as a long-fanged monster who used the Constitution as a breakfast food and wiped his feet on the Declaration of Independence.

The President Has Many Smaller Duties

By 1870 oratory had reached the limit of caloric, and even the latest editions of the dictionary could furnish no new fuel. In the interests of progress something had to be done. At this point science stepped in and contributed kerosene. It was discovered that a body of a hundred patriotic men carrying torches could furnish a hotter and more inflammable argument than the most impassioned orator. The new plan was taken up with enthusiasm, and by 1884, to paraphrase an expression of the late Mr. Napoleon, the Lord was on the side with the biggest kerosene barrel. Thousands of men who had been compelled to remain silent hitherto because of defective vocabularies now sprang to the defense of their candidates and marched miles wearing oilcloth capes and carrying torches which leaked. No man was a true party supporter who did not contribute at least three suits of clothes per campaign to the cause of his candidate. Both John D. Rockefeller and the American Woolen Industry got their start during these campaigns.


A Three-Hundred-Pounder With a Built-in Smile

This was the spectacular age of politics. In 1896, however, a new force began to appear. It was printers' ink. So highly perfected had the newspaper business become that the opposing paper could print the candidate's speech, refute it, poke two columns of paragraphic fun at the rally, and publish cartoons of the torchlight parade before breakfast the next morning. Patriots were kept so busy reading about the campaign that they had no time to march. The torch clubs disbanded. The rallies dwindled in size because the voter could read all the speeches at home—sometimes before they were delivered. The cause of oratory was struck a fatal blow because the editors of the newspapers, resorting to the vocabularies of the sporting writers, the society editors and the jokesmiths, could turn out editorials compared with which the most vitriolic efforts of the candidates sounded like the speeches at a mothers' meeting.

In the campaign just finished the newspapers reigned supreme, and only allowed the candidates to speak because of the natural curiosity of the voters to see if they were as ugly as their pictures. The campaign raged with unparalleled violence in the editorial columns, and on the streets it was so tame that Republicans and Democrats went to the post-office for their morning papers arm in arm.

For the benefit of those young Americans who may decide to give up their ambitions to own automobiles and become President instead,

No President Has Been Born West of Ohio

a few statistics concerning these great and peculiar men have been corded up. To begin with, it is almost absolutely necessary for a Presidential aspirant to be born in Ohio. This is not a law, but it is a rule that is generally observed. Since Johnson's administration, six Ohio-born men have been elected President, while there are well-founded suspicions that several other Ohio men are growing up with the idea of taking the place later. In this time only three men out of twenty million, not born in Ohio, have become President. The percentage is discouraging.

In the early days of the Republic, Virginia produced seven Presidents. The Presidential timber of that State has, however, long been exhausted through reckless extravagance. New York has produced three, North Carolina three, Massachusetts two, and Pennsylvania, Kentucky, New Jersey, Vermont and New Hampshire one each. No President has been born west of Ohio, but this is in no way the fault of William J. Bryan.

Nine American boys have succeeded in getting into the White House without a college education. The lawyer's monopoly on the Presidential chair really should be investigated. Twenty Presidents have been lawyers.

John Quincy Adams was Secretary of the Russian Legation at Fourteen

What to do with our ex-Presidents is a question that vexes many writers who make a specialty of worrying in the periodicals. It has been argued that, having climbed to the top of the ladder of fame, some provision ought to be made to pinnacle an ex-President on some comfortable shelf instead of pushing him rudely off into oblivion at the end of his term. The problem has been partially solved by making the President stand bareheaded in a cold March wind, taking his oath of office, and again while helping his successor through the ordeal. This has no doubt shortened the sufferings of several idle ex-Presidents, but is not regarded as particularly humane.

Most of the early Presidents retired to their estates after leaving the White House and waited for death in a dignified, but uninspiring, manner. John Quincy Adams and Andrew Johnson went back to Congress and spent their last days enjoyably in denouncing whatever they pleased with no weather eye on the consequences. Van Buren and Fillmore continued to lead their parties for many years after their terms expired. Jefferson and Grant spent their declining years hustling for funds. In fact, the latter postponed dying for several months by sheer will power in order to die out of debt. Grover Cleveland, married at forty-nine, busied himself, after retiring from office, with the cares of a young father.

He was a Harvard Man and a Great Traveler

There are many things which an ex-President might do with dignity and profit. He might be appointed official dedicator of public buildings, national cemeteries and monuments, thus relieving the existing President of vast and unprofitable labor. He might be employed by the Government to lecture on "How I got there," to classes of ambitious young Americans in the various colleges. In the case of Theodore Roosevelt, who probably needs taking care of worse than any ex-President the country has had, it is suggested that he be employed in launching battleships, digging canals, stopping up leaks in the Mississippi levees, hunting night riders, testing aeroplanes, navigating icebergs off the steamer lanes, subduing Kansas tornadoes and taming the Colorado River. These few, feeble tasks would assure him a busy and happy middle age and would mitigate to some extent the horrors of his enforced retirement from active life.

George Washington, of Virginia, was the first President. At the time of his election he was so big a man that the country felt honored by his acceptance. He was six feet two inches in height, and was in his youth the nearest approach to a college athlete that the country had. Washington was noted for his dignity. He was phenomenally dignified. One cannot imagine George Washington, the father of his country, sitting down to a table to eat or polishing his truthful countenance with a huck towel behind the kitchen door—both of which things he must, nevertheless, have done. Some of his habits would be considered old-fashioned now, and if a certain cherry-tree incident is to be believed, he would find it impossible to obtain admission to one of the most popular political clubs of the present day. Something like 111,111,111,111,111 postage stamps, bearing his face, have served to keep his memory red.

John Adams was the second President. He inaugurated the custom of talking his way into the Presidency, being noted for his oratory. Mr. Adams was a short, plentiful man and red of face. He spoke his mind with great frankness and made enemies during his administration with such prodigious rapidity that he was defeated for reëlection. Thereupon he retired and spent the remainder of his life quietly at home training up his son, John Quincy, for the job. Mr. Adams died July 4, 1826, at the age of ninety-one, which still remains the ex-Presidential record.

Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, was a rich man with a fad for plain clothes, thus resembling Joe Cannon. Jefferson was the first man to be inaugurated in Washington and rode his horse to the Capitol. This is cited as a proof of his simplicity, but it is possible that the state of the Washington streets in March had something to do with it. Mr. Jefferson served two terms and was the first President to develop skill in separating an officeholder of different political complexion from his job. He was also the inventor of the American fractional currency, and was the greatest shopper the Government has ever had, picking up over one million square miles of territory for fifteen million dollars—marked down from twenty-five million dollars. Mr. Jefferson held office for forty-four years, spending all the money he had on the hobby. He was the inventor of the Jeffersonian Democracy, but, fortunately, did not live long enough to be compelled to diagnose it. He died on July 4, 1826, at the age of eighty-three.

James Madison, the fourth President, was a small, bald man, a trifle fat and not stylish. He began to hold office at the age of twenty-five, and in succession filled positions as legislator, Congressman, Cabinet Minister and President. His administration was especially distinguished by the War of 1812 and by Dolly Madison, the latter reflecting more glory upon him than the former. He was intensely conservative and followed precedent by being born in Virginia. He died in the same State June 28, 1836.

James Monroe, the fifth President, came from the usual State. He was elected President in 1816, and four years later was reëlected with only one dissenting vote, which indicates that he was either abnormally skillful in distributing offices or that, for once in their history, the people of the United States got tired of politics. Mr. Monroe invented the Monroe Doctrine, which is a sort of international "Keep off the Grass" sign, and was the first President to wear his own hair exclusively, wigs having by this time gone out of style.

This Confused Him So That He Lost His Ambition as a Tailor

John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, had a distinct advantage over other early American boys, being coached for the job by his dad. He was a Harvard man and a great traveler, having crossed the ocean so many times that his portmanteau could not be seen for the hotel labels. For years he was journeyman treaty-writer for the Government, and his mileage in the service of his country has only been exceeded by that of William H. Taft. Mr. Adams was a bald, rosy-headed man who loved to say what he thought. He was a great patriot, but was not fatal to tyrants, being more skilled with oratory than with firearms. Every one in the country was mad at him at one time or another, which was to him a source of deep gratification and pleasure.

John Quincy Adams only served one term, but was sent to Congress for eighteen years afterward, and opposed everything with great vigor and firmness. He was stricken in the Capitol building in 1848, at the age of eighty-one, while preparing his nine hundredth petition for the abolition of slavery, which shows just how far behind the times John Quincy Adams was.

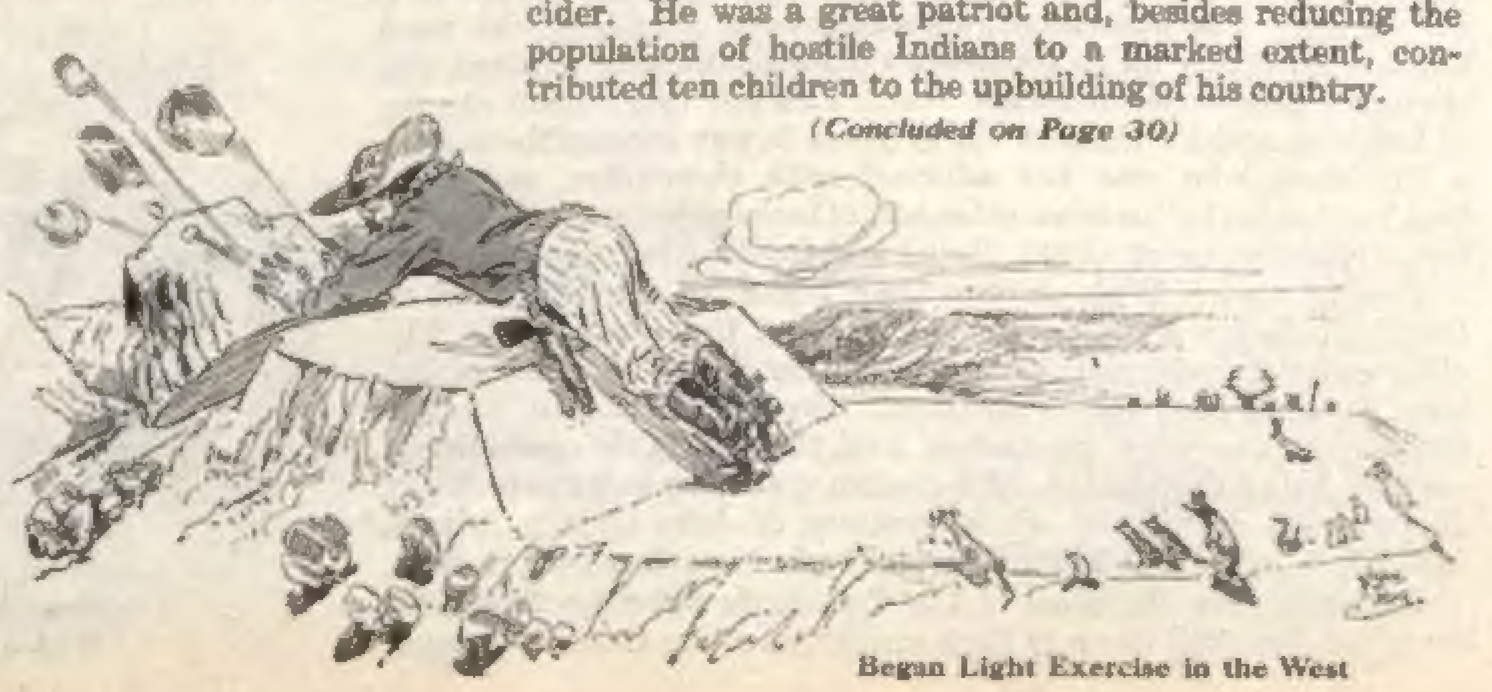
In electing Andrew Jackson, the country departed from its custom of alternating between Massachusetts and Virginia and chose a man from Tennessee. Jackson was an exponent of the big stick, the stuffed club, the shillalah, the battle-axe and the tomahawk. He served in four wars before becoming President and, during his administration, started two more which did not materialize. Jackson was a thin, stern-looking man with defiant hair. He was twice as simple as Jefferson and three times as vociferous as John Quincy Adams. He was an expert duelist and caused much ill health among his opponents in thirty-eight-caliber debates. Jackson was attacked by an assassin while President, but the latter escaped with his life.

Often Sighed for the Happy Days in the Wilderness

Following Jackson's tempestuous wake, Martin Van Buren edged his way into the Presidential chair from that of Vice-President, being the last man to accomplish the feat by election. He was the first New York politician to get there and was also the first President to indulge in whiskers of any sort, wearing wide-spreading tapestry on either jaw. He was more successful in New York politics than in Washington, and started the fad of carrying the Empire State around in the vest pocket at conventions.

William Henry Harrison was the first Presidential martyr. One month after his inauguration he died of exhaustion from trying to stretch out a thousand offices to fit twenty thousand office seekers. The Ohio habit began with Harrison, who was elected from that State. He was elected for three reasons—because he had won the battle of Tippecanoe, which rhymed with "Tyler, too," because he lived in a log cabin and because he drank hard cider. He was a great patriot and, besides reducing the population of hostile Indians to a marked extent, contributed ten children to the upbuilding of his country.

(Concluded on Page 30)



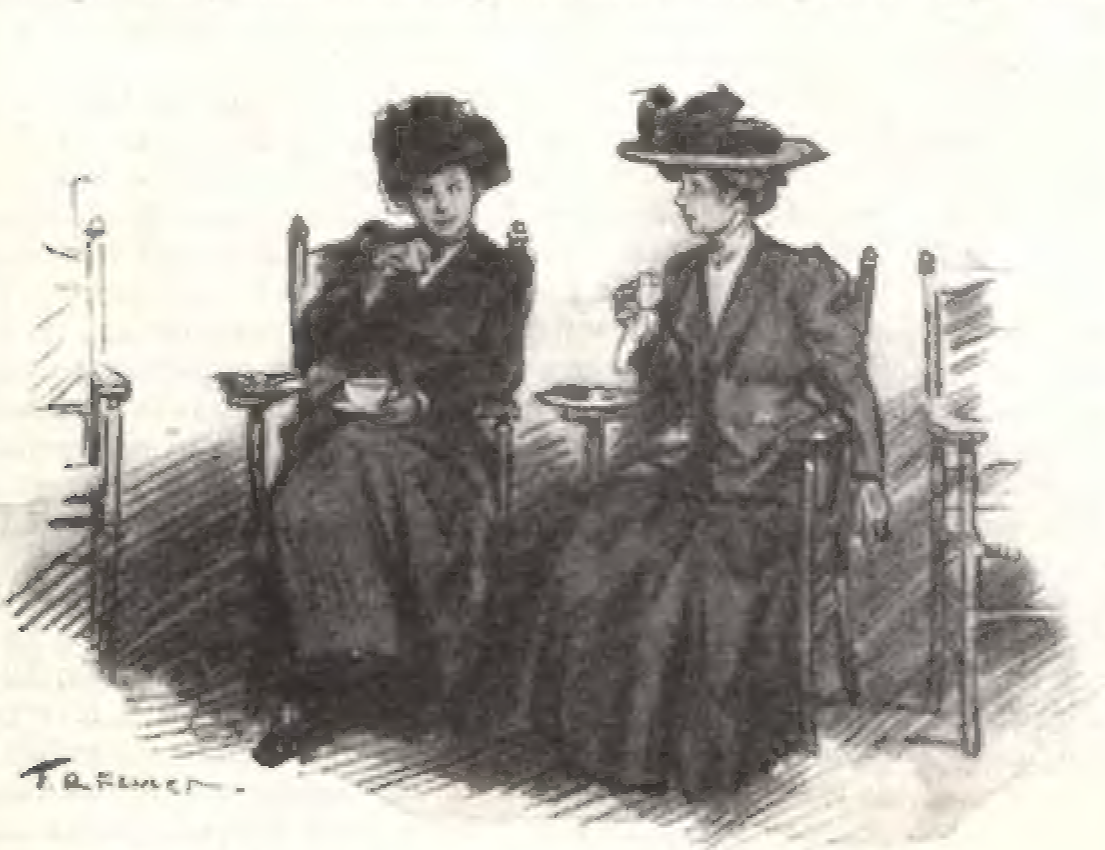
Began Light Exercise in the West

HAVING AUTHORITY

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ISAACS & SAMUELSON'S, Skirts, is on the second floor, right over Engelhardt & Blum's, Wholesale Notions and Novelties. You come to a window displaying boxed suspenders, lead-pencils, carded collar-buttons, bandanna handkerchiefs, bright-yellow leather gloves, soap, shoelaces and safety-pins—and that's Engelhardt's. You effect an entrance on the north side, and stumble into an elevator engineered by an excessively dirty boy who is afflicted with deafness and takes you up to the sixth. Descending, he stops and pushes aside a glazed door, whereupon a heavy smell of closely-confined garments assails your nostrils. That's Isaacs & Samuelson's.



"What Do You Know About That!" Ejaculated Miss Peet

If you live on Grand Boulevard, are a member of a club and owner of a sixty-horse-power, four-cylinder car, that would otherwise be eating its cylinder head off in the garage, you arrive at any time you please (which will be 8 A. M. to the dot) by way of Michigan Avenue, turning west on Madison and north on Franklin. The Twelfth Street car, however, brings most of the I. & S. working-force. A large proportion of it is from the section east of Halsted and lisps in numbers and amounts. Miss Sadie Johnson's speech was clear and incisive, moreover, her eyes were gray and fearless, and she transferred on Paulina.

Miss Johnson began her business career at the customary age of fourteen as cash-girl in a department store; two years later she accepted a general utility position in the office of Isaacs & Samuelson, where in the course of five years more her salary had increased by leaps and bounds until she was taking home ten dollars weekly. This because, with infinite pains, she had acquired a rapid-fire smattering of shorthand and typewriting that answered the firm's purpose. It may be said that she earned the money.

. . . .

"This is fierce," said Miss Johnson, as she swung off the car and tacked against the lake breeze to the sidewalk. "Hold tight on to your hair, dearie."

"Ain't it awful!" agreed Miss Peet, the office assistant, clutching her merriwidder and gasping. "Gee! I'm 'most froze a'ready. We got to get a move on or we'll be late."

The two scudded briskly along in the lee of the tall buildings and made sudden darts past threatening wagon-tongues and imminent car-fenders at the crossings. Miss Johnson was frowning. She had been frowning and monosyllabic throughout the trip from Robey.

"What's the matter with you, Sade?" asked Miss Peet. "Are you sick?"

"I'm all of that," admitted Miss Johnson. "It's been coming on some time and I haven't hardly noticed it, but I guess I'm good and sick."

"What is it?" asked Miss Peet anxiously. "It ain't lungs, is it?"

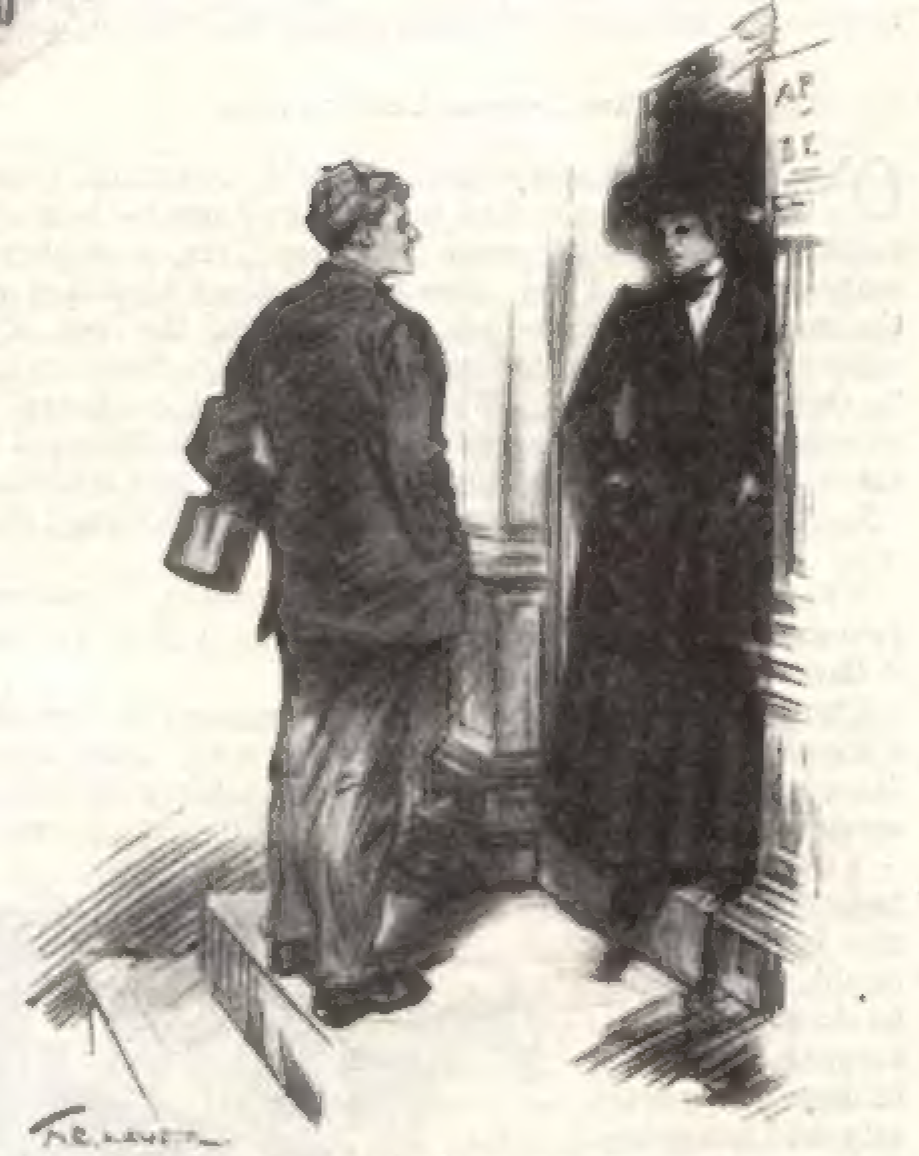
"It's a pain in the back of my neck," replied Miss Johnson shortly. "Folks asking questions brings it on sometimes."

"All right for you, if you want to be snippety," retorted Miss Peet in a dudgeon, and by that time they were at Isaacs & Samuelson's door. The Samuelson limousine was swinging around for the homeward trip as they came up, and seeing this Miss Johnson's frown grew more decided.

Isaacs & Samuelson had a remarkable way of starting work under a full head of steam without any preliminary firing up or gathering of momentum. At the stroke of eight cutting-machines drove their keen blades through chalk-lined layers of cloth, sewing-machines whirred and irons thumped on steaming boards; shirt-sleeved stock men moved about among the stacks of garments, and order clerks, books in hand, chanted monotonously to the entry desk. In the office pens scratched in open ledgers and day books, rubber stamps thudded from pad to paper, drawers of filing-cabinets were pulled out and closed, and Miss Peet's nickeled stiletto slid rapidly beneath the flaps of envelopes, while letters were piled on letters for the devouring Isaacs and Samuelson in their common den.

Miss Johnson's hands had not lost the blue tinge of cold, but her typewriter clacked and its carriage slammed backward with miraculous briskness at each completed line. She paused after she had removed her first sheet of paper to rub the warmth into her fingers, and as she stretched them her eyes fell upon a sapphire doublet ring and she smiled, and then sighed; and then the buzzer sounded.

In an instant she had thrust back her chair, clutched a notebook and was hurrying to the partners' room, extracting her pencil from her hair as she went. Old Isaacs, bearded and ponderous, spoke as she entered, without looking up.



"Then You Say 'Serge and Chambray' and You Get Off With Him and Go Where He Takes You and Do What He Says"

"Dake dese ledders."

Miss Johnson seated herself and began to follow his deliberate dictation. Opposite to her sat Samuelson, prematurely bald, full lipped, thick necked, sardonic. She could feel his flashing eyeglasses focused on her and it made her feel vaguely uncomfortable.

"So!" grunted the senior partner, presently. "Ged dose owit kvick."

Miss Johnson rose, stabbed her pencil back into her coiffure and flitted from the room. It seemed that the door had barely closed behind her before her machine began clattering at a rate that threatened to rack its mechanism into scrap iron. For nearly an hour she worked and then again the buzz, and again she responded to the call with the same instant haste, and returned to her desk with a few more pages of her notebook covered with curves, dots and dashes.

Now and then she answered a summons from some inferior dignitary with equal alacrity, and in this she merely conformed to the rule that governed all. Isaacs or Samuelson called Mr. Bernstein, and Mr. Bernstein toddled as if some spring had been released to set his shrunken shanks in motion. In his turn he croaked peremptorily for Neumann, the chief salesman, and Neumann gave a decorous imitation of a ball player "making second" and then shot off at top speed to execute his orders. And so on down to the two impish, black-eyed boys who copied the letters and ran the errands of the firm. It was noticeable to the most casual visitor. Dapper little Abey Ganz, buyer for Wertheimer, of Topeka, was not the man to overlook it.

"You've got a great system here, gentlemen," he observed, as Miss Johnson entered the room for the fourth time.

Mr. Isaacs smiled complacently and removed the ornately-carved meerschaum cigar-holder from between his yellow teeth. "Ve speag mit audority," he said in his deep bass. "Ve say to von, 'Go!' und he goet, und to anoder, 'Gome!' und he gomet. You bed you. Dere is no foolishness."

Miss Johnson's gray eyes flashed for a moment and then, meeting Samuelson's, dropped to her notebook. Samuelson's thick lips twisted into a malicious smile.

. . . .

"What do you know about that!" ejaculated Miss Peet, as the two girls sat side by side in the caféteria, their lunches precariously balanced on the arms of their chairs. "It's no dream, either," she added thoughtfully. "There's no foolishness, sure enough."

"I've always done it," said Miss Johnson, biting viciously into a doughnut; "but it makes me sore when they rub it in. Six days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, and five years now. I was thinking about it coming down this morning. When they say 'Come!' we come—a-running; and when they say 'Go!' it's hunt another job, little one, and see what you'll get."

"What do we do it for?" said Miss Peet.

"Ten per I'm doing it for now," replied Miss Johnson. "I've done it for three-fifty per, just the same. When they hollered 'Cash!' little Sadie sprinted for the counter with her tails streaming out behind. 'Forty-ni-ine!'" Miss Johnson called the number in a shrill, nasal voice and then giggled at the attention she had attracted.

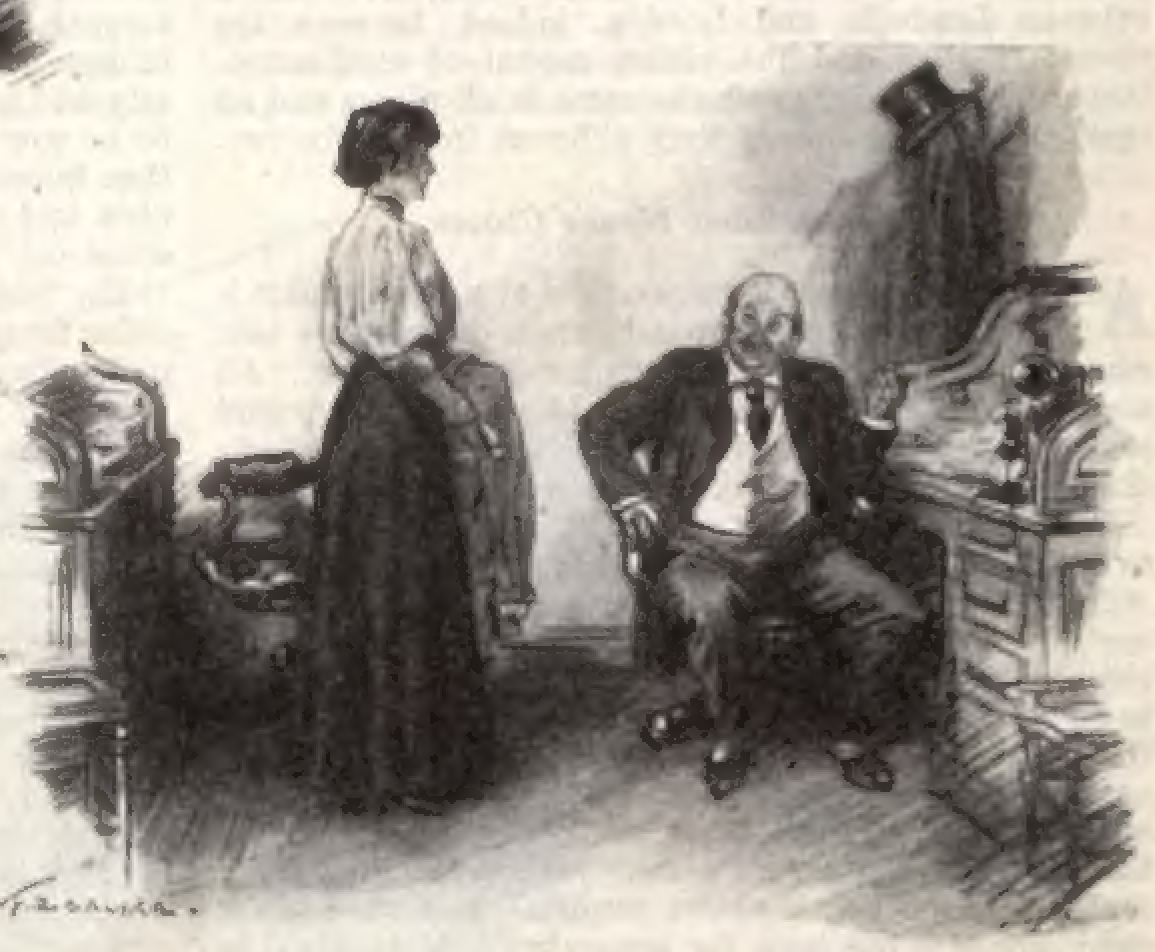
"It's fierce, ain't it?" said Miss Peet. "I'm going to get me a choclut éclair. Do you want I should get you one?"

"I guess not," said Miss Johnson. "You don't want one, neither, unless you're going to put it in your pocket. We've got to be on our way."

. . . .

Isaacs was at lunch when they returned, but the indefatigable Samuelson remained at the post of duty, and Miss Johnson had barely kicked off her rubbers and hung her hat and jacket on their accustomed pegs when his call for her sounded.

"Try it again," murmured the young woman and patted her pompadour with quite a leisurely air.



"Some Time in February—About the Thirty-First"

The second buzz came as if in response to her invitation. It was prolonged. Miss Johnson raised her eyebrows and then moved languidly to answer it. There was an unusual amount of color in her cheeks as she confronted the junior partner and her chin was held, perhaps, a trifle higher than common. Samuelson noticed something, apparently, for he leaned back in his chair and stared at her.

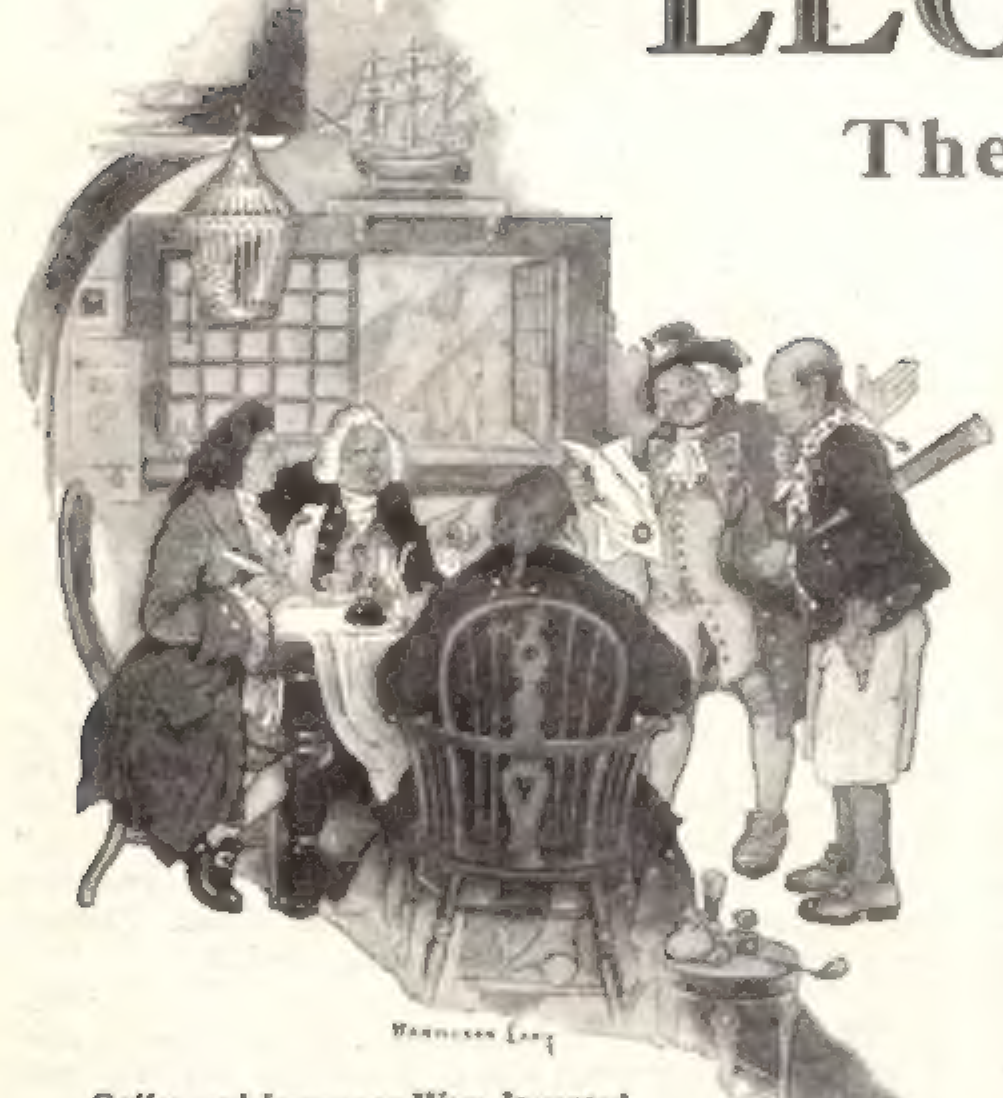
(Continued on Page 26)

LLOYD'S, OF LONDON

The Most Sporting Business in the World

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY



Coffee and Insurance Were Invented About the Same Time

ALTHOUGH we ourselves, of course, have never done any such thing, it is possible that some distant relative of ours, say some irresponsible uncle, may at some time have engaged in the pastime, sport, business or occupation known as faro. In such case, the distant relative in all likelihood at some time during any evening had occasion to become acquainted with that peculiar institution intimately connected with the game and known as the "splits." Disclaiming any familiarity with the technical features of the pastime, sport, business or occupation of faro, we are credibly informed that, in popular phrase, when the player ties the dealer he loses. That is the insurance under which the game is run, and it is that which, as one is credibly informed, renders it so difficult, ultimately, to overcome, surpass or beat the game, no matter how long, industriously or economically one may engage, encounter, antagonize, go against, or buck the aforesaid game.

While none of us would play faro, we all buy insurance: life, fire, burglar, or the like; and as in faro, so in insurance, we encounter the peculiar institution of the split, by virtue of which the house cannot lose. Witness the height of many life-insurance buildings, not to mention the altitude of salaries, expense accounts and investigations of the same. It is the overloading of the hazard to lose, the split, the loss to the player when he ties the game, which makes the profit in faro or insurance. The latter is an old game, one of the oldest; and the most interesting part of the subject in hand is the striking resemblance between Leadville and London, indeed, between the rawest frontier and the oldest capital of civilization, human nature being much the same in all places and all ages, and civilization not very different from barbarism.

A Game That Never Closes

ANY sort of business is more or less of a game, and it is probable that our greatest business captains are men who temperamentally love a game, a risk of some sort. All ahead of, behind and around the ideas of industry and economy deploy the principles of hazard and chance, skirmishers of the army of civilization.

Wherefore, the greatest game in the world is naturally to be found in one of the world's greatest centers. Lloyd's, of London, is the most sporting business in the world and one of the most interesting. Out in our young frontier cities we used to see the sign over the door: "This game never closes." But sometimes the dealer got killed, or the impression got out that the box had two bottoms and was crooked, or sometimes the town got up and moved away. On the other hand, Lloyd's, of London, has always been a square game. No one has ever killed the dealer, the box is above suspicion, and the town is right where it has been for some time. Moreover, the game has been open day and night for more than two hundred years. Moreover, again, it is just as respectable and just as solid a financial institution as the Bank of England. Moreover, again, it is just as public-minded as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, which is saying very much. Like unto the latter gentleman, Lloyd's, of London, gives medals for life-saving heroism, and did so before Mr. Andrew Carnegie was born. Its medals and its checks are prized. I never knew of a faro game which gave anybody medals for saving anybody else's life; but, this distinction aside, I can see no difference between the Red Star and the Royal Exchange, except that the game at the latter joint is bigger, older, and always above suspicion. Indeed, it is one of the most staid and solemn businesses in the world, as well as one of the most romantic.

To the average mind, Tattersall's is the place where you sell your horses when you are a nobleman, and broke—see Ouida. Also, Lloyd's is the place where ships buy insurance—see Dun's or Bradstreet's. The average American does not know a great deal about Lloyd's, yet really Ouida herself never wrote a romance so thrilling as those which happen every day in its offices. Marine insurance and marine information are the specialties of Lloyd's, but a great many other things happen there all the time which do not always get into the sober records of the musty business world.

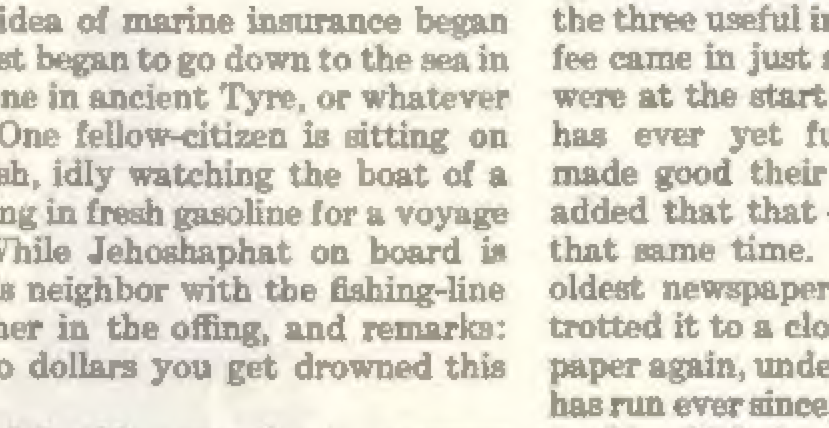
The ordinary ranks of business life appear dull to most of us, but if we could get admitted to Lloyd's that complaint no longer would lie, for in those quarters there is something doing every minute, although the men dealing the game have not only a world-wide reputation, but the widest reputation in the world for responsibility and squareness. These things being true, the natural question is how Lloyd's came to open their particular sort of game, and what the game itself was originally.

The Tyrian Underwriter

ONE supposes that the idea of marine insurance began about the time men first began to go down to the sea in ships. Imagine a little scene in ancient Tyre, or whatever seaport stood for Tyre. One fellow-citizen is sitting on the dock, fishing for codfish, idly watching the boat of a neighbor which is just taking in fresh gasoline for a voyage to Ophir or Cornwall. While Jehoshaphat on board is splicing the main brace, his neighbor with the fishing-line takes a look at the weather in the offing, and remarks: "Say, Josh, I bet you two dollars you get drowned this trip."

"You're plumb cheerful this morning," answers Jehoshaphat. "Why don't you say you'll give me two dollars if I ain't drowned?"

The neighbor with the fishing-line engages in thought a moment, counts up on his fingers the many times when Jehoshaphat has come home safe from Ophir or Cornwall, scratches his head, and says, "Well, I'll just go you!"



"Since You Mention It, Me Lord, I Don't Mind Saying There Seems to be a Spot or So on the Topper"

That was the beginning of marine insurance, no doubt, and it had to do with life insurance, because in those days property had not come to be worth more than human life, in Phœnicia and other seaboard countries.

The idea of this two-dollar bet on safety spread to Lombardy and to the Hanseatic towns, and the merchants of those communities elaborated the idea of taking money for safety and paying out money for disaster. It was these same gentlemen who introduced the idea of insurance into the great maritime country of England, which of all countries in the world had the most use for it. By the time of Cromwell this business was beginning to grow very profitable, and in certain streets of London there were scores of these underwriters, as they were called, doing business with good profit to themselves.

Today we couldn't get along without coffee any more than we could without insurance, but coffee and insurance were invented about the same time, and the first insurance companies were simply groups of shrewd men who met in the early coffee-houses of old London—the first coffee-house being established about 1652. They used to spell that word "kauffee" in those times, and the "kauffee-houses" were so well frequented that the authorities held them under suspicion as harbors for seditious gatherings, and so fined them once in a while, the main idea of civilization always having been that morality ought to be paid for at the expense of vice. They did not fine them for running a faro game, but for selling kauffee; which shows that civilization sometimes gets mixed in its own mind.

One of these early merchants was Edward Lloyd, the first of the Lloyds, and he seems to have had a coffee-house about 1688. As one man would not have sufficient capital to handle all the business offered, he gathered about him some of these other underwriters into a sort of society. In 1696 he issued a newspaper, called Lloyd's News, which ran a few years, until it got on the Ananias list of the House of Lords, which then was a more important institution than it is today. The offense of this primitive journal was not one of misstatement, but only of *lèse majesté*, for it concerned itself only with items of interest to owners and masters of vessels, merchants, underwriters and all those affected by marine risks.

That was a curious and somewhat primitive time in the history of civilization. It was just after young John Law, of Scotland, had come down to London; and John Law, when we come to look at him fairly, was the first inventor of banking as we know it today. If he had been guilty of as insane and unsafe a style of banking as we sometimes practice today he would have been hanged, drawn and quartered before he got a good start. But we can see that the three useful institutions of banking, insurance and coffee came in just about the same time. All three of them were at the start under a sort of cloud, from which none has ever yet fully emerged, although all three have made good their hold on the world. It should also be added that that other institution of journalism began at that same time. The London Gazette is said to be the oldest newspaper in the world, but Mr. Edward Lloyd trotted it to a close heat, for in 1726 he began to issue his paper again, under the name of Lloyd's List, and as such it has run ever since, attaining a part in the civilization of the world which is not equaled even by the wildest-eyed metropolitan journals of our own capitals.

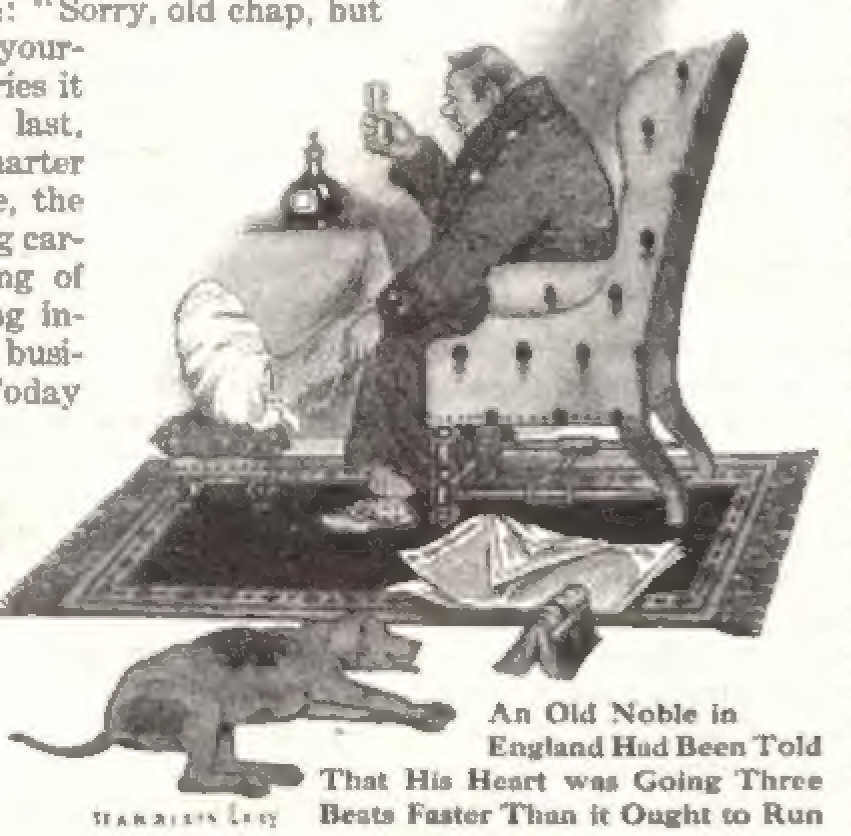
Meantime, this idea of using the splits had taken firm hold of the English mind; and the notion of chance, hazard, the luck, the gamble, always made great appeal to the sporting English mind. Lombard Street overplayed its hand, and all sorts of insurance companies sprang up, which would insure a man, woman or child for or against any sort of proposition. Those were fine, delirious old days, and it is too bad we could not all have lived then, when things were happening. That was the time of the South Sea Bubble in England, the Mississippi Bubble in France, and all Europe was pretty much doing business on a red-light basis. There were companies that would insure you against highwaymen—just as we have companies now that will insure you against burglars. Others would insure you against killing yourself by drinking "Geneva," as plain cooking gin was then called. There was not any kind of game you could not get, and it was certainly the gay life for theirs.

Fortunes in Wars

BUT while the English character is fond of sport, it has always had the saving grace of soundness and common-sense. Presently Parliament cleaned out these fly-by-night companies, and gave a monopoly of marine insurance to two companies, the London Assurance and the Royal Exchange. That was in 1720, after which insurance steadily grew in responsibility and dignity. Mr. Edward Lloyd's company was called the Society of Merchants and Underwriters, and it also steadily grew until, in 1774, it moved into the Royal Exchange and started into its long, steady and profitable occupation.

This was just two years before our own little Declaration of Independence, and there was good guessing as to what might happen in these provinces. George Washington, Paul Jones and Napoleon Bonaparte were, each in his innocent way, great builders of business for Lloyd's, of London; because the American and the Napoleonic wars brought to the front the great doctrine of chance, of hazard, which not even the soundest and most conservative business can escape. There never has been a war in two centuries in which Lloyd's has not taken all sorts of chances and made all kinds of money. Of course the risks were large, but the premiums also were large, so that the principle of the splits in the game still applied, and the bank did not lose in the long run. All the associated underwriters of Lloyd's made fortunes. Indeed, just about a hundred years ago they were making so much money that they got a Government investigation, just as our insurance companies did not long ago, and, just as in our case, nothing much came of it.

The growth of this concern was slow, but time is nothing to an Englishman. An Englishman doesn't in the least mind dying, because when his time has come he turns over, and remarks to his eldest son: "Sorry, old chap, but you just take on the bally business yourself, you know." So the son carries it on at the old stand. Thus, at last, Lloyd's got the sanction of royal charter for carrying on marine insurance, the protection of members in shipping cargoes of freight, and the collecting of information useful to the shipping interests, and it has carried on the business at the old stand ever since. Today it holds the commerce of the world in its hands. Naturally, it has grown in capital and in numbers of its members. Not long ago its society was made up of five hundred and sixty underwriters, one hundred and forty members who did not write risks, with three hundred annual subscribers and one hundred and sixty associates, so that the growth from the times of the old kauffee-house seems very considerable. Its responsibilities have increased enormously, but its resources also have grown. Its affairs are managed by a committee which does not take explanations or fake notes in lieu of cash. Each underwriter is obliged to deposit at least twenty-five thousand dollars before he can begin business.



An Old Noble in England Had Been Told That His Heart was Going Three Beats Faster Than it Ought to Run

The romance of the world, as well as the business of the world, could be found between covers did all the records of Lloyd's infinite transactions exist today. Yet the vast volumes of Lloyd's Index will tell you the condition to the hour of every ship of England and most of the ships of all other countries. It will tell you the whereabouts and movements to the hour of more than sixty thousand vessels—not each morning or evening, but each hour of every day. There is no more perfect business system in the world. Another vast set of records is the Captains' Register, in which you can learn minute details of the life, peculiarities and business record of every English sailing-master sailing a ship, and of most of the masters of all the other vessels. Then there is the grim Loss Book, where you can read your fill of disasters of the sea in every corner of the world, as they have come in by cable, hour to hour. Here you look chance, fate, luck, square in the face, and yet all that is governed by systematized business, day after day, year after year, and century after century. Lloyd's never closes, day or night.

Romance especially breathes from every corner of the Chamber of Horrors, as the room holding records of historical disasters is called. There is a collection of stories such as the world cannot duplicate—of disaster and death, life and love cut short in every corner of the world, of luck, chance and the hazard guessed wrong by the players of the great game of living. Here you can get the pulse of the Ganges, the Amazon, the Columbia, or hear the roar of the reef of Norman's Woe in any corner of the world.

Splitting the Risk on Overdue Ships

THE news which keeps up all these records comes from Lloyd's many agents, scattered in all the corners of the earth, who cable facts as events occur in all portions of the world. The hour of every vessel's arrival and departure is known, each incident or accident of its voyage is known, each disaster or shipwreck is known almost as soon as it happens. The commerce of the world passes through these doors, tabulated, systematized, minute by minute, day and night, in, perhaps, the greatest and most interesting business of the world, and certainly one offering the greatest appeal to the human imagination.

The manner of doing business at Lloyd's is very simple. There is a hall full of orderly rows of desks, at which sit the underwriters who are active in taking risks. Among these pass the brokers who require insurance, and who offer their sheets of details here and there. Smith says he will take five thousand pounds of this risk, Jones quietly takes on ten thousand, and so on, until the risk is covered at the agreed premium. Among the brokers may be the "doctors" who handle the "overdues," premiums on vessels which have not arrived on time. Somewhere out in the vasty deep my ship is sailing with her cargo, to make or break my fortune. There is no business maxim to protect me if I undertake to guarantee her arrival. I appeal to the ancient doctrine of chance. Between New York and London great ships carry heavy burdens, the heaviest that of insurance; and for each day of delay in arrival of one of these ships, that burden, under the law of chance, increases—one day so much, two days so much, a week, a month—until the time comes when our ship goes into the Chamber of Horrors.

So much for the life of Lloyd's, of London. As to its adventures, no one story could tell more than a fraction. We do not know much about the concern in this country, because all its transactions are taken on at the London office alone, although any agent of Lloyd's will cable a proposed risk to the office if it seems to indicate business. There have been many fake Lloyd's established for a time in this country, and some of our States have forbidden the real Lloyd's to do business within their confines—Ohio, for instance, holding up the concern for a time; but the legitimate field of operation of the company extends all over the globe. Its name appeared in the news columns of the American press with some frequency just previous to the last Presidential election, perhaps by direct influence of central campaign committees, a favorite statement being that Lloyd's, of London, was wagering six to one against the success of Mr. Bryan in the Presidential race. There is no doubt that large amounts of money were placed by Lloyd's on the issue of the last election, and it is stated with possible accuracy—without, of course, any reference to the political wisdom on the one side or the other—that New York City alone would have taken down over a million pounds of "business depression insurance" in case Mr. Bryan had been elected. This does not commit any one to the political question, for Lloyd's with equal cheerfulness would have taken the other side of the game, and with equal cheerfulness would have paid their losses had there been any.

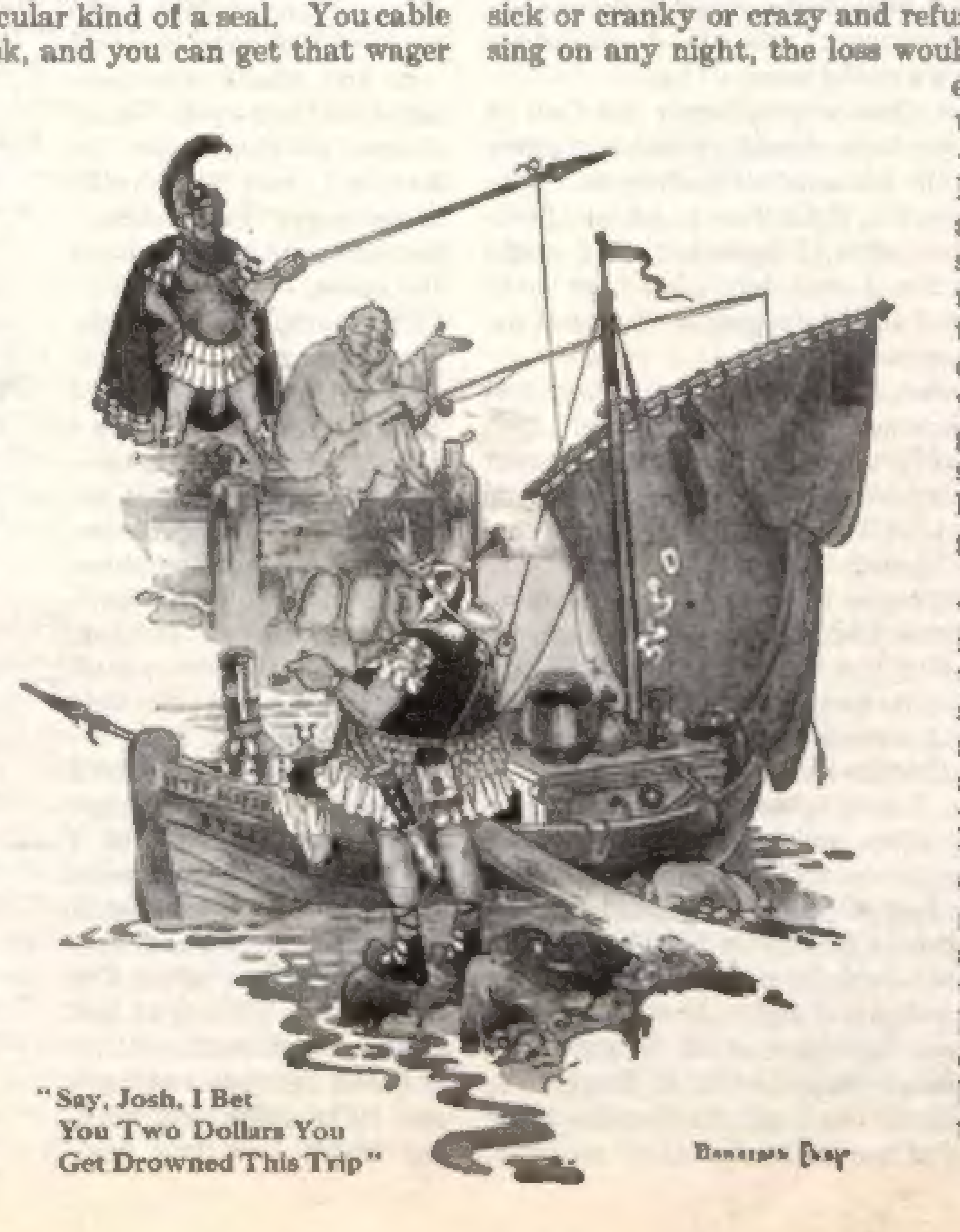
Insurance for a Pink-Eyed Seal

IF LLOYD'S is willing to gamble on the risks of war and politics it may be supposed to be ready to take a chance on almost anything else, and such certainly is the case. Its freak bets would make volumes of curious and interesting literature, and any agent of Lloyd's will tell you that he does not know what his company would insure, and has never heard of anything which it would not.

Suppose you fancy that there is a pink-eyed seal swimming in Iliamna Lake, Alaska, and have a notion that the Smithsonian Institution will pay you ten thousand dollars if you can get it that particular kind of a seal. You cable to Lloyd's to insure the risk, and you can get that wager on at very little more than the cost of the premium, if you care to pay it. They will insure the enterprise to succeed or to fail, as you like.

Once upon a time there was an old noble in England, gouty and a little bit scared, who had been told that his heart was going three beats faster than it ought to run. Whenever an Englishman is in doubt he goes to Lloyd's, so this one went to Lloyd's and bet that he was going to die pretty soon. Lloyd's took the bet and the premium, hired a doctor, reduced his heart action to normal, and smiled at him pleasantly. This is an instance of the other side of life insurance, and the gentleman did not have to die to win or lose, whichever way one cares to put it. Of course the underwriters were to the good.

Not long ago a certain little sidewalk scene occurred in front of a leading hostelry in New York City. There drove up in haste from the steamer dock a cab which bore an Englishman, Lord Farnsworth by name. Lord Farnsworth, when he struck the pavement, did not hasten into the hotel. He seemed grieved over something. "Here, my good man," he exclaimed to the tall lackey on the sidewalk who opens a carriage door for a half-dollar and shuts it for a dollar—"Here, my good man, have a look at this, don't you know."



"Say, Josh, I Bet You Two Dollars You Get Drowned This Trip"

The Loss of the Farnsworth Tile

HE OPENED his two-guinea leather hat-box as he spoke, right there in the garish light of day. "Come here; you, too, my good man," and beckoned to the door porter. The two good men looked at the contents of the two-guinea hat-box.

"Do you see anything wrong with it, my good men?" demanded Lord Farnsworth. The door porter, who was born in New York, remarked that it was a rotten-looking lid, and that it was not made in New York. The carriage man, who was born in England himself, remarked: "Since you mention it, me lord, I don't mind saying there seems to be a spot or so on the topper, which in me own mind quite disqualifies it for a gentleman's wear, if you please, sir, thank you, sir!"

Both the good men now could see two small spots on the silk hat, where drops of sea-water had fallen. Lord Farnsworth wrote a few hurried words, got the signatures of both the good men before he entered the hotel, and in due time collected three guineas of Lloyd's, of London. He had insured his hat!

Lloyd's, of London, is not a welcher, and will take any kind of reasonable proof that it has lost. Thus, if you get a manicure service in Paris, go over to London, and get your finger-nails insured on the warrant that they will not need further attention in less than ten days after you strike New York, you are perfectly safe on the manicure proposition. If you go to the New York agent of Lloyd's, show him your fingers and express a moral doubt as to their tidiness, he will call in an expert, and if the latter says that you need another manicure in less than ten days, Lloyd's will admit the loss without a murmur.

There are other proofs of Lloyd's willingness to undertake watch guard over digital or pedal extremities. Of course you have seen Madame Genée dance, but, perhaps, you did not know that she was dancing on two great toes, either one of which was worth ten thousand dollars and was insured to that effect. Such, however, is the case. If she should sprain an ankle, Lloyd's would lose somewhat less, but would lose something. They have so much insurance on other dancers' toes that in the long run they do not lose, all breakage counted in. Only recently a promised recital in Philadelphia by Paderewski was postponed because the famous pianist had split the nail on the index finger of his right hand. His manager, it was said, would collect from the insurance companies, as a recompense for this accident, five thousand dollars.

Many of the great singers who come to this country are insured, either by themselves or by their managers. Should Caruso burst a vocal cord any night in one of his high ones, the loss would not be felt by himself or his managers so much as by the gentlemen in the Royal Exchange at London. Should he or any other star get sick or cranky or crazy and refuse to sing or be unable to sing on any night, the loss would not fall upon the audience or the manager, but upon Lloyd's, of London —in case, as is largely done, Lloyd's had given insurance on that particular star. They cover many risks of this sort, and, just to show what sort of chances they will take, will also write insurance guaranteeing any opera singer not to jump his or her contract or otherwise get unduly gay.

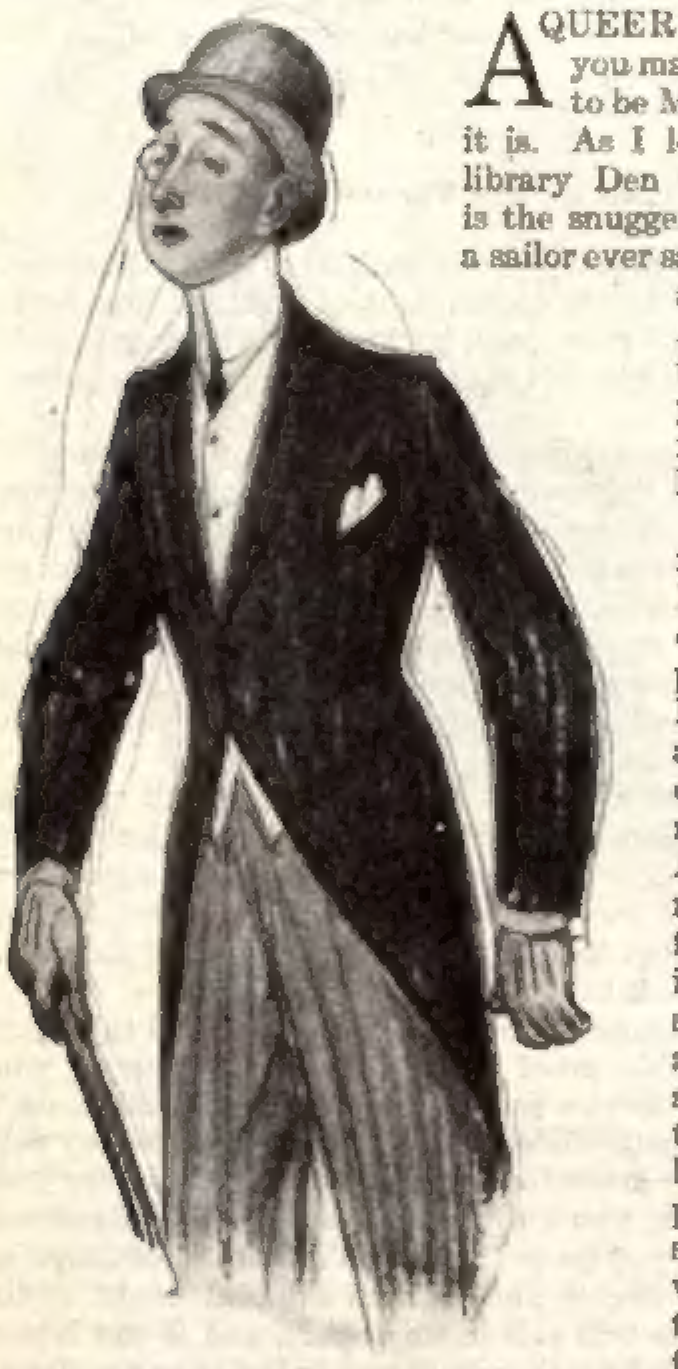
I presume that Lloyd's would take on the risks of marriage or divorce, although that is extra hazardous. Certainly they are willing to take almost any kind of a guess beyond the veil which divides us from the future. Once there was a young nobleman of England who all his life was pursued with the haunting dread lest he should some time or other get married and become the father of triplets. There didn't

(Concluded on Page 39)

MAROONED AT HOME

By Ernest Poole

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM



"The Count is Exceedingly Young, but That is a Fault That Time Will Cure"

A QUEER kind of place, you may say, for a man to be Marooned in. So it is. As I look around my library Den this evening, it is the snuggest desert island a sailor ever sat on. At least so it seems to me. And if you read this lonely yarn you will find no vituperations here.

But Marsh, my old chum Marsh, couldn't drop in for supper tonight. He's a doctor, and he has a case of typhoid that needs watching. And my dining-room was built for a crowd, and it's devilish lonesome eating alone. So I'm a sentimental cuss tonight. And to knock the self-pity out of myself, I propose to write it all down, the whole story, from the start. Furthermore, I am going to try to look at it in a half-scientific way. Because, if I'm not mistaken, there are getting to be more and more Husbands and Fathers in these United States in just about my Fix. So They'll be interested. And as for you Younger Mortals who never have been marooned at all, to you I hold out as a bribe to read, that a kind of a plot will drop in soon, with action in abundance. But the first part has to do almost entirely with Me. And you can skip Me if you like. I'm used to it.

To begin—I have nothing to say against my wife, nor even against my two grown girls. Marsh and I have been reading Darwin lately, to give our minds a rub. And the Evolution Theory quite explains this case. My wife and the girls have Evoluted, that is all, while I have just naturally stuck in the primeval crittur stage. So much for Science. To put it short and slangy—I'm the Goat.

Now, from a goat to three elegant women, one of 'em even a Countess, is quite a biological jump. But I'm a believer in family ties. And I still hold that, if my Mrs. and the Miss and the Countess would come back home to Marshville, not just upon a visit, but to stay for a year or two, we four Human Beings might even be dumfounded to find how real congenial we could learn to be.

Or if, on the other hand, they would forget the Call Of Duty and stop rushing home for a month or two to "cheer the old man up" and clear the house of all his friends—if, in short, they'd stay away, just live their lives to please themselves and leave me to live mine, I believe that I could make it go. For once when I was left alone for only eleven months at a stretch I somehow gathered round me a good many warm companions.

But no, they won't do that, at least not yet. They feel in duty bound to come back here to "tend" to me. You see, so far, it is only *partial* Evolution, the worst variety I know. It is a stage, so to speak, of Transition. I am the Transition. It is a stage that is fraught with many perplexing Problems. I am Those.

And if there is one thing worse than to *have* a Problem, it is to *be* one. Do you know just how it feels? Well, we won't go into details. But the most distressing bodily condition that I know of is to have an earache and walk distractedly around your house all through the watches of the night. And I'd rather have an earache.

Now understand again, I don't blame my wife. She was simply Evoluted by deep, colossal Nature Forces, which neither she nor I could do a thing to stop. If any one of a number of things had happened, I would beyond any shade of a doubt have been a Bosom Of His Family man today. If, for example, the new railroad line had been run through the upper valley instead of right through ours, or if Electricity had never been invented at all, if waterfalls fell gently and turbine wheels stayed still, if Eugene V. Debs were in the White House and all the Swollen Fortunes were unswelled, or if at a certain directors' meeting, April 20, 1894, at about 10:30 in the evening, I had had a Stomach Ache, as Bonaparte once did, and been for one whole hour unable to think at the speed that the situation required—I say if any one of the aforesaid things had happened, I might never have piled the Cash.

But they didn't. And I bought land and sold it, bought more land *and held it*, bought all the water power for miles and miles around, built a number of dynamo plants and a couple of trolley lines, lit the town by electric light. In short, I grew up with the village of Marshville, helped to make it a center of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, and the twenty-two thousand inhabitants made me a millionaire.

And what could a woman do with a Million Dollars in Marshville?

It's a pretty ride on the trolley I built, over the waving fields of wheat, along the river and into the pines and so on up to the falls I made. Quite a favorite one of mine. But the wife of a Million Dollars doesn't go fooling around on trolley cars. No! Let her try it, when she's the only wife of that Figure in town; and pretty soon, deep down in her female soul, in the part of it where Duties and Convictions and all righteous feelings grow, there begins to sprout a little sensation, which as it thrives sends out branches, tendrils, roots and leaves, until at last it completely fills the soul of the woman. She calls it Social Position. She carries it round in an Automobile.

Then watch the Trolley Women! Watch 'em snort and titter. Listen how the phrase "stuck up" goes kiting round the town. It is lonely for that woman then, lonelier still for her husband. In fact, as my chum Marsh has said, a *social* position is one in which you *are* more or less alone.

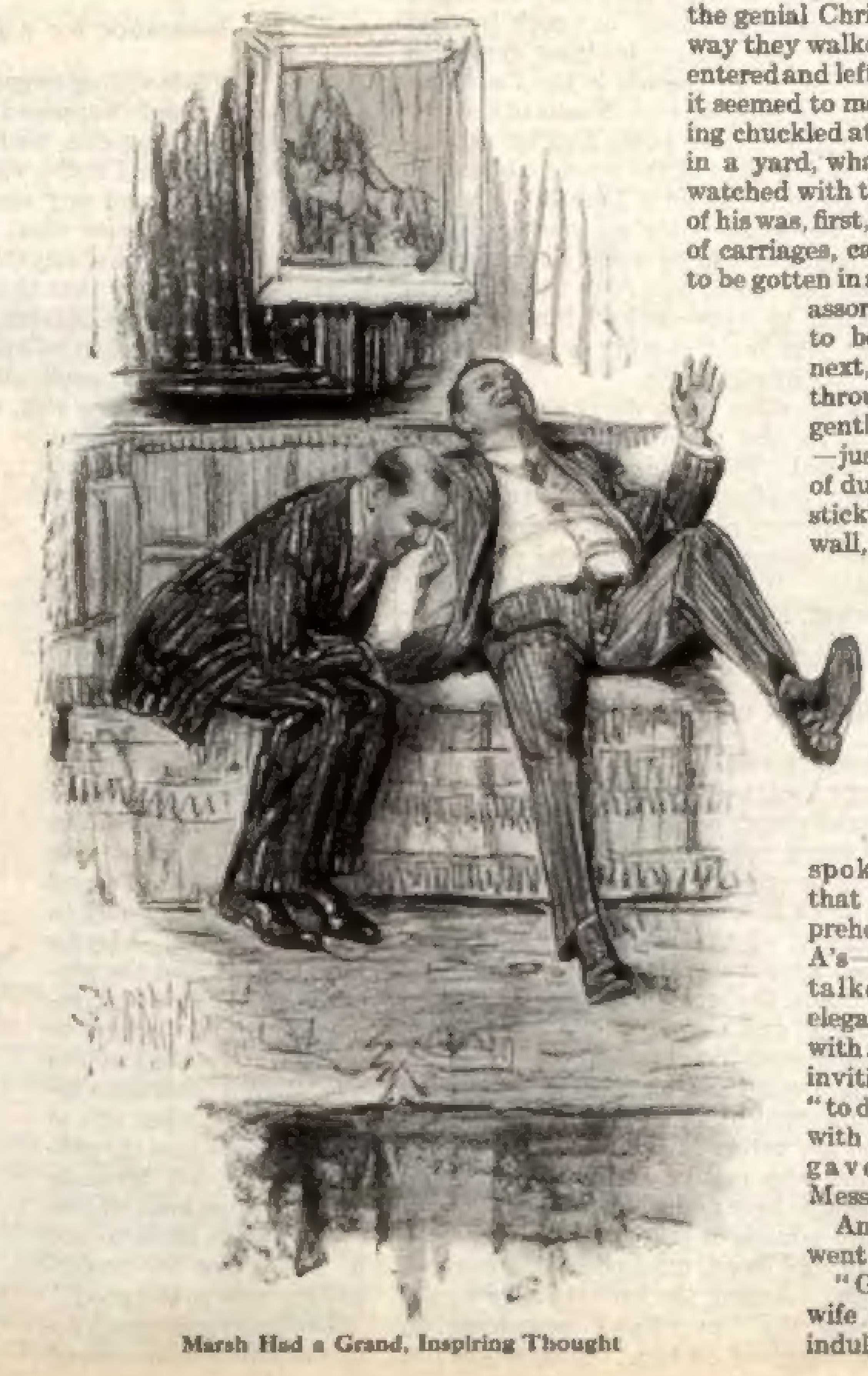
But it is nice to ride in an Automobile. And as month came after month, little by little, round the Social Position of my wife a Social Set began to form.

Not what you'd call a Smart Set. We were not equipped with Suits For Divorce, nor even Elopements With Chauffeurs. The man who drove my automobile had only Dennis O'Rourke for a name; I took him from one of my trolley cars; and he wasn't the kind that likes to elope; it was hard enough to get him to shave.

But Dennis did love to push that car to all the speed that she could make. And my wife—who had a smile so rich and warm that even now by using it she makes me her devoted slave—my wife combined the Car and the Smile, took out her female friends by ones and twos and threes and fours, and speeded 'em and jolted 'em and made 'em gasp and shut their eyes. Great clouds of dust rose up behind, and Marshville disappeared from view—and never quite came back the same.

My wife smiled. She also planned. She imported Hats and Cultured Books and Brilliant Gowns (not Dresses—Gowns). She showed me how to build this house, ordered me a new dress suit and taught us both to play Bridge Whist, called me Generous and Good, promised me this Den of mine.

And I was tickled half to death. The statement may surprise you, but I promised in this document to try to be Scientific, I propose to tell the truth, and that's just what I'm doing now. When at last the house was built, with its covered carriage entrance and its winding driveway, up which I walked each night at six, to gain admittance to my home; when evening after evening, not antiquated Parties, but real careful Social Gatherings occurred; when in the gleam of candlelight we did not "eat" but "dined," and the polish of the silver stole into all our looks and smiles—then I used to watch my wife.



Marsh Had a Grand, Inspiring Thought

And I Was Pleased And Proud.

And grateful. She had fixed my Den exactly as she had promised she would. I imported cigars to fit the Den. And also some Potations. And all my good, old chums were glad.

So five happy years sped by.

But then, from that huge engine which Poets call The Wheels Of Time, out tumbled the same question that had bothered us before.

What could a woman do with a Million Dollars in Marshville?

True, the town had grown. But as my wife and I sat down and bravely faced our troubles, we were forced to admit the discouraging fact that as to Millionaires there was room for nobody else but Me. No other rich, imposing homes, no motor-cars, no Dennises, no stately family silver, not even a butler fat as ours. And what is a Social Position unless it includes a Family Tree? And where were Eligible Men? Our Girls Were Growing Up.

That was about her line of attack. We also had a boy named Steve. Steve had grown—grown and grown and stooped and grinned. His mother had put up a plucky fight to have him sent to a school in the East. But I had held out and had sent him instead to my old college up the State, for a course on Dynamos and Such.

So having had *my* way with Steve, I had to let her have *hers* with the girls. And she sent them to a Finishing School in the city of New York.

Some weeks later, my chum Marsh, being in New York himself, went to the School to make a call, to see how Finishing was done. One of the looks he had at It was through a knothole in a fence. It was a tall, exclusive fence, and somewhere in the yard inside he saw a carriage, quite an old one, with a teacher, quite an old one, close beside it, and a class of girls around her, being Educated as to Getting Out And In.

At least so Marsh asserted. My wife grew somewhat angry and said that this was "a little too much." And even I was not overinclined to believe him. Because when the girls came home to us for the genial Christmas Tide, from the way they walked and sank and rose, entered and left a room, shook hands, it seemed to me that instead of having chuckled at just one old carriage in a yard, what Marsh had really watched with those two solemn eyes of his was, first, a complete collection of carriages, cabs and automobiles, to be gotten in and out of; then a few assorted sofas and chairs, to be slowly sunk upon; next, a line of doorways through which to sweep or gently glide; and finally—just maybe—a couple of dummy shakable hands sticking out of a garden wall, on a level with the Average Nose. So much for the Movements of our girls. Their clothes were made to fit their Moves. And as the two years neared an end, the Words they spoke grew so Distinct that I could barely comprehend. They used Broad A's—rich and soft. They talked with a certain elegant snap, and wrote with a gay, seductive dash inviting my chum Marsh "to dine." They also read with Arching Brows, and gave me Browning's Message.

And after that they went Abroad.

"Girls will be girls," my wife had said, with that indulgent Bill Taft Smile, every time I voiced my fears. But now she went Abroad with them. And when they had been in Rome a year, finishing all the Finishing Off—and had at last come home to Dad and told him all about It, talking on for several weeks on the subject of Counts, Salawns and Faits—my wife, I found, was Finished too, the Most Enthused of all! There came a night up in our room, when after she had talked some more about old Cæsar's polished sons—I made a fatal slip.

"Wives will be wives," I said. And about ten seconds later I became a Problem.

It wasn't only Me. It was Me and Marshville. For what could One Who Had Lived in Rome do with a million dollars here?

Not only that. Into the Social Set of the town, just as had happened long ago, again began to wander snorts and titters, sneers. And watching in acute suspense, the following proposition came to me with a kind of shock:

"My wife is smart. She knows this can't go on if she's to be the Leader here. My wife is always Leader. Therefore, if my wife keeps on, it means that she has decided to leave!"

And My Wife Kept On.

In fact, two months had not gone by before the thing was over. Marshville's nose turned up at us, and we looked down on Marshville.

On all except my old chum Marsh.

To see in its full nobility the step which Marsh now took, you would have to really know the man. I'm a democrat myself, but I'm a snob compared to Marsh. All things aristocratic are to him as vinegar to old Port wine. But when he saw with his shrewd eyes the awful wreck that threatened me—here is what he did. He and his maiden sister Jane, with whom he lived, were a lonely western branch, it seems, of one of the oldest families back in the cultured East. Marsh Now Persuaded His Sister Jane to Join The Colonial Dames.

And thereupon we called. And Marsh's maiden sister called, and later they both came to dine. And having now not only saved his position as intimate family friend, but even exalted it to a degree—gently, with a careful tact, Marsh strove with all his quiet strength to bring my wife around, to act as a go-between, to restore at least some measure of peace between us and our vulgar friends.

And even when he completely failed, when my wife and the girls had again set out for the stamping ground of Cæsar, leaving me guilty and weak and grieved at the sneers which everywhere met my eyes—still friend Marsh stood stoutly by. And clapping me heartily on the back, here in the Den one winter's night, he braced me with these ringing words:

"Marooned, by George, but not alone!"

In the months that followed, Marsh, the good physician, going about on his daily rounds to battle with diseases, also battled with the rancors, the just feelings of resentment, that were raging night and day against the Millionaire. Skillfully had he and Jane concealed from all but my wife and girls that matter of the Colonial Dames. And so strong was his hold on his patients and so hard did he now work for me, that another year had not gone by before I was in good repute.

Pitied even by the women for the hardships I'd been through. I did not enjoy this pity. I slowly got my dander up; and to show how little crushed I was, I gave a dinner once a week. In these affairs, by quiet planning Marsh and I contrived to keep all wives contented and at peace. And so on the other *six nights* a week they allowed their husbands to come alone. Sometimes we'd have a crowd of ten. Again, we two would be alone. And often I was surprised to find how downright Jovial I could be!

Of the Second Storm that burst upon me I'd rather not write many words. That measly White Cravatted Count, with all his Roman smirks and smiles, his savage little voice that cracked, his snowy Spats and curving knees—I'd rather not describe him! He arrived with my wife and the girls, and soon the News was broken to me. When I angrily refused even to think of Wedding Chimes, they told me with reluctance that the Story had already "leaked." And so, in fact, it had. In the Marshville News next day, in the midst of the whole triumphant Leak, appeared an interview with my wife.

"My husband and I are quite content," she said. "The Count is so thoroughly clean and fine. It is true he is exceedingly young, but that is a fault that time will cure. We already love that boy!"

Let me hasten on—past that All Night Struggle which had to do with Cash, past that Awful Day In Church. When at last the Thing Was Done and all my women folk had gone, and also Count Cravatty—again my old chum Marsh and I sat back here in this Den of mine.

"We *love* that boy," said Marsh—and swore!

This happened just six years ago.

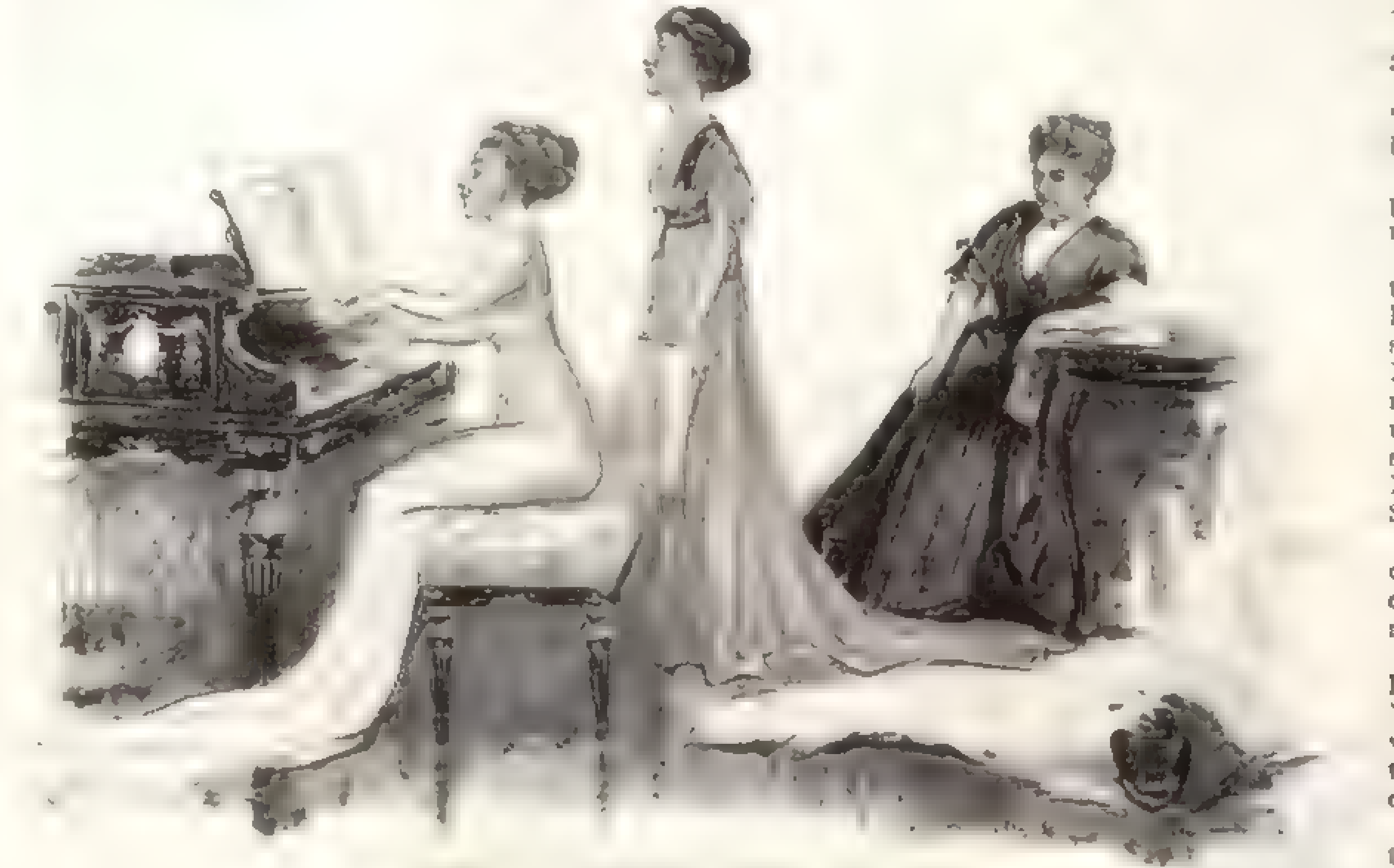
Through the four succeeding years, my wife and both the girls came back home, again and again. They came back to Tend to me. And though between such Tendings, Marsh still did his level best, each time the winning back my friends grew harder—until at last in weariness I made him give it up. And I sat Marooned in Marshville, yearning for my Grave.

But the Unexpected happened. It not only happened, it picked out as the person *to whom* it should happen the last man on the face of the earth for whom anything sudden or strange might ever have been predicted. I refer to my son Steve! The Plot has now begun!

Steve was silent as he was tall. Steve was one of my best engineers. Steve was sinewy, blind to a joke, with a perfect digestion, serious, shy.

And Steve, without any reason at all, began suddenly to Pine Away.

Marsh noticed it first and broke it to me. We watched the lad with a growing alarm. We pulled him evenings into the Den, took up the task, long laid aside, of trying to make him laugh at a joke. Marsh diagnosed his body, from his gizzard to his scalp. And when we found the hulking mass as sound as brand-new two-inch planks, we went at him patiently again, and Diagnosed his Soul.


My Wife and the Girls Have Evoluted, That is All

But the deeper that we probed, the more shy did Steve become. It seems you need a woman for this kind of Diagnosing. And there were already in Marshville some five thousand of the female sex, from the youngest to the oldest, who had found Steve's trouble out. One of them was Marsh's sister. Jane imparted it to Marsh; and Marsh took horse and buggy, arrived here with his eyes enlarged, and told the news to me.

"Steve's in love!" he whispered.

I had so many Emotions then that I won't try to write 'em down. Enough to say that Marsh stuck to it, proved it, point by point. And after we had doubled up with feelings of amusement, slapped each other on the legs, and with large pocket handkerchiefs mopped the tears out of our eyes—Marsh had a Grand, Inspiring Thought.

"Chum," he said in trembling tones, "if Steve can only win this girl, *we'll have a woman on our side.*"

As days went on we Diagnosed, and found this hope to be well based. The Lady's name was Sally Louise. A teacher in the public school, she was by birth and all her instincts Democratic to the core! She was young, extremely so, and modest as a Little Mouse. But underneath her mouselike air, in the twinkling depths of her jet-black eyes, there gleamed an Independence that raised our hopes sky high! Already we could picture her a happy mistress of the house, just the leader for Marshville's Set. And perhaps—who could tell—the beginning of a second and less swarthy Family Tree!

With what suspense we now watched Steve is easy to imagine. We said not a word about it to him. We were far too delicate for that. We simply held our tongues and probed, each in his own natural way—I as though Promoting a Deal, Marsh as though Analyzing a Case. But we made little headway. You see, with all his grasp of things, Marsh had never had a wife. And even I, in love affairs, was not much better off than he. So the Scheme moved like a Snail—till at last in desperation we appealed to Sister Jane. And that self-sacrificing soul now came up to scratch again.

And this is what she found: Sally Louise and Steve had met about two years before. It happened in the dynamo plant, to which the little teacher had brought her class of boys. Steve had showed the kids all over, had explained the plant At Length. And for over a year he had courted her, calling upon her once a week, but with such Cunning that no one but Her Widowed Ma knew anything about it.

So the wooing had gone on—till suddenly back came my Wife! And when for the last and bitterest time Marshville was estranged from me—Steve, who was a dutiful son, had evidently made up his mind that the Thing could never be.

And so my boy was Pining.

When Marsh and I heard it all, the whole, pathetic little yarn—just as at Election Time men forget all selfish thoughts and warm up to a Noble Cause and raise the very devil with Trolley Lines and Me—so Marsh and I warmed up to Steve!

"If Steve won't go and call," I said, "we'll drag the Lady here! We'll have a Social Gathering!"

"Who'll we have?" asked Marsh, quite glum.

There was one of those Long Silences.

"Sister Jane," I answered. The eyes of my friend Marsh became affectionate but grim.

"A social gathering complete," he very softly murmured.

He rose and came across to the lounge, upon which I was lying. As I looked up I saw spread slowly over his face a Look that I knew well. It meant that Marsh had made up his mind. This is what he said: "The only way to get Her here is to resume the Social Set."

"But Marsh," I cried in quavering tones, "this thing can't be done! It's wild, it's altogether wild!"

"Stop," said he. He was looking down in the Queerest Way. He felt of my forehead with one hand. Suddenly with the other hand he jerked the cigar from between my lips.

"By George!" he whispered, turning white.

"What's the matter, Marsh?" I asked. I was growing scared. This fact he appeared to see, for when he spoke again his voice was low and soothing.

"Come with me, old friend," he said, "come along—up to bed."

The things that were said from that moment on are better left unwritten. No man, however Scientific he is, likes to air his weaknesses. And the worst one that I have is a Horror of Disease.

It was not until I had tossed and squirmed for over a week upon my bed, had acquired a Pulse which I could Hear and a deep conviction that I would Die; it was not until I had changed my Will (at Marsh's request) and put in a clause enjoining my son to establish on both my trolley lines an Almost Ruinous Three-Cent Fare; it was not until I had called big, anxious Steve to my bed (at Marsh's request) and said what I never Could have said unless I had been about to Die—begged him, as my last request, to Marry The Girl whom I knew he loved, and fill the house with Merry Brats—it was not until All This was done that Marsh bent slowly over my bed and gently placed between my lips—not a Thermometer—oh no! Only A Fresh Cigar!

"Now, old friend," he whispered. "Go ahead and finish your smoke. . . . Forgive me for interrupting it. You're not really sick at all. I was only fooling."

I Resurrected like a Flash!

"What," I roared as I leaped from bed, "in the devil's name is the meaning of this?"

"Simply this," said Marsh, with a kind of an anxious grin. "Don't be offended, chum. It was the only way in sight. Just look at what it has already done. Every blessed day this week the front page of the Marshville News has occupied itself with you, your silent, secret, pining, daily interviews with me, which, though somewhat vague, would lead any reader to think that your End was

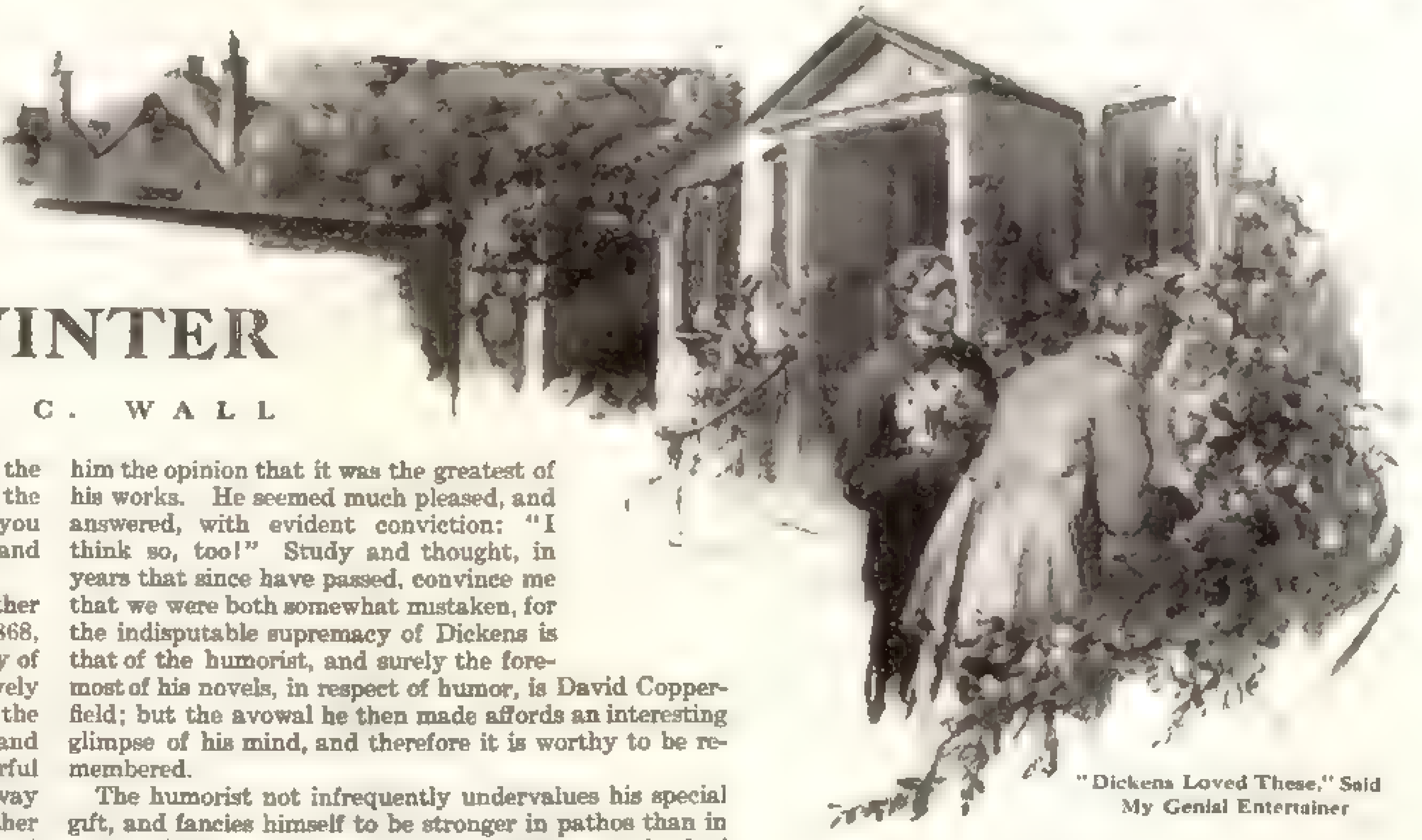
(Continued on Page 32)

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Friends Over the Sea Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins

By WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

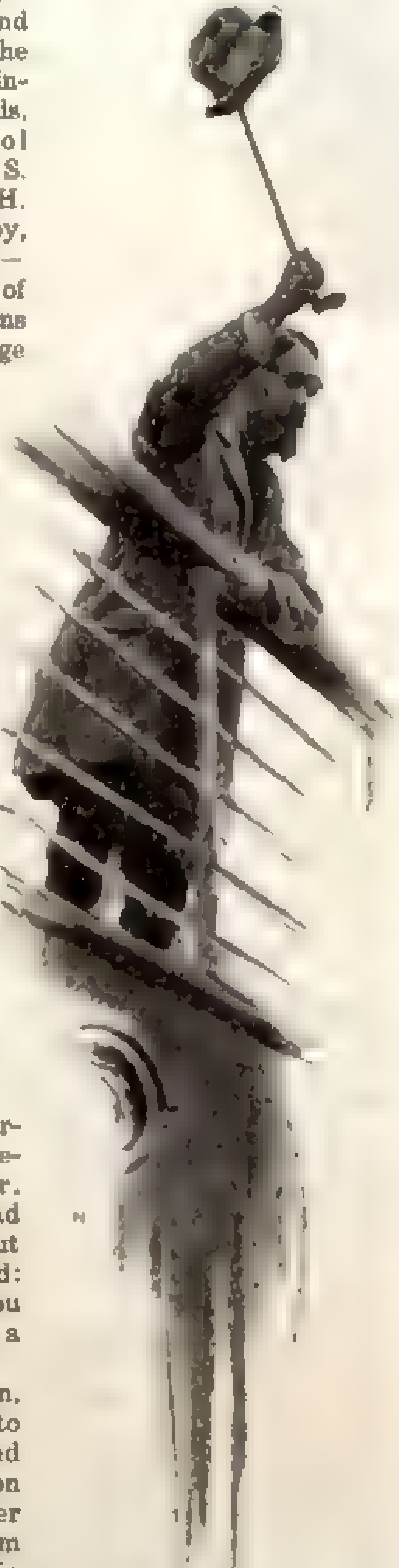


"Dickens Loved These," Said My Genial Entertainer

IT WAS my privilege many years ago to clasp the hand of Charles Dickens and to hear from his lips the cordial assurance of his personal regard. "If you come to England," he said, "be sure to come to *me;* and it won't be my fault if you don't have a good time."

The great novelist said those words as we sat together aboard a little tugboat, on the morning of April 22, 1868, steaming to the Russia, which was anchored in the bay of New York and about to sail for England. It was a lovely morning. The air was genial, the broad expanse of the Hudson and the bay sparkled in brilliant sunlight, and the whole silver scene was vital with motion and cheerful sound. Dickens had expressed the wish to slip away unimpeded by a crowd, for his many readings, together with much travel and continuous social exertion, had taxed his endurance, and he was weary and ill. Accordingly, accompanied by his friend and manager, George Dolby, he drove from his hotel, the Westminster, to the pier at the western end of Spring Street, where a few friends were to meet him and embark with him for the steamship. The party included James T. Fields, James R. Osgood, Sol Eytinge, Junior, A. V. S. Anthony, H. C. Jarrett, H. D. Palmer, George Dolby, and the present writer—who is the sole survivor of that group. When Dickens alighted from the carriage and glanced at the river he uttered the joyous exclamation: "That's *home!*" We were soon aboard the tugboat—called the Only Son—and as we sailed down the river it pleased the novelist to talk with me about many things. I had heard all his readings in New York and had written about them in the press, and on that subject he had many pleasant words to say. Mention being made of the English poet, Matthew Arnold, he spoke warmly, saying: "He is one of the gentlest and most earnest of men." Of the renowned foreign actor, Charles Fechter—who had not visited America, but was soon to come—he said: "When you see Fechter you will, I think, recognize a great artist."

So the talk rambled on, till presently I ventured to speak of the benefit and comfort that I, in common with thousands of other readers, had derived from his novels. My favorite, in those days, was A Tale of Two Cities, and in a fervor of enthusiasm I declared to him the opinion that it was the greatest of his works. He seemed much pleased, and answered, with evident conviction: "I think so, too!" Study and thought, in years that since have passed, convince me that we were both somewhat mistaken, for the indisputable supremacy of Dickens is that of the humorist, and surely the foremost of his novels, in respect of humor, is David Copperfield; but the avowal he then made affords an interesting glimpse of his mind, and therefore it is worthy to be remembered.



Dickens Stood at the Rail, His Brilliant Eyes Suffused With Tears

The humorist not infrequently undervalues his special gift, and fancies himself to be stronger in pathos than in mirth. Dickens, as shown by his writings, was fond of melodrama, meaning the drama of astonishing situations—a branch of art by no means to be despised, but not the highest—and he liked positive, literal effects rather than suggestions to the imagination. It is known, for example, that he ranked the performance of Solon Shingle, by John E. Owens, which was reality, above the performance of Rip Van Winkle, by Joseph Jefferson, which, in that actor's treatment of it, was poetry. No critical considerations, however, affected our discourse in the conversation now recalled. He had labored through a toilsome season; his work was done, his mind at ease, and he was blithe in spirits—subdued only, at moments, by consciousness of impending separation from dear friends.

A Souvenir of the Novelist

THERE was about him the irresistible charm of ingenuous demeanor and absolute simplicity. His appearance that day afforded a striking contrast with the appearance he had presented at the reading-desk. When before an audience Dickens assumed the pose of an actor. He wore evening dress, but he used the accessories of footlights and also a colored screen as a background, and he "made up" his face, as actors do. There was, in his reading, an extraordinary facility of impersonation, and he employed all essential means to heighten the desired effect of it. Now he was himself. The actor had disappeared. The man was with us, unsophisticated and unadorned. He wore a rough traveling suit and a soft, felt hat; his right foot was wrapped in black silk, for he had been suffering with gout, and he carried a plain stick. After he had boarded the steamship, and while he was talking with the captain and other officers, the members of our little party assembled in the saloon, with what he afterward jocosely described as "bitter beer intentions." Soon he approached our group and, addressing me, said: "What are you drinking?" I named the fluid, and, responding to his request, filled a tumbler for him. He shook hands with us, all round, with a grasp of iron, emptied his glass, put it on the table, and turned to greet the old statesman, Thurlow Weed, who had just then arrived; whereupon, immediately, I seized that glass and, to the consternation of the attendant steward, put it into my pocket—mentioning, as I did so, Sir Walter Scott's appropriation of the glass of King George IV, at the civic feast in Edinburgh, long ago. The royal souvenir, it is recorded, fared ill, for Sir Walter sat upon it and broke it. The Dickens souvenir survives and is still in my possession. When the farewells had been spoken and we had left the ship, Dickens stood at the rail, his brilliant eyes (and surely no eyes more brilliant were ever seen!) suffused with tears, and, placing his hat on the end of his stick, he waved it to us till distance had hidden him from view. I never saw him again. Nine years later, in 1877, when I first went to England, though I could not seek for him at his home, I stood with reverence beside his grave. He rests in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. As I drew near to that sacred spot I saw that a single red rose was lying on the pavement that bears his name, and almost at the instant when I saw it a heedless visitor, strolling along, trod upon the flower and crushed it.

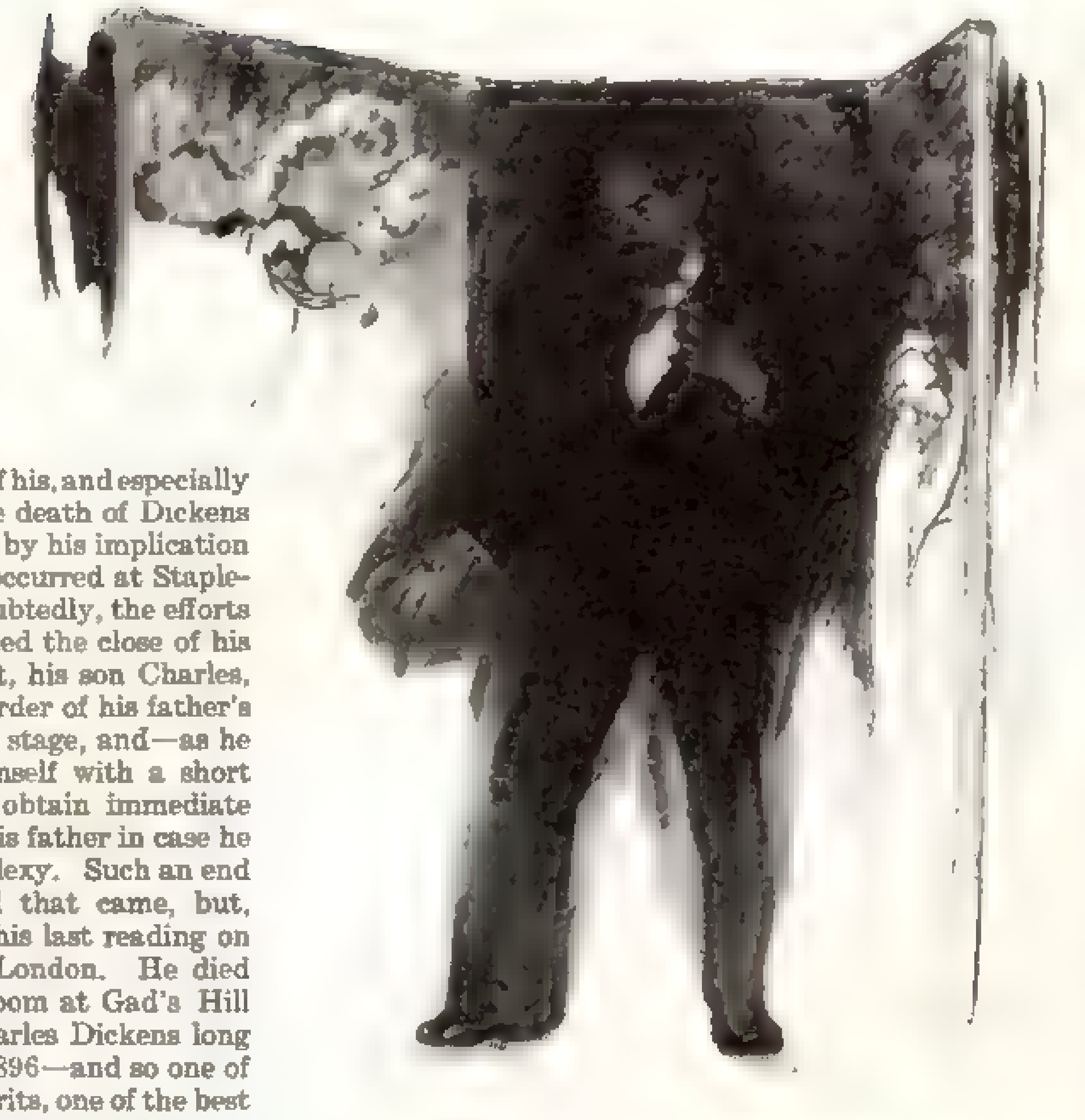
The general heart of mankind was touched by Charles Dickens. Criticism, in its examination of his writings, may refine and discriminate to the utmost possible extent, but it cannot obliterate that solid, decisive truth. His own words tersely and convincingly declare the consummate, conquering principles of his faith and his works:

"Ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity, before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. . . . Any Christian spirit, working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. . . . There is nothing in the world so inevitably contagious as laughter and good humor."

Upon those principles Dickens continuously acted, and in his literary life, of more than thirty years of conscientious labor, he created enduring works of art—peopling the realm of pure fiction with a wide variety of characters, interpreting human nature in manifold phases, reflecting the passing hour, demolishing social abuses, teaching the sacred duty of charity, comforting and helping the poor, and stretching forth the hands of loving sympathy to the outcast and the wretched. Thus laboring, he enriched the world with a perpetual spring of kindness, of hope, and of innocent, happy laughter; he inculcated devotion to noble ideals, and he stimulated and strengthened the spiritual instincts of the human race. Any relic of such a man is precious, and the Dickens souvenir to which I have adverted—the glass from which he took his parting drink on the day of his final departure from America—has been tenderly cherished. Once in a while it is brought forth and shown for the pleasure of a literary visitor. On one occasion of exceptional and peculiar interest, when Charles Dickens, the younger, dined with us in our home, March 3, 1883, it was placed in his hands, and thus, after the lapse of fifteen years, the farewell glass of the illustrious father was touched by the lips of the reverent and honored son.

Rehearsing the Killing of Nancy Sykes

THE younger Charles Dickens, a man of uncommon talents and of a singularly amiable and winning personality, possessed abundant and deeply-interesting recollections of his father, and, naturally, he was fond of talking about him. Adverting to his father's readings, he mentioned several picturesque and significant incidents, all tending to show the deep interest that the great novelist felt in that branch of his art and the scrupulous care with which he trained himself for the vocation of a public reader. The home of Dickens, Gad's Hill Place, a house that he had known and fancied when a boy, and that he bought in 1856, is near to Rochester and Chatham, where there is a military and naval establishment. "Noisy brawls sometimes occurred in the neighborhood," said the younger Dickens, "but we did not notice them. One morning I heard a great din, shouts and screams, as of a violent, drunken quarrel. At first I did not heed it, but after a while, as it steadily continued, I went out to our grove, across the road, where I found my father, alone. 'Have you heard the row?' I asked. 'Did you hear any noise?'



When Before an Audience Dickens Assumed the Pose of an Actor

he answered. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I thought somebody was being killed What can have happened? Did *you* shout?' '*I* made the row,' he replied: 'I have been rehearsing the murder scene in Oliver Twist. It was the wrangle of Bill Sykes and Nancy that you heard; I have just been trying to kill Nancy.' 'Well,' I said, 'I should think you have succeeded, for a more damnable racket was never made.'" The earnest narrator proceeded to tell me that his father was warned against the prodigious exertion necessitated by those readings of his, and especially by the reading from Oliver Twist. The death of Dickens (aged only fifty-eight) was precipitated by his implication in a frightful railroad accident, which occurred at Staplehurst, a year before he died; but, undoubtedly, the efforts that he made as a public reader hastened the close of his great career. Indeed, toward the last, his son Charles, acting in obedience to the imperative order of his father's doctor, always sat in front, near to the stage, and—as he told me—had, privately, provided himself with a short ladder, by means of which he could obtain immediate access to the platform, in order to aid his father in case he should be smitten with a stroke of apoplexy. Such an end was expected, and such was the end that came, but, happily, not in public. Dickens gave his last reading on March 19, 1869, at St. James' Hall, London. He died suddenly, of apoplexy, in his dining-room at Gad's Hill Place, June 9, 1870. The younger Charles Dickens long survived his father, dying on July 21, 1896—and so one of the kindest men, one of the gentlest spirits, one of the best public speakers in England, vanished from our mortal scene.

The name of the Dickens house and of its locality is spelled both ways—Gad's Hill and Gadshill. In the second act of the first part of Shakespeare's great play of Henry IV it is spelled Gadshill, and it is used as the name of a place and as the name of a person—the servant of Falstaff. The place is westward from Rochester. On a brilliant day in the summer of 1885 I made a pilgrimage to that literary shrine—driving from the Bull, at Rochester, Mr. Pickwick's tavern, and passing many hours among the haunts of Dickens. There is, or was, a quaint little inn, called the Falstaff, near to Gad's Hill Place, on the opposite side of the turnpike road, and from that resort I dispatched a card to the owner of the mansion, signifying that one of the American friends of Dickens would gratefully appreciate the privilege of viewing the house. The owner received me with cordial hospitality, and so it happened that a stranger spoke, upon the threshold of Dickens' home, the welcome that the great author himself intended and promised to speak. There was the study, unchanged—the room in which Great Expectations, Our Mutual Friend and Edwin Drood were written; there was the writing-desk, at which the magician would never sit again; there was the vacant chair; there, on the back of the door, was the painted bookcase, with the mock volumes, bearing comic titles invented by the novelist; and over all the golden summer sunshine glimmered, and a magic light of memory that words are powerless to paint. I sat in the chair of Charles Dickens and reverently wrote my name in the chronicle of pilgrims to his earthly home. The dining-room had, on that day, been prepared for a banquet for many persons, but no guest had yet arrived and I was kindly permitted to enter it and to see the sofa on which Dickens died; and later I was conducted through a tunnel underneath the road, giving access to a field and grove where was the Swiss châlet presented to Dickens by friends of his in Switzerland, a snug retreat to which he often resorted to escape interruption when at work, and where he passed his last day as a living man. I recalled his words as I stood there: "If you come to England be sure to come to *me;*" and it seemed that he was actually present, and that I felt again the hearty grasp of his hand and heard the ringing tones of his cheery voice. The garden was gay with red roses. "Dickens loved these," said my genial entertainer, and he placed a cluster of them in my hands, by way of gracious farewell.

The Charm of Wilkie Collins

THERE is no resemblance of organic structure and mental idiosyncrasy between the works of Charles Dickens and the works of Wilkie Collins, yet Collins, as a novelist, was a result of the prodigious influence of Dickens upon the literary movement of the time in which he lived, and the memory of the one irresistibly incites remembrance of the other. My acquaintance with Collins began long ago, and it speedily ripened into a friendship that was only interrupted by his death. He was a great writer; as a story-teller, specifically, he stands alone—transcendent and incomparable; but his personality was even more interesting than his authorship. To be in his society was to be charmed, delighted, stimulated and refreshed. His intellectual energy communicated itself to all around him, but his manner was so exquisitely refined and gentle that, while he prompted extreme mental activity, he also diffused a lovely influence of repose.

The hours that I passed in the company of Collins are remembered as among the happiest in my life. His views were unconventional—the views of a man who had observed human nature and society widely and closely, and who thought for himself. His humor was playful. His perception of character was intuitive and unerring. He manifested, at all times, a delicate consideration for other persons, and his sense of kindness was instantaneous and acute. His learning was ample, but he made no parade of it. Sincerity and simplicity were the predominant attributes of his mind. He had seen much of the world, he possessed a copious store of anecdote, and his conversation was fluent, sprightly and amusing—the more attractive because of personal peculiarities that deepened the impression of his winning originality. His temperament was mercurial, his moods alternating between exuberant glee and pensive gloom; but in society he was remarkable for the buoyancy of a youthful spirit, and at all times he dominated himself and his circumstances with a calm, resolute will. In listening to his talk and in reading his novels I derived the impression that he was a fatalist. However that may be, he looked upon the human race with boundless charity. His sensibility was great; his intuition was infallible; and, in particular, his mental attitude toward women was that of ardent chivalry. He understood woman—her heroism, her magnificent virtues, her enthralling charms; he knew her faults also, and he did not hesitate to declare and reprove them; but his works abound with touches of tender sympathy with her trials and sufferings, and with lovely compassion for her infirmities and griefs. That exquisite humanity, combined with fine intellect and delicate, spontaneous humor, made companionship with Collins an inestimable privilege and blessing. I have had the fortune of knowing, intimately, many distinguished persons. I have not known any person, distinguished or otherwise, whose society—because of mental breadth, catholic taste, generous feeling, quick appreciation, intrinsic goodness and sweet courtesy—was so entirely satisfying as that of Wilkie Collins.

The unjustifiable use of private letters, as an element in the biography of deceased persons, has been severely, and rightly, condemned. A judicious and correct use of such documents, however, can neither do injustice to the dead nor give offense to the living. Some of the letters that Collins addressed to me are more expressive than any description could be of his blithe alacrity of mind and his genial spirit. Here is one that pleasantly indicates those attributes, and also—announcing his allegiance to certain splendid ideals now somewhat out of fashion—declares his literary taste:

90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.
LONDON, August 5, 1878.

My Dear Winter:

Your kind and friendly letter found me in a darkened room, suffering again from one of my attacks of rheumatic gout in the eyes. I am only now well enough to use my eyes and my pen once more, and I hasten to ask you to forgive me for a delay in writing to you which has been forced upon me, in the most literal sense of the word.

Let me get away from the disagreeable subject of myself and my illnesses, and beg you to accept my most sincere thanks for the gift of your last volume of poems. My first renewal of the pleasure of reading is associated with your pages. I ought to warn you that I am an incorrigible heretic in the matter of modern poetry, of the sort that is now popular. I positively decline to let the poet preach to me or puzzle me. He is to express passion and sentiment in language which is essentially intelligible as well as essentially noble and musical—or I will have nothing to do with him. You will now not be surprised to hear that I delight in Byron and Scott, and, more extraordinary still, that I am a frequent reader even of Crabbe!

Having made my confession, I am sure you will believe I speak sincerely when I thank you for some hours of real pleasure, derived from your volume. Both in feeling and expression I find your poetry (to use a phrase which I don't much like, but which exactly expresses what I mean) "thoroughly sympathetic." The Ideal, A Dirge and Rosemary are three among my chief favorites. I thank you again for them—and for all the rest.

I have been too completely out of the world to have any news to tell you. As to literature, we are in a sadly stagnant state in London. And as to the British Theatre the less (with one or two rare exceptions) said about it the better. Writing of the theatre, however, I am reminded that my New Magdalen, Ada Cavendish, sails on the twenty-fourth, to try her fortune in the United States She has, I think, more of the divine fire in her than any other living English actress of Drama, and she has the two excellent qualities of being always eager to improve and always ready to take advice in her art. I am really interested in her well-doing, and I am especially anxious to hear what you think of her. In the Magdalen, and also in Miss Gwilt (a piece altered from my Armadale, by Regnier—of the Théâtre Français—and myself) she has done things which electrified our English audiences. If you should be sufficiently interested in her to give her a word of advice in the art she will be grateful, and I shall be grateful, too.

I am "bestowing my tediousness" on you without mercy, and my paper warns me that the time has come to say, for the present, good-by. Let me come to an end by expressing a hope that you will give me another opportunity of proving myself a better correspondent. In the mean time, with all good wishes, believe me,

Ever yours,

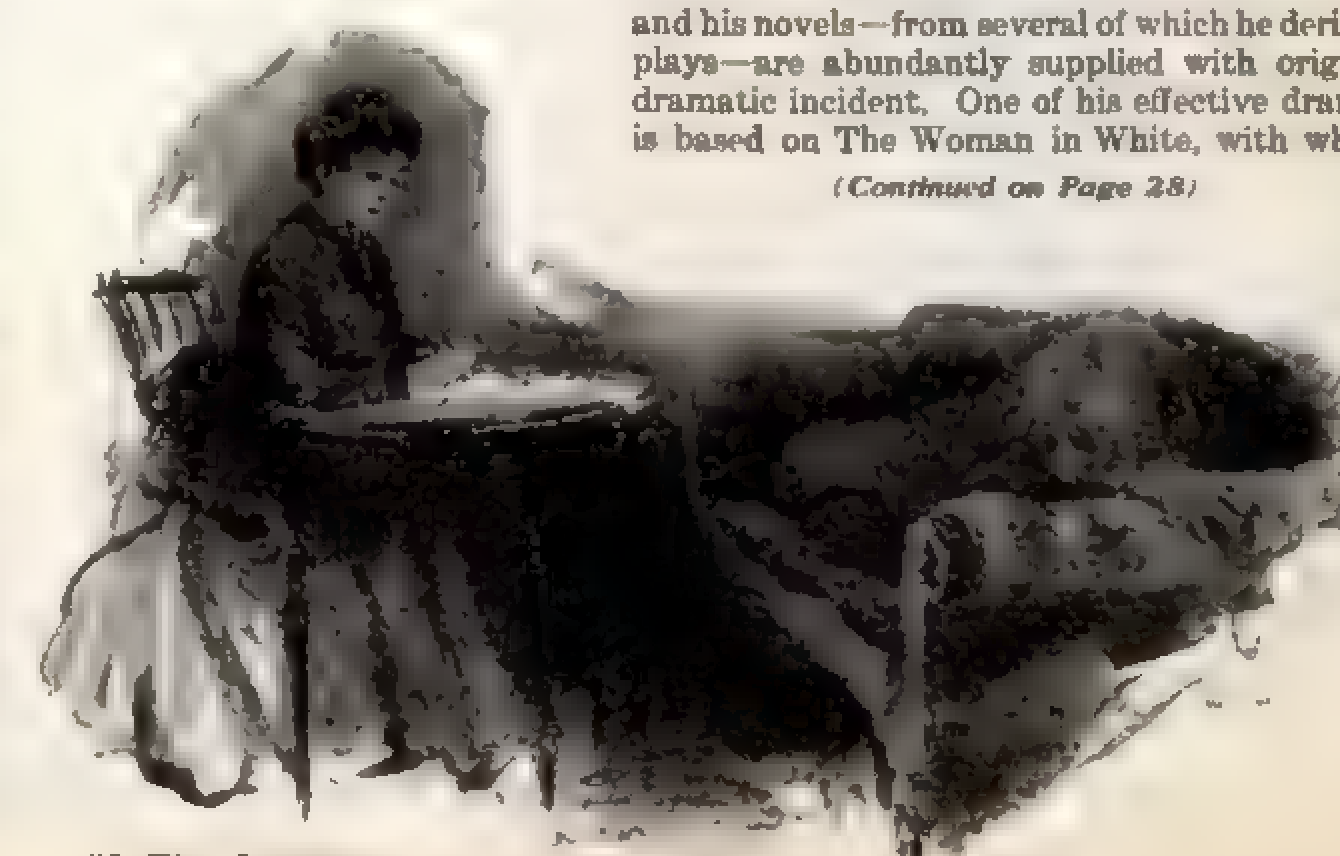
WILKIE COLLINS.

When you see Mr. Jefferson pray remember me kindly to him.

A Chatty Letter From Collins

MISS ADA CAVENDISH (Mrs. Frank A. Marshall) was an actress of exceptional beauty, talent and charm. She first attracted special attention on the London stage in 1863 as a performer in burlesque, and subsequently she gained distinction in comedy and tragedy—acting in important dramas and winning fame by fine performances of Shakespeare's Beatrice and Rosalind. In 1873 she first impersonated Mercy Merrick, in Collins' play based on his novel, The New Magdalen; and thereafter, until the end of her career, she remained identified with those heroines of his creation, Mercy Merrick and Miss Gwilt. Her first appearance on the American stage was made at Wallack's Theater, New York, on September 9, 1878, and to that incident Collins refers. He was fond of the stage, and his novels—from several of which he derived plays—are abundantly supplied with original dramatic incident. One of his effective dramas is based on The Woman in White, with which

(Continued on Page 28)



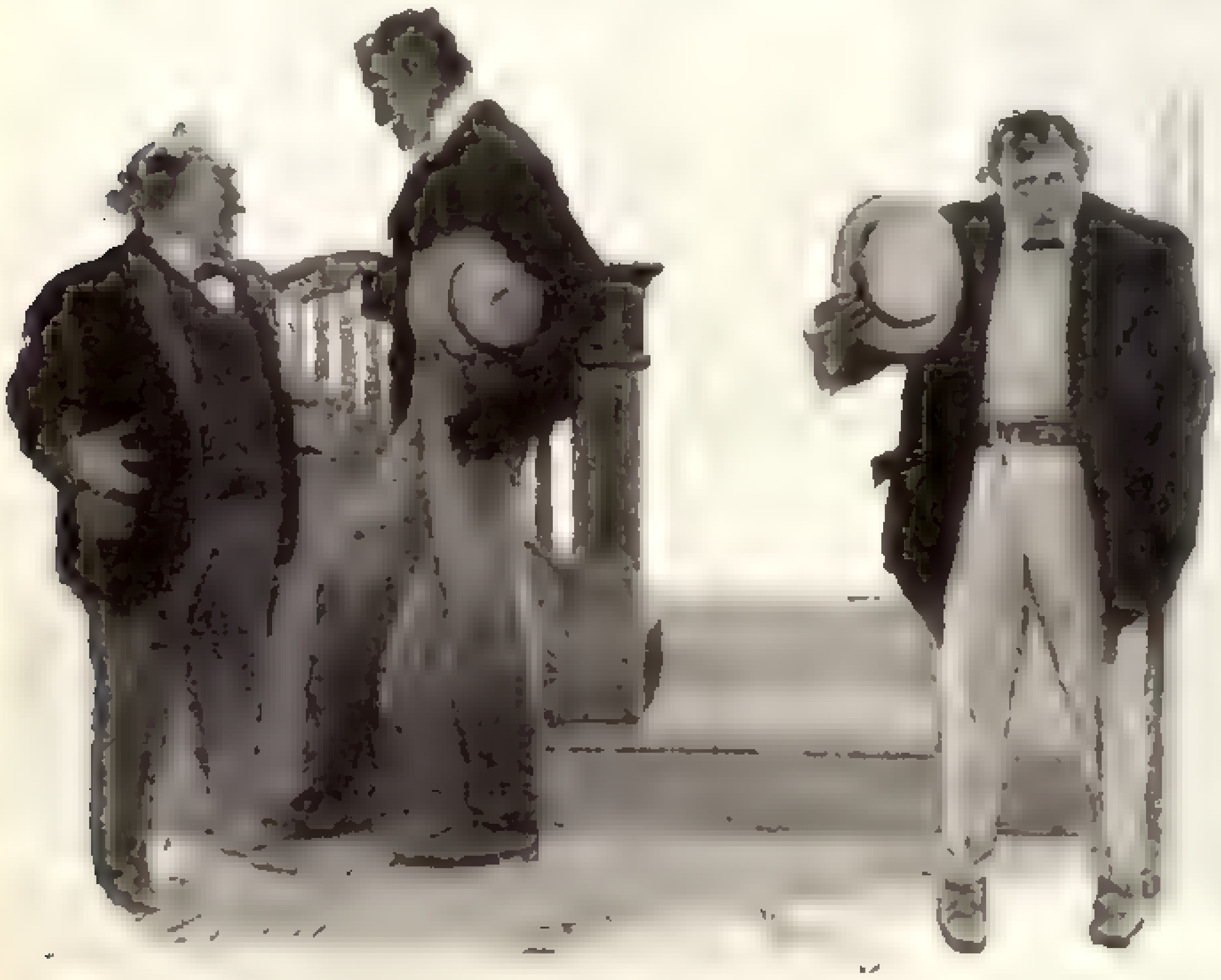
"In That Condition
I Dictated the Greater Part of The Moonstone"

A NEIGHBOR

By EUGENE M. RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

The Good Samaritan of El Paso



"I Asked Him for the Closest Old Skinflint in Town," He Remarked, "and He Brought Me Here"

THE straw-hatted man was dressed floridly if not well. His chair was tipped back, his legs crossed with a display of glorious silk stockings, the Panama well on the back of his head, thumbs in his vest, fingers beating a complacent tattoo on his plaided bosom. The other wore a rusty suit of black, a derby as frayed and rusty. His features were coarse; one cheek was powder-marked. Straw Hat, smiling, gave Fite's story flattering attention. Derby leaned heavily on his elbow and glowered at his empty glass.

"It's a mighty long time, two years is," said Fite, sipping his beer leisurely. "I had awful bad luck a while. Sick a heap of the time, and got beat out of six weeks' pay by the contractor going bust. Just barely able to send home enough to keep Etty and the little one going—and to pay up the bills in Del Rio. Lemmie, he won't know his old daddy now, I reckon. Here's his picter, taken last month. Ain't he the fat little skeesicks?"

Derby surveyed the photo with a surly grunt. Straw Hat, however, held it to the light and regarded it from various angles with great interest.

"A fine, manly little fellow. Five, you said?"

"Five last March. Don't look much like he'd been a sickly baby, does he?" Fite's weak, good-natured face glowed with pride and tenderness.

"You wore out your streak of bad luck?" suggested Straw Hat

"Yes. It had stayed with me nigh seven years, but I got it coming my way at last. Etty always said it would. 'Cheer up, Burdell,' is what she wrote. 'Keep a stiff upper lip. Your turn will come.' 'Nd it has. Got me a four-horse freight outfit paid for, and now working out a little home and garden-spot in Nogal. 'Nd I've brought down three hundred dollars to send for the folks, and buy us a stove and dishes and some sticks of furniture. I'll let Etty pick 'em out when she gits here. She's sharp on bargains—and she'll enjoy it. We'll load 'em in the wagon, along of her trunk and sewin'-machine, and off for Nogal—for home."

The last word was spoken softly, reverently, repeated in an awestruck whisper. "If I'd only got in here early enough to send her the money tonight! Seems 's though I can't hardly wait till morning. I'm sure glad I met a couple of nice, friendly fellers like you. It's awful lonesome in a big town this-a-way."

"Glad we met you," said Straw Hat heartily. "Well, we must be going. We'll have another beer to drink your good luck."

Derby shot over an angry glance as Straw Hat gave his order. While it was coming Fite rambled on.

"It's an awful purty place—and nice neighbors. Etty'll like it fine. I'm goin' to git her a cow and some chickens soon as I git back from my next trip. And, fellers, what do you think I got for Lemmie?"

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Straw Hat, pouring the beer.

"A burro!" was the triumphant reply. "A little, black one! Won't he have the times? Oh, no, I guess not!"

Straw Hat's eyes held Fite's with shared enthusiasm. Straw Hat's hand hovered over Fite's glass, and deftly dropped in a white powder; and, as he did so, Derby raised—not his own glass, but Fite's—and got to his feet. "Here's luck!" he said gruffly. But his clumsy fingers dropped the glass.

"Never mind, cully—I wish ye luck just the same," he said. "And I'll tell you the one best way to have it. You go somewheres and go to bed. This is one tough town and somebody might likely enough go through you for that roll—*sabe?*"

Fite's almost imperceptible chin quivered at the thought. "That would be terrible," he said. "Guess you're right."

"I'll show you a good place," said Straw Hat kindly.

"No, you won't," said Derby positively. "You and me's got business to 'tend to. And say, pardner"—this to Fite—"don't you go to no cheap joint, either. Go to the Sheldon and put your dough in the safe. *Adios!* Good-night! Git!"

Fite, a little hurt at his roughness, went out, leaving the two confronting each other in an attitude suggestive of strained relations.

"What do you mean?" snarled Straw Hat truculently.

"Mean!" Derby hammered on the table with his clenched fist. His angry, little, red eyes sparkled in his ugly, scowling face. "I'll show you what I mean, you blackguard—you dirty skunk! It means that I won't stand for such a low-down trick."

"Your conscientious scruples do you great credit," remarked the other, justly aggrieved. "Considering what you are. A sneak-thief, a thug, a strong-arm ——"

"There's plenty achin' to be rolled we can roll, without stealing from women and babies. I won't have it, d'ye hear? You just understand that. I don't expect you to understand why. You haven't got the first instincts of a gentleman."

Straw Hat laughed; an unpleasant, meaningful laugh; unwisely. Derby, seething with emotions he might not all understand, express or yet conceal, had probably never heard of Casca's celebrated remark, "Speak, hands, for me!" Nevertheless, his hands now did that service for him; on the whole, very creditably. So that, a few moments later, he was pried apart from the injudicious laughter, battered, but happy, and passed joyously to jail, and from these pages.

Fite fully meant to follow the friendly counsel advanced, but, in the innocent abundance of his heart, could not resist the temptation of pricing household goods at a second-hand store. Here, till it was closed, he tarried; gloating, building splendid air-castles from these humble materials.

He was in a fever of joyful visions. In this condition sleep was out of the question. The street was well lighted, he would be careful. He had earned a little sightseeing, he thought, remembering his steady and tedious toil.

Midnight found him in the Tivoli, chance-strayed. Curiosity drew him to the throng that crowded round the gaming tables. Fascinated, Fite watched fabulous sums changing hands at craps, roulette, stud, faro and monte. His three hundred seemed a small thing. The crowd was gay and jocular. From behind closed doors came sounds of yet other revelers. A youth with a banjo sang popular songs, and, hands over mouth, gave an amazing imitation of a phonograph. The winners, with easy liberality, half filled his hat with loose silver and white chips. Fite gazed at him enviously. What he could gain by a month's early and late freighting was this boy's for a half-hour's exertion—and applause thrown in. If the singer could do this every night, what a bright future awaited him! And he could duplicate it at other resorts. The thought staggered the freighter's mathematical ability.

The gaming had languished during this artistic intermission. Now it was resumed more furiously than before. The sympathies of the onlooker are never with the "bank." The freighter's good wishes followed this one and that, as they lost or won with admirable nonchalance, well assumed if not real. Fite's purely vicarious grief, suspense and joy were more poignant.

From time to time some of the losers dropped out, stoically or complaining, after their kind. Many came back again, having made a "raise" outside. The winners didn't quit. They "pressed their luck."

"Ever play?" queried a man at Fite's elbow.

Fite shook his head, half sadly.

"I seldom do, but I think I'll try a whirl tonight. The run is steady against the house at all the tables."

Fite watched this man buy a modest stack at the roulette table; watched it grow till he was the principal plunger. Fite grew covetous. His fingers itched. How easy it seemed! The laughter swayed him, the glitter of gold drew him, his pulse kept time to the clicking chips.

"Twenty-seven hasn't come tonight," declared an elderly man at the end of the table. He bet heavily on the 27, and slapped down other bets at random; 27 did not come. He kept money on it, perhaps a dozen times in succession, but finally abandoned it in disgust. "It ought to come once every thirty-eight times, but I guess it's taking a night off," he said, scowling.

The play went on. Fite edged closer and closer, keeping track of the 27 with mild excitement. Fifty times the ball had spun since the plunger had quit the 27, and it had not dropped in the 27 box yet. It had been missed so long as to be noticeable even before that. And now Fite was at the table's edge, with eyes only for the red of the 27.

"Say, stranger," drawled a good-natured voice behind him, "if you ain't playing, step back and give me a chance, will you?"

Fite started. The ball was spinning. He drew from his pocket a dollar—already clutched in his nervous fingers—and hastily planked it on the 27. It did not come. Fite smiled feebly and drew back.

A dozen more whirls, and still no 27. Fite was glad he had stopped. He had only lost a dollar, anyway. Now he would go to bed. But it must come right away now. If he had his dollar on he would win thirty-five. If he could win that! He glanced back.

The crowd was thinning, drifting to the monte table, where heavier play was drawing their fickle interest. A sudden impulse seized him. He pushed back in an agony lest he should be too late, and threw a dollar on the 27. Another and another followed. The unemotional dealer raked them in. Fite changed a gold twenty and lost it, a dollar at a time. A ten followed it. His weak chin was quivering, the sweat pouring from him; he was oppressed with nausea. Thirty-five dollars and no 27.

He unwrapped his wallet and firmly pushed over a five-dollar bill and said, "Twenty-seven."

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

"I Hate to Butt in With Advice, but Honestly - You Oughtn't to Steal That Fellow's Rope"

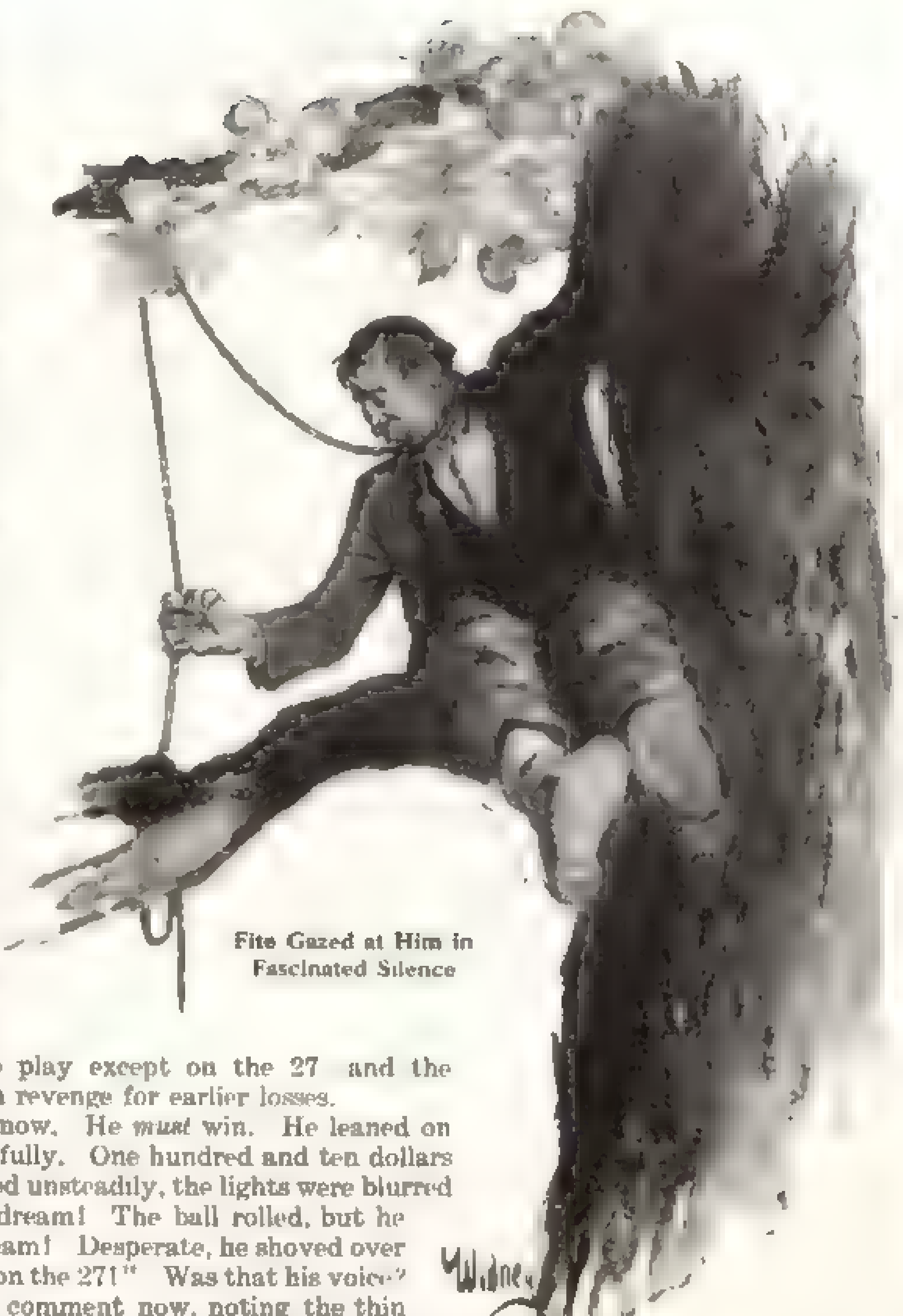
"Hurrah for the chinless wonder!" jeered a voice.

There was a stir in the crowd. "Gee! A hundred and seventy-five dollars!" said another. "And it can't wait much longer!" "That's a sport!" "Heaven hates a piker!"

The nausea had left him, and much of the nervousness. The receding chin was quiet. Of course he would win. It wasn't in reason that a number could miss much longer. He counted the hundred and seventy-five as already his—lacking, of course, what he had lost and a few five-dollar bets. Another—that was three already. But he felt no uneasiness and threw down his money boldly. It must come now. He flushed with anticipation.

The crowd was with him and he knew it. At each new bet they gave him jocular encouragement. "Go it, old sport." "Nail him to it." "Sta-ay with him!" Many were eagerly following his lead. The 27 square was blotted out. The polite and impersonal croupier indicated the white-lined "18 to 36" square as the "annex to 27"; and, as the ball rolled, pulled the bets in automatically.

Fite was the central figure. The crowd was back. They crushed him against the table. Men reached over his shoulder to bet. Whirl after whirl he watched the staring 27 on the dizzy wheel; but there—there alone, the ball never rested. His heart was pounding at his ribs, the sweat ran down his face again. If he could only get even! That was all he asked.


Fite Gazed at Him in Fascinated Silence

Bet after bet was swallowed up. Others had caught the madness. There was no play except on the 27 and the house was taking rich revenge for earlier losses.

He could not quit now. He *must* win. He leaned on the table, smiling pitifully. One hundred and ten dollars left. The room whirled unsteadily, the lights were blurred and dim. An awful dream! The ball rolled, but he made no bet. No dream! Desperate, he shoved over a bill. "Ten dollars on the 27!" Was that his voice? The crowd made no comment now, noting the thin sheaf of notes in his hand. It must come. It must! Or were Nature's laws suspended to crush him? Lost! Ruined! Oh, fool, fool!

His last bill was on the fatal number. The crowd grew very still. No other bet was made. The ball spun interminably—TWELVE!

A rough but kindly hand led him away, forced whisky into his nerveless hand. Men followed with whispered sympathy. Some pressed money on him for his immediate needs. He stared at them blankly. "Let me go!" he repeated stupidly. "Let me go!"

At the door a shout rose at the wheel; a roar of many voices drove him out into the night.

"Twenty-seven!"

II

JEFF BRANSFORD, cowboy and other things, opened his eyes to a warm and rosy dawn, and waited, half-awake, with the pleasing consciousness of not knowing where he was. He lay on bright-green turf, beneath trees where mocking-birds sang riotous delight. But where?

He sat up. His coat, rolled to a pillow, lay at the foot of a sign-board bearing the legend, "Keep off the grass." Jeff grinned. "A park. What park? Where? It's El Paso!" he answered, with the pride of a discoverer. He nodded approving recognition at the black bulk of Mount Franklin, the white walls of Ciudad Juarez beyond the river, misty Chihuahuan ranges far to southward. "It's El Paso," he repeated with great satisfaction, "and this is me!"

Eastward he could see the stockyards, a "chuck wagon," where a fire burned brightly; closer, two cowboys galloping in to town. He nodded again. "Me for a prod pole or a rope," he said.

The two cowboys dismounted near him, dropped their reins and disappeared in a saloon door. A man came staggering from a side street, stopped, and then went straight to the waiting horses, took a rope from the saddle and came stumbling into the park. His eyes were staring, his face white and miserable, but he was not drunk, as Jeff first thought. He had no chin to speak of.

Jeff, half concealed by the warning sign, sat quite still, with a half-rolled cigarette in his hand. The newcomer did not see him, but, climbing a tree, made the rope fast to a branch and drew the loop around his neck with business-like promptness. Jeff had watched these proceedings with much interest. Now he said:

"Got a match, Zaccheus?"

At this cheerful query Zaccheus paused in his enterprise; mechanically, he fumbled up a match and dropped it.

Jeff picked it up and resumed his seat. "Thanks, Zach, old boy," he said. He lit the cigarette, crossed his legs, clasped his hands over his knees, and waited in placid expectancy.

"Well," he observed at last, "I don't want to hurry you, but really, this suspense ——"

The dumfounded wretch stared at him with open mouth and bulging eyes. But he did not hang himself.

Said Jeff affably:

"I hope I don't intrude. I was here first, you know." No answer.

"I hate to butt in with advice, but honestly you oughtn't to"—he paused diffidently—"steal that fellow's rope. He won't like it a bit."

Fite gazed at him in fascinated silence. "You'll fall off if you're not careful. Suppose you come down and tell me about it. It's early yet. Lots of time. Bring the rope. What's the trouble, anyway?"

Fite came down and stammered out the story. He did not spare himself—but he broke down and blubbered pitiably, whereat Jeff turned shamed eyes away.

"Is *that* all? Three hundred dollars? Tut, tut! I'll fix you out. Get some breakfast and go to bed. You're all to pieces. I'll have the money for you when you wake up. No, you won't pay me back neither. You just tell your wife about it, straight. That's all the pay I want. My money don't cost me nothing—I work for it. Cheer up, cheer up, old man. Do a grin. Just stay here a minute. There's a friend of mine now I want to see."

The friend—whom Jeff had never seen before—was an elderly youth of one or two and twenty, fat and unwieldy. He was well dressed, but with the unmistakable air of one who has scorned repose and lived hilarious nights.

Jeff beckoned him behind a tree and drew forth an ivory-handled gun.

"What's this?" demanded the stranger resentfully. "A hold-up?"

"Not so. I want you to uphold me. It's a matter of life and death." He reversed the gun and handed it over. "You take my old forty-some-odd for security, show me and yonder long lad a breakfast and help me get him to bed. He's up against it and I've told him I'll see him through."

"But ——"

"But, nothing. Man, I'm in earnest. Don't say 'but' to me. It makes me peevish. Say, don't forget we're old friends from Friendsville, and play up accordingly. What's your name, anyhow?"

"Ballinger. Leo Ballinger. I withdraw the 'but,'" the fat youth said.

"Good boy! You might call me Jeff Bransford for today. That's my name. Come along."

"Now forget it," he said to Fite. "You for a snooze in Murphy's arms while Leo and I get the gold together. And I want you to solemnly promise me never to steal another rope. Let's put this back."

Fite could not eat. He broke down and sobbed out much gratitude and remorse, brokenly, much to the discomfort of his hosts. They quieted him at last and got him to bed.

"And now to buy, get or procure three hundred," said Jeff. "You're in?"

"Nearly," said Ballinger ruefully. He drew out a handful of silver. "All but that. But I'm with you to a fare-you-well finish, if that's what you mean."

Jeff reflected. "I'm a stranger in this town. Anybody know you well enough to stand for a touch?"

"Too well," sighed Ballinger. "Much too well for any such indiscretions as that. I'm a baa-baa-black-sheep, and I haven't any wool. My family are of the Ninety and Nine. So I'm a remittance man—or was—till my respectable uncle, a leading citizen here, was so scandalized by my high crimes and misdemeanors that he advised the stopping of my allowance. My face is my fortune. Here's your pistol. I don't want it."

Jeff's eyes lit up with sudden inspiration. "We'll rob a bank!" His face suddenly clouded. "No, that won't do, either." He shook his head sadly. "That would be dishonest," he explained. "But we've got to elicit three hundred some way. I'll tell you; I'll borrow it. Do you know a tightwad anywhere? Meanest old bunks in town—meaner the better—just so's he's got the money."

Ballinger smiled joyfully. "I know that man."

"Let me at him. Wait—he'll not be done breakfast yet. We'll transact negotiations with him while he picks his teeth. Who and why is he?"

"He's a lawyer," said Leo. "Deals in real estate—and he's got a big cattle-ranch at Rainbow."

. . . .

The bearing of Mr. Simon Hibler was that of a petrified soldier rather than lawyer. His brow was ironical, his eyebrows arched. He ignored Leo painstakingly and addressed himself to Jeff with non-committal grimness.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of your early call, Mr. Bransford?"

Jeff waved a cheerful hand. "Business, marked 'Please rush.'"

"My office is the place for business. However ——" there was a slight relaxation of the elevated brows.

"But this is rather unusual business," returned Jeff. "To begin at the beginning, I'll tell you about Fite."

The lawyer heard him through. "And, pray, what have I to do with all this?" he asked dryly. "That happens every night here. It lacks both novelty and interest."

Jeff explained his intentions in an interview marked by dulcet, unhurried impudence on one side, purple, incredulous rage on the other.

"But you miss the point entirely," insisted Jeff, serenely unabashed by the other's unshrinking candor. "I've *got* to have the money. So you see there's no use talking. You're just wasting my time. Think of that woman and that baby."

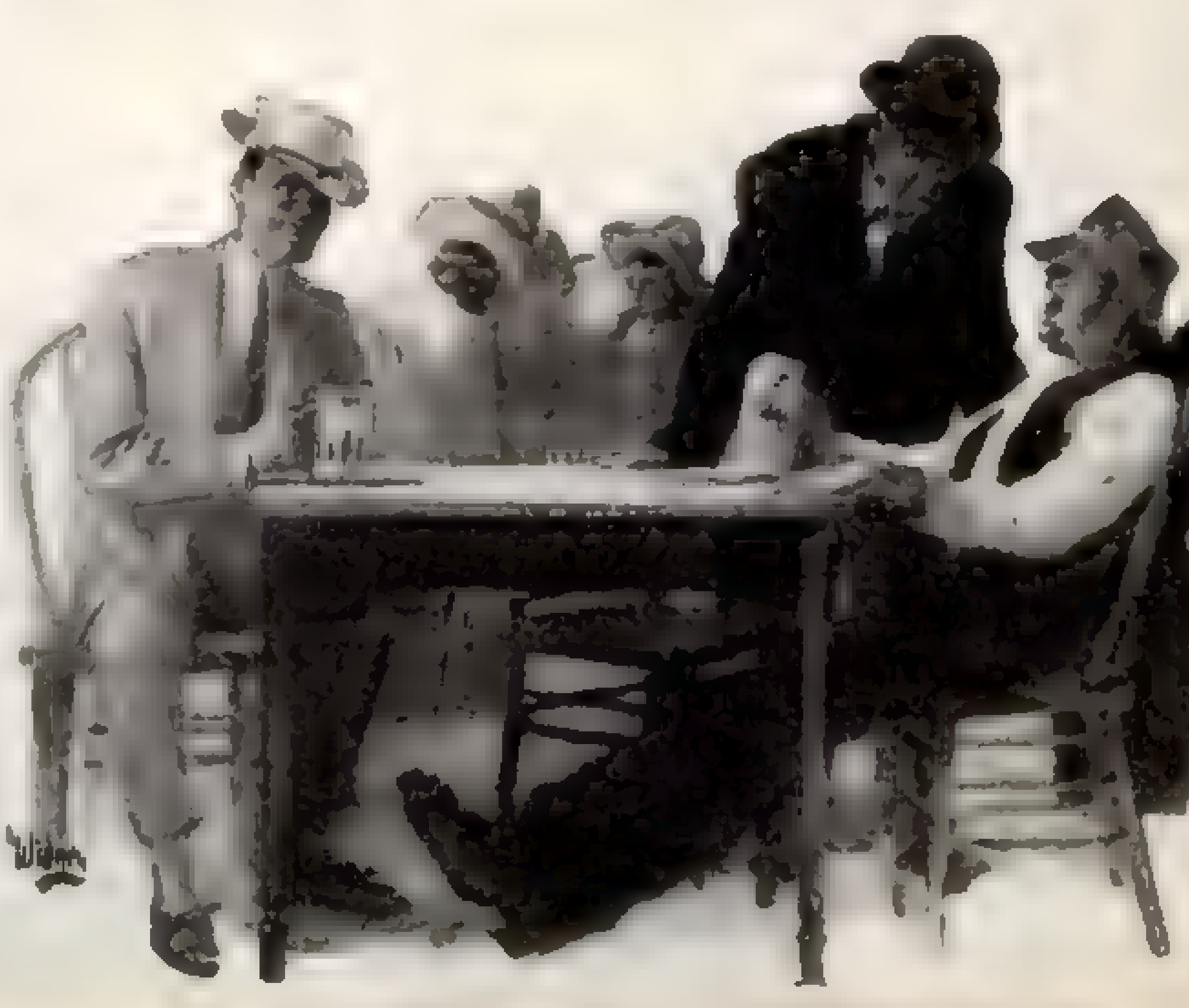
"'Phone for a policeman!" shouted Hibler, as a servant responded to the frantically jangling callbell.

"We passed one on the second block up," Jeff volunteered tranquilly. "As I was saying, we don't ask you to *give* Fite this money. You just lend it to us and we stand the loss. Man, you ought to jump at the chance. To do a good deed ——"

"I tell you you're a myth, a dream, an illusion! You don't exist!" said Hibler. But he motioned the servant back.

"I thought you'd see reason!" said Jeff. "Why, suppose we quit! You'd have to take care of them yourself!"

(Concluded on Page 34)


"This is One Tough Town and Somebody Might Likely Enough Go Through You for That Roll—*Sabe*?"

THE BORAX HUNTERS

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

AUTHOR OF 9009, AN ACCESSORY BEFORE THE FACT, ETC.

In the Solitude of Death Valley

FURNACE CREEK RANCH lies where a cañon widens into Death Valley's southern arm, a strip of green alfalfa beside a lukewarm stream. Behind it the Funeral Mountains loom, stark peaks against a blazing sky. Before it shimmers Death Valley's floor, the dancing-place of heat devils.

From Furnace Creek Ranch you may journey three days, north, south, east or west, and you will see no other acreage of green. The very stream that waters it slips silently from engulfing sands, finding the air for a brief half-mile, then seeks the hot earth again. It is an oasis in the midst of surrounding deserts.

To Furnace Creek Ranch, men come, weary, with gray dust in the deep lines of their faces. They rest by the lukewarm stream; then they go out again into the shimmering desert. For nine months of each year they come and they go. Their eyes are peculiarly steady, eyes that can pierce the mirage and always see, behind its waving promise, a gnarled mesquite on a sand-dune. Their faces are like sun-dried rawhide. These men are prospectors; they hunt for borax in the Funeral Mountains.

The Funeral Mountains mark the meeting-place of the Amargosa Desert, a sun-baked plateau, and Death Valley, a sink beneath the level of the sea. When the Earth grew sick with heaving she vomited lava. It lies over everything, in cairns of black boulders, in rock-masses, cooled fantastically in the dripping. Westward, the walls of these mountains drop, soilless to the valley's floor, six thousand feet. Wind of the desert and water of winter cloudbursts have riven cañons among them. In these gulches is neither earth nor verdure. They are arid.

The Men of the Desert

BEFORE these mountains twisted upward they had been part of an ocean floor. Receding, the waters left borax, which age and pressure hardened. It lies now among the baked fastnesses, ledges of milk-white rock. The borax prospectors hunt these ledges, or toil upon them doing assessment work.

Furnace Creek Ranch is their headquarters. They come to it from far corners of the range. It is the ending-place of terrible journeys.

These journeys include the Funeral Mountains, the bordering strips of the Amargosa and Mojave deserts and Death Valley. It is a strange region—a region of underground rivers that never see the light, of lakes gone dry ages ago that still proclaim themselves from afar as cool, wave-tossed waters, of lofty tablelands where forests of yuccas lift their distorted branches in grotesque sprawl. In its kindest parts are water-holes, and between them, spanning arid intervals like gray ribbons, are dusty wagon-roads. Along the edges of these roads are occasional graves, for even here the region abounds in traps.

Snares set by Nature in an unkind mood, they are always present: Arsenic springs, white-lined with the bones of animals and birds which drank their waters; cañons which a man may descend, but, wearied, cannot climb again; at their foot Death Valley's salt marsh, which holds the traveler's feet, then his limbs, viscously, until he ceases struggling and dies as a fly dies on glue-smeared paper; the deadly "sidewinder," half rattlesnake, half viper, which strikes uncoiled, and sounds but one brief, high note of warning as he springs; water-holes suddenly gone dry fifty miles from their nearest neighbors; a lethal sun which strikes down with swift silence.

The Headquarters of the Borax Men

Journeying among these things, year in and year out, the borax hunters avoid them as animals avoid man-made traps. In summer they seek those nooks among the loftiest summits where the rocks drip sparse moisture. During the other seasons they descend to the lower levels. Usually they travel alone. They are silent men; the Funeral Mountains have given them no subjects for ordinary conversation. In action they are deliberate; they are accustomed to moving among mighty, elemental obstacles. When they can get it they carry more water than they need.

They are members of a large band who invade the desert for wages—teamsters, mining engineers, surveyors and freighters. Recruited from mine and stable yard, college and technical school, this company brings in its rear clanking machinery, long pipe-lines, railroads, women and civilization. The borax hunters rank among the veterans, survivors of another day when the fight was sterner.

They came to the Funeral Mountains in the sixties, when Nevada was gold-mad, when Breyfogle found and lost his yellow ledge, when Piute Indians still picked up on Death Valley's floor pieces of the treasure thrown aside by perishing Mormon emigrants. The desert lured them then—it has held them ever since.

It has given them little: their wages for assessment work done beneath a torrid sun, occasionally a bonus for a new-found ledge. Yet they stay. Drawn by the excitement of gold-discovery, one may leave borax hunting to seek precious metal or to become a silent figure among the seething life of a free-milling camp. Rarely, with sudden riches stumbled upon, another goes to the outside world whither the railroad leads. But he always returns sooner or later. The conquest of the desert, needing them, holds these men.

In the general movement of man against these fastnesses they are solitary scouts. They travel far ahead of the others. They make their long journeys from Furnace Creek Ranch into the crape-black mountains with burros heavy-laden with their supplies and tools. During these journeys they live for months, using some water-hole, perhaps thirty miles away, as a base of supplies. They travel in and out among cañons whose length does not hold a hatful of soil. They sleep on the baked rocks with no covering above their heads. Save the reptiles and the gray-faced desert rats that live by the water-holes, they rarely see living things. And always, traveling wearily over steep rocks and on roads whose gray dust mantles them in mistlike clouds, they watch the hostile elemental things about them, lest the desert, finding them unwary, overwhelm them. Returning from these journeys, they bring with them experiences of strange things seen and done, which they repeat to their fellows only in brief words, for the most part words of warning.

Could these men tell stories and were the world within earshot of Furnace Creek Ranch the tales would have long since filled many volumes. But the desert has dried their tongues; and the world lies far from them. To learn much of their lives one must have partaken to some extent of them; and even then he needs to listen carefully, if he would gather anything. Here are some of their experiences:

Jimmy Dayton was foreman at Furnace Creek Ranch. He had worked for the company since the days when they refined marsh borax at the old Eagle works in the lowest part of Death Valley. Those were the days of the twenty-mule teams, of the long, slow haul to the railroad. One hundred and sixty miles was the length of that haul, the first eighty miles along Death Valley's floor. He drove his mules over that road for years. Two by two, ten span, the animals dragged the fifteen-inch-tired wagons through the ashlike sands, two of the massive vehicles behind each long team. They walked thirty miles a day; it took from dawn to dark to make the distance. Every fifteen miles was a feeding-place. Water showed sparingly three times; and he carried it in barrels on the rear wagon. A long, slow road, it stretches through the heart of the desert yet; and every yard of its slow length is impressive with a lesson. It winds away from Furnace Creek Ranch among boulder-strewn sand-hills. For a few miles it hugs the base of the Funeral Mountains. It nears the bottom of the sink and skirts it where lava lies above sandstone, weird, black configurations of fused rock, overlapping a dead sea-beach. It is a desolate place. In its dreariest spot the wagon-track turns to the right to cross the valley. This is the flat of the pinnacles, a bed of rock salt, weather-worn to a forest of spearlike points, waist high. Brown dust coats their surface. In their midst is a river of salt, flat, white, like a stream frozen in winter. The road passes among these things and rises to the loose, fine sands that hem the valley's western side. It is straight, level, and its deep, gray dust flies from plowing tire rims, mantling everything, animals, wagon and driver, until they are gray as itself. Far ahead, to the left, a flat floor of sun-cracked mud glistens beneath jigging heat-waves.

The Road That Jimmy Dayton Traveled

FOR more than twenty miles the road passes through the gray sand toward Bennett's Wells, where Mormon emigrants, crying aloud to their God for water, dug and found it many years ago. A short distance before it reaches these wells it passes another spring, a little pool beneath a wide mesquite. This is Tulle Holes, named from a clump of reeds that circle it. Beyond Bennett's Wells are pits of salt-water. Then the road leaves the sink and passes upward through Windy Gap, where the world, cooled too suddenly in the making, has taken sinister shapes. Leaving the hideous crags, it climbs on over the heights of Wingate Pass; then winds downward into a region of dried lakes, where lizards and rattlesnakes sun themselves in the wide mud-cracks. It crawls over two yucca-strewn plateaus, and then drops wearily down to Daggett.

This is the road Jimmy Dayton traveled, year after year, alone, driving twenty mules. You may not hurry on this road. It sets your slow pace and there is no force to overcome its mandate. You may not while away dreary time talking, lest you drop into the habit of audible self-communion and men call you mad. There are many things you may not do. The desert names them; it is master. Jimmy Dayton learned the virtue of long patience. He learned silence, and never spoke save to curse his mules. And, above all, he learned the great, fundamental lesson, that on this road it is not what man would do, but what he must do. Once he forgot it.

That was after the company had quit refining the mud borax, when Furnace Creek Ranch had become headquarters for the prospectors and the men who did assessment work in the Funeral Mountains. Years of driving twenty mules through clogging sands and over rock-bound steeps had soured him. And desert solitude had given him dislike toward men. As foreman he lived half-alone, and these things developed. He had acquiesced to things inanimate; with animate things he was obstinate to ugliness. Summers came and summers went; the prospectors went out into the mountains and returned. In June they always left the place for three months, just as the leaves of the cottonwoods by the main irrigating ditch began to turn brown. They went away to higher levels or to Daggett, fleeing from the sun which became deadly here. At the end of each summer they returned to take up where they had left off the search for mineral and the work upon the ledges. Then came a June when they departed later than usual.

The Road Across Salt River

The trees were sere when they left; the figs had cooked among the branches that bore them. The water in the creek was unpleasantly hot to the touch. And because of these things all the men chose the route that leads back to the East, the road that goes up Furnace Creek Cañon to less torrid heights, avoiding Death Valley—all save Jimmy Dayton. He chose to go alone, apart from the rest of them, by the road he had traveled as a teamster, the route across the sink. It was early in the morning when they hitched up their mules; he got his eight into their harness, and left the place with no word of farewell. It was his crowning act of obstinacy.

Four hours after he started the sun began to work hard, as it works in Death Valley in the summer months. In its mid-glare he crossed the sink among the forest of brown pinnacles by the river of salt. It peered down upon him through the canvas wagon-top like an evil eye. Starting on its slant toward the Panamint Mountains, it found him driving slowly through the gray sand that lies like ashes along the valley's western edge.

Here, with no intervening shade, it flared into his face. The air was like the air in front of an open furnace door. He knew that sun; he had driven beneath it for years, and it had never been able to harm him. When he came to Tulle Holes, where the little, reed-fringed spring shows beneath the mesquite, he stooped with his back toward it to fill a bucket.

The Deadly Sun in the Funeral Mountains

FIRST he had tied the reins round the wagon wheel. As he bent the sun smote him from behind. He crawled a little way into a clump of the mesquite and died. They found his mummied body huddled there weeks afterward. They found the bodies of the mules lying, as they had stood, in the harness. The nearest of them were only a few yards from the pool. The water had glistened in their eyes and its smell had entered their nostrils while they fought against the reins that held, tied to the wagon wheel.

Today the bones of the animals lie as they died. And near them is the grave of Jimmy Dayton, who forgot the lesson of the desert: that a man may not do as he would.

There are other graves along the road from Furnace Creek to Daggett. Most of them are in Death Valley. One, like a sudden, harsh warning, greets you from a rock-strewn knoll as you enter the southern end of the sink. Wooden headboards mark them. Upon them is no herbage. They are grim in their nakedness. The sun struck down their inmates, traveling this desolate route alone. It caught them, wearied by long walking through the sifting sands, or stooping to some sudden exertion that sent the blood to their heads, and they fell and died.

Once, near evening, when a party of borax hunters, setting monuments on claims at the edge of the salt pinnacles, were returning to their camp a man in the rear staggered, then fell. The others picked him up and bore him to their tent, where it was days before he recovered. The sun had smitten him within an hour of its setting.

A Rock Salt Deposit in Death Valley

Knowledge of such things brings to these men an infinite caution, which is ever-present, like the caution of a tamer in a cage of wild animals. They do not forget themselves. Yet even this wariness will not always avert peril. The Funeral Mountains are prolific in surprises.

A borax hunter left Ash Meadows one December morning and traveled all day down a cañon's rocky sides, until he reached a tributary gulch up which he intended ascending the next day to look into some borax indications. He pitched his camp where the two cañons joined, choosing a little boulder-strewn promontory formed by talus from a low cliff and wash from the tributary *arroyo*. This point rose, perhaps, fifteen feet above the dry stream-bed.

He was in the depths of a rock-bound chasm. The flanking peaks rose steep on three sides. To the west the mountains fell away to Death Valley. The cañon-bed was worn into deep channels and pot-holes by rush of waters. Yet it was now dry, and much more inviting as a camping place than the sloping sides of the rise he had picked out. He had chosen this latter in spite of the fact that there was no sign of rain in the air. He unpacked his two burros, turned them loose among the rocks and piled about his fire the loads: food, blankets, canteens, cooking utensils and tools. He cooked and ate his supper; then rolled up in the blankets and went to sleep.

A Midnight Cloudburst

SHORTLY after midnight he awoke with a confused noise in his ears. As he rose, apprehensive, it resolved itself into a steady roar; the very rocks seemed to tremble beneath him. Through it all he made out the sucking sound of fresh-come water in an arid place. He shook his blankets from him and stood a moment peering into the darkness.

The blackness of the cañon-bed was alive with motion. In it he made out a shifting half-light, punctuated by swift, gleaming patches that rushed by. He drew on his clothes swiftly, lighted a match and in its dying flare saw a torrent swirling beneath his feet. He noted an eddy foaming against the opposite wall of the ravine. The flood's sullen boom made the darkness quiver. There had been a cloudburst.

Far up a tongue of lightning flicked lightly at the wall of the mountains. In its blue glare he saw, leaping over a cliff he had passed that afternoon, a milk-white waterfall. The night wrapped him again and he felt a cold touch at his ankles. He swore aloud and leaped back, splashing water from his heavy boots. Air stirred vaguely past him, warm and damp.

Lighting a candle he saw the rising flood lapping at the bottom of a heap of sacks. He seized the uppermost and threw it over his shoulder. He was stumbling among the loose boulders, holding the candle in his free hand, making toward the foot of the low cliff behind his camping place, when a sudden, awful detonation shook the mountains—the crash of elements colliding. The sodden heavens had burst a second time. As he stood petrified, there came to him a hollow, pulsing roar. He understood it. Dropping sack and candle he fled to the cliff. As he drew himself up its face the lightning flashed and he saw, leaping downward so swiftly that though its white-tinged crest ran on ahead it never fell, a wall of water riding on the bosom of the flood. He saw this in one look whipped over his shoulder, fighting his way up the cliff. Then rain pounded his garments tight to his body. He crawled on upward, and the waters hid the place whence he had fled.

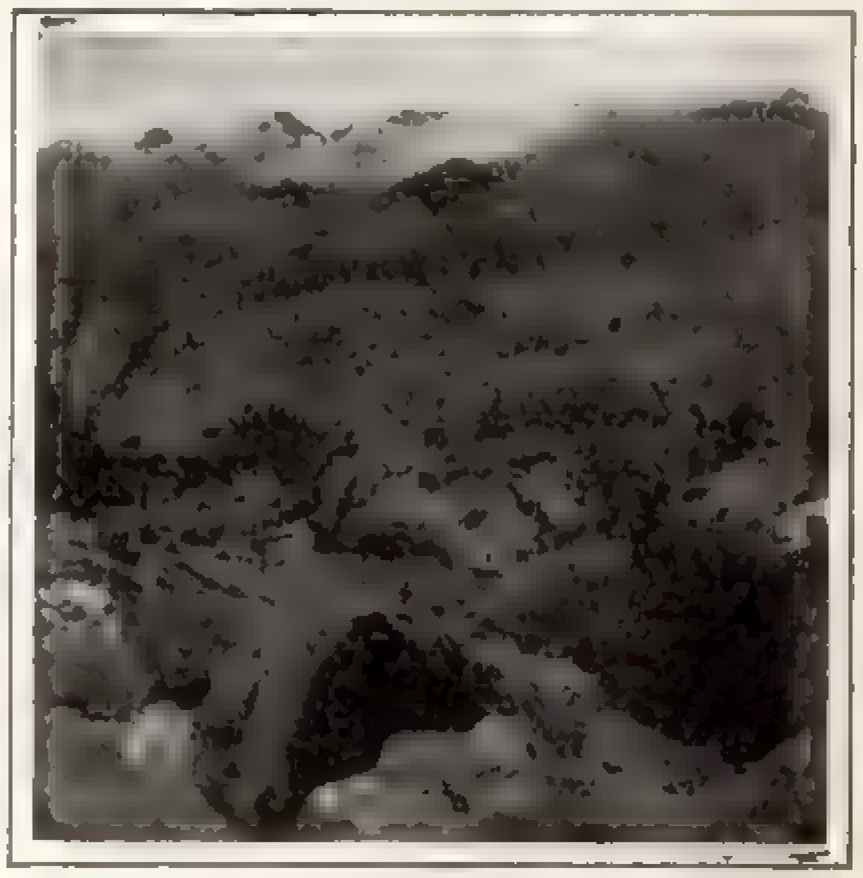
After the Deluge

A DELUGE descended upon him; then ceased as suddenly as it had come. Another followed, and died away into a long, steady downpour. He was coatless, bareheaded, unsheltered. He crouched among the rocks, an atom on a bare mountain floor, the warring place of elements. Toward morning the rain passed. Dawn came, and in its gray light he descended to where his camp had been. The flood had receded already; a small stream murmured among the worn rocks of the cañon-bed. The promontory on which he had made his camp the evening before was bare. Save for one blanket whipped tight round the base of a boulder the waters had taken everything. Food, bedding, cooking utensils, even the tools had gone before the onrush. Of his burros there was no sign.

Furnace Creek Ranch lay forty miles away. He walked the distance with the blanket wrapped around him.

. . . .

The Funeral Mountains and the other ranges of the surrounding deserts are scarred in many places by cloudbursts. The scars are acres in extent; they penetrate down to the living rock. And at the foot of every cañon there spreads, fanwise, into the flats below, a litter of boulders which have been borne downward by these floods. They are cataclysms.


Telescope Peak

Journeying into the north arm of Death Valley, where the sand lies in loose, shifting dunes, the borax hunters encounter another danger, the dust-storm. It comes oftenest in spring, when the wind rushes suddenly out on the flats from the debouching cañons. It is a hot blizzard, blinding, smothering. The sand-particles flay the skin of him who would face them. They sift through every garment; and, seeking to move onward while the storm endures, the man becomes bewildered and lost. There is but one thing that he may do: secure his burros and wait until the tempest has passed. And even then its cessation may come only after his animals have been stampeded, and find him alone, without supplies, miles from water.

A sand-storm near Furnace Creek Ranch one spring afternoon came within sight of the men who were at work upon the place. As it died away they saw a strange figure emerge from the swirling dust-clouds—a figure which ran toward them, lurched forward, halted, staggered, then came on. It approached closer, and they ran out to meet it, for they saw it was a man—a man whose tongue puffed black and swollen from between his black lips. On his face was dried mud. Mud coated his body. His hands were shapeless lumps of clay. They carried him to the creek and held him there, and after several hours they let him sup warmed milk.

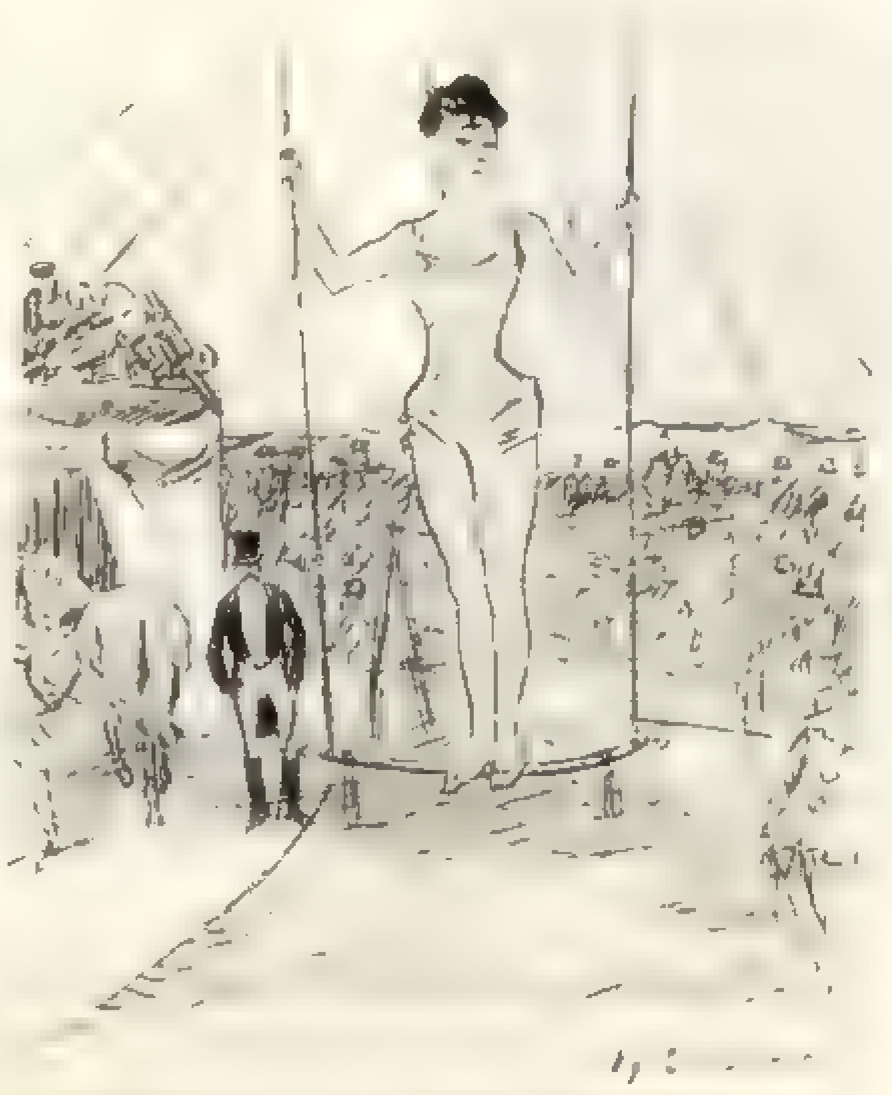
(Concluded on Page 40)

The Confessions of a Con Man

Life With the Old-Time Circus

As Told to Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS



We Showed a Few Poor Trapeze and Bareback Turns

ALL things considered, the toughest circus in my experience was the one I joined in the spring of eighty-eight. To understand why it was so tough, and why I struck the troubles peculiar to that trip, I'll have to go back and say something more about the underside of the old-time circus business.

In my day on the road most little wagon shows like this one were nothing more than an excuse to draw the grangers into skin games. The grafters and the management had a regular system of profit-sharing. At the end of each day the various games pooled their returns. First they took out the "nut." That is the general term, among gamblers, for the expense account. Next the "fixer," who had begun the day by squaring things with city officials, took out his ten per cent. Thirty-five per cent of the remainder went to the show; and the rest—fifty-five per cent—was divided among the gamblers. The dealers or proprietors of the various shell, roll-up and roll-out games paid their own help, and reimbursed the circus for their board and transportation.

This circus was a little nine-car concern which had some territory in Indiana and Michigan—we cut a zigzag course all the season. We showed a few poor trapeze and bareback turns, a small menagerie, and some clowns. It is an axiom in the circus business that first-class ring acts don't pay in the country. When you strike the cities you find them more critical. Farm people care mainly for the menagerie. A circus is always divided into two camps, the performers—we call them "kinkers"—and the gamblers. The kinkers are the most retiring and exclusive people in the world. Half of them can't tell you the name of the town they're playing. They don't seem to have any interest in anything but their acts. They go to their bunks when the performance is over, get up next morning at the stop, practice, do their turns, eat, and back to the bunks again. They hate the grafters on principle, because the gambling games make so much noise and trouble. The canvasmen, as a rule, side with the grafters.

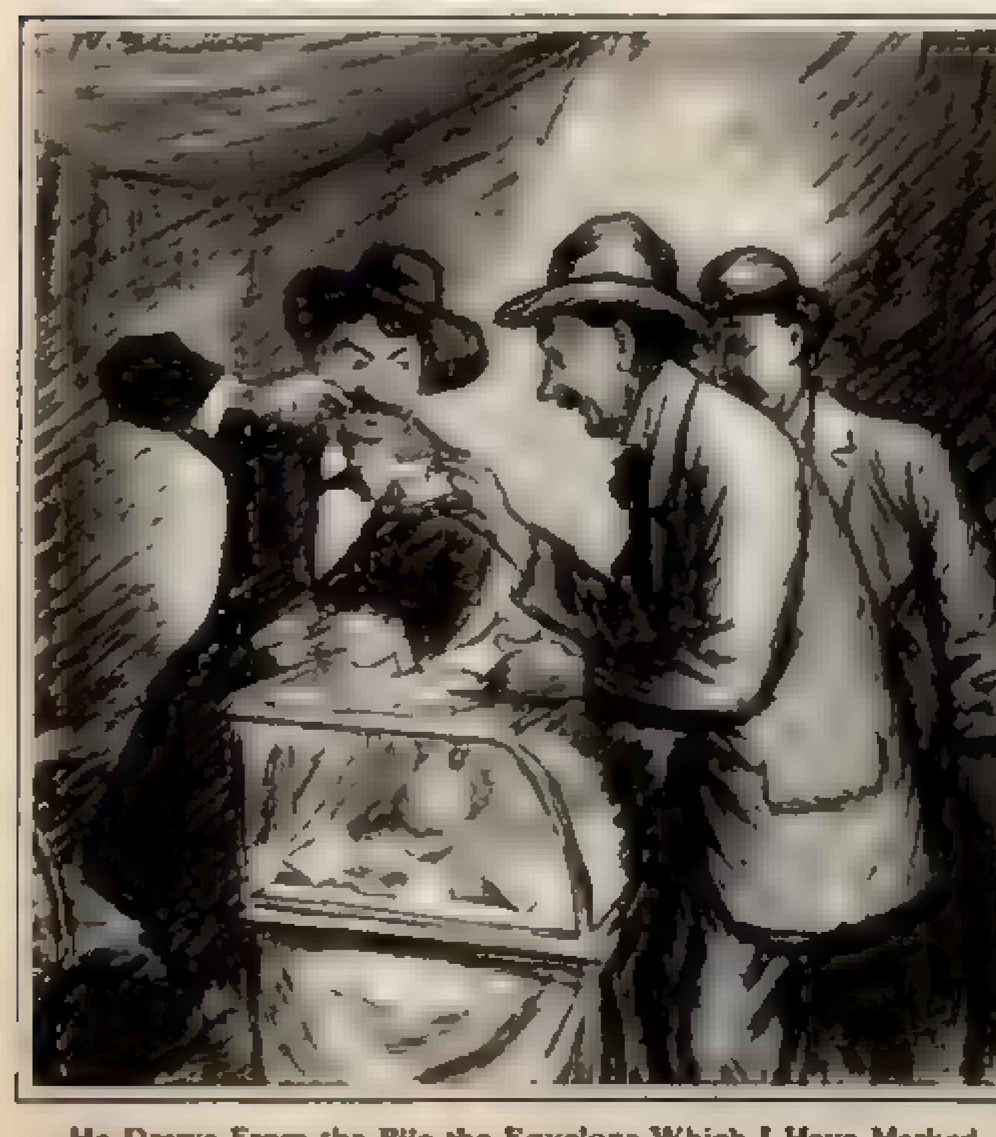
We had two shell games, a "cloth" and a "roll-out" team. I don't have to explain the shell game, I guess. "Cloth" is an easy-money dice game. The operator has before him a sheet of green felt, marked off into figured squares—eight to forty-eight. The player throws eight dice, and the dealer compares the sum of the spots he has thrown with the numbers on the cloth. Certain spaces are marked for prizes, five or six are marked "conditional," and one, number twenty-three, is marked "lose." The dealer keeps his stack of coins over the twenty-three space, so that it isn't noticed until the time to show it.

Why Twenty-three Means Down and Out

THESE spaces marked "conditional" are used in a great many gambling games, such as spindle; they're the most useful thing in the world for leading the sucker on. For when he throws "conditional," the dealer tells him that he is in great luck. He has thrown better than a winning number. He has only to double his bet, and on the next throw he will get four times the indicated prize, or, if he throws a blank number, the equivalent of his money. He is kept throwing "conditionals" until his whole pile is down; and then made to throw twenty-three—the space which he failed to notice, and which is marked "lose."

You may ask how the dealer makes the sucker throw just what he wants. Simplest thing in the world. The man is counted out. The table is crowded with boosters, all jostling and reaching for the box, eager to play. The assistant dealer grabs up the dice, adds them hurriedly, announces the number that he wants to announce, and sweeps them back into the box. If the sucker kicks, a booster reaches over next time the dice are counted, says "my play," and musses them up. The player never knows what he has thrown. I don't need to say that "twenty-three," as slang, comes from this game. The circus used it for years before it was ever heard on Broadway.

"Roll-out" has many variations. The operator stands in a buggy, spieling for a new line of licorice candy. He announces that, in order to introduce the goods, he is going to take an extraordinary measure. He is going to wrap up a twenty-dollar bill in one of the packages and sell it at a reduced figure to a gentleman in the audience. After a little bidding, a booster buys it for fifteen or sixteen dollars and shows his twenty-dollar bill to the crowd. This pulls on the sucker, who has been marked and felt out from the moment that he arrived on the grounds. When he buys his twenty-dollar bill—maybe it is fifty or a hundred if he looks good for it—he finds only a dollar bill in the package—a sleight-of-hand trick does the work. Doesn't it sound foolish for me to sit here and tell you that people are roped into such a play as that? But if I could tell the whole story of one of these swindles, put in the dialogue, the little gestures and stage business, you would see how gradually his natural greed is brought out in the sucker until his eagerness for big money kills his common-sense. Human greed is the best booster of the confidence man.



He Draws From the Pile the Envelope Which I Have Marked With My Thumb-Nail, and Takes Out the Card

Squaring the Mayor and His Minions

I GOT my first real experience as fixer that year, and I learned a lot about stalling. When the show struck town I saw the chief of police first—he was generally easy. I have bribed them with tickets alone. Next I fixed the justices of the peace, and once in a while I attended to the mayor. Ten or twenty dollars apiece would usually satisfy the officials of a small town. I'd explain carefully that we didn't intend to take away big money from any one. All we wanted was permission to run a few legitimate games of chance. There should be a little license allowed on circus day. Mayors that I couldn't buy I worked in another fashion. I could always give them free tickets for themselves and families. When the mayor's party arrived my assistant would take them in hand, and keep them entertained about the big top until supper-time.

The town authorities, no matter how heavily they were bribed, seldom let the shows run all day. Generally, some skinned sucker would put up such a kick that the authorities would awake to the nature of our harmless little games, and close us out. I'd stall the police as long as I could; when I reached the end of my devices I would let them arrest a dealer or two. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the prisoners would be taken before one of my bribed justices and let off with a little fine, which came out of the "nut." On account of this danger we started the games as soon as the parade began, threw in a lot of boosters, and kept things going at top speed. If we had taken in a thousand or twelve hundred dollars before the police came down on us, we were satisfied.

The hardest part of my job, though, was stalling the weeping suckers who came around to demand their money back. My methods varied with the man. In the case of a big, blustering, cowardly fellow, a straight, swift punch in the jaw was sometimes the best medicine. If he got me arrested for it I could always bring witnesses to show that he had started a disturbance and threatened me. Sometimes I would laugh at my man, telling him that he got what he might expect. Sometimes I'd sympathize, promise on behalf of the management that the affair would be looked into. I learned one thing early—never give anything back unless you give it all back. For if you do return a part it proves the weakness of your position, and the sucker howls harder than ever for the rest. Moreover, the other suckers hear about it, and you have to settle with them all. On one occasion I had to hand over a roll of three hundred and fifty dollars which we had taken at the shells. The sucker, it turned out, was brother-in-law of the chief of police; and though the chief was bribed, it didn't prevent him from threatening to arrest the whole outfit unless we gave up.

Trouble in a Lumber Camp

AS WE struck into the Michigan woods we began to come against the French-Canadian lumbermen—soft but troublesome. When they lost they always wanted to fight. They were big, strong chaps, but their methods were unscientific—mostly wrestling and clawing the air. Scraps became more and more common around the show. We made so much noise at night, settling up with the day's picking, that the kinkers threatened to quit. The farther north we went the more troublesome they got. It culminated in a border town of Michigan—Oscoda, I think.

We had put in a great day. I had the officials sewed up, and the games went on until late at night. In the early afternoon we caught a big lumberman, who seemed to be a kind of leader, for seventy-five dollars at "roll-out." He raged up and down, trying to stop the circus. The canvasmen threw him out of the lot. His mates ran up to help him. I scraped my way through the mob and got to the leader. Instead of listening to me, he came at me with his arms flying. I let him have it in the jaw. I don't know what might have happened if the town police hadn't broken up the mob.

I thought the police would close us out right there; but they were too well fixed. Nevertheless, I saw trouble; and I went from game to game advising the boys to go easy. The money was rolling in like water, and they only said, "Let 'em come on."

"All right," said I; "they will."

At half-past eight, with the performance going on inside and the games still drawing in the side-show tents, I heard that "zaa-zaa" sound of a mob. I ran to the corner of the lot. About two hundred men in their shirt sleeves were approaching in a bunch. It appears that a little Frenchman, who had been done out of fifty in the shell game, had gone down to their hang-out and aroused his mates. They were coming to lick the circus. I ran toward the side-shows, yelling "Laying-out pins!" at the top of my voice. That call always brings the grafters out for a fight. A laying-out pin is a thin iron stake which the boss canvasman uses to mark out the tent space; it is a great weapon in a fight—just heavy enough to lay a man out, and just light enough to bend over his head without breaking his skull. I saw a college rush once, and this had a funny resemblance to it. The grafters, about twenty-five in all, jumped to their pins and gathered in front of the big tent. The French-Canadians stopped at the corner of the lot, howling and yelling. I said, "Boys, if they come in a bunch, beat them to it." I knew that if the fight came off close to the tent we stood to lose good canvas, besides making a panic inside.

And all at once the Frenchmen rushed at us in a long line.

"Now," said I. The grafters charged in a compact bunch like one of those football wedges. They hit the mob right in its centre, and went through. I didn't have time to see what happened next, for I found my own hands full.

I had stayed back, like a general, to direct things. Well, when our fellows went through, the end of the line kept on, and a few stragglers reached the big tent. They were about crazy with excitement, and they seemed to have some idea of wrecking the show. Three of them grabbed the stake-ropes and began to pull. I came up from behind and let the nearest one have it with my laying-out pin. The others dropped the ropes and came at me separately. I got the leader with a punch in the pit of the stomach—quarters were too close for the pin. The canvasmen attended to the other fellow.

When I had time to look around the Frenchmen were flying in every direction, with the grafters chasing them in bunches of three or four. It appears that our wedge had gone clear through the line. Before the enemy could form again our fellows had turned back and charged through them in the opposite direction, taking some of them in the rear. That finished them; they just turned and beat it. We carted off seven Frenchmen to the hospital. I don't know that any of them were disabled for life, but some looked to be pretty badly hurt. Besides a few bruises and cut heads, the only injury we had was one broken arm.

Clanking Days in Texas

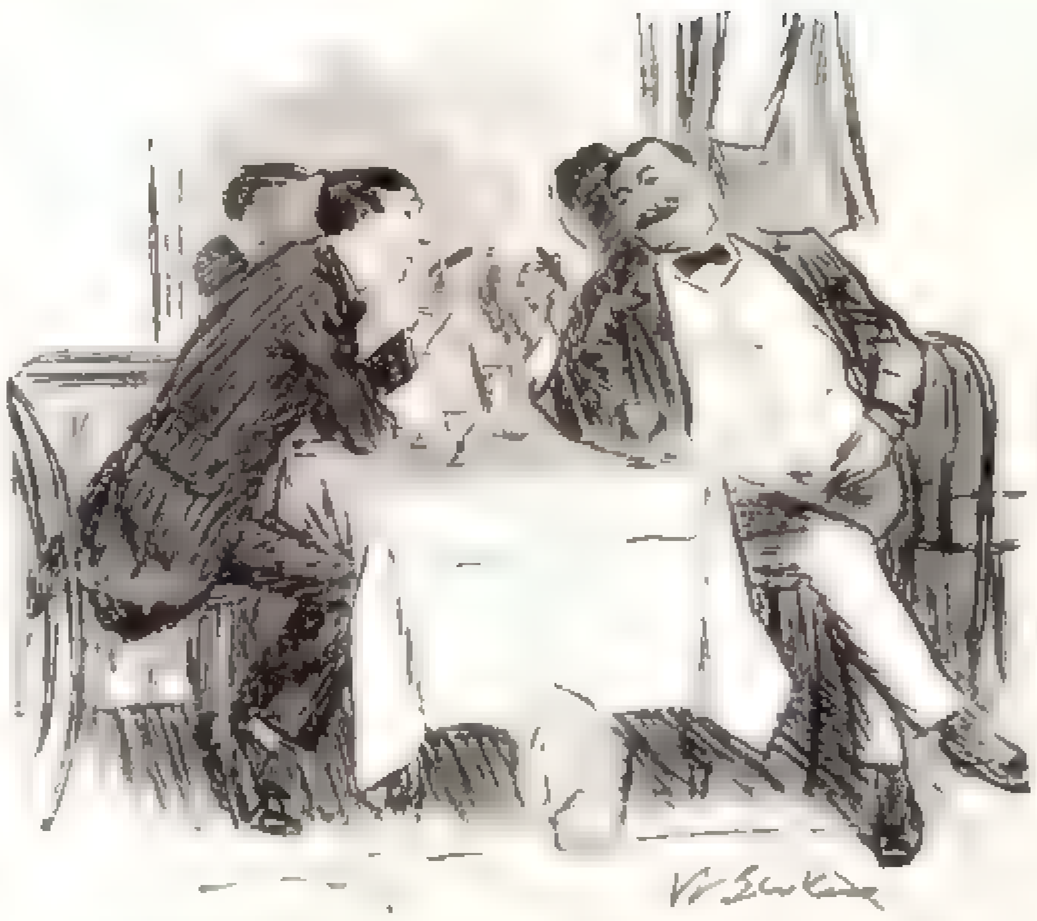
THAT show turned out rather badly for me. There was trouble over division of profits, trouble over women—trouble all along the line. One of the shell-game men, who had wanted to be fixed at the opening of the season, did everything he could to embarrass me. That man had six or seven medals for being mean. Though he earned a good living at the shells he made his wife play Circassian Beauty with the side-show—forced that little woman to sit all afternoon and evening in one of those hot Circassian wigs for a salary of eight dollars a week!

I drew down the big job next season—fixer for the second largest show in the country. While it was too big to depend entirely on the graft for profits, it did run games wherever it safely could. It had winter quarters in an Ohio city, and the Boss would never allow the grafting to start until we were well out of home territory. We didn't begin to work that season until we got as far West as Missouri and Arkansas.

Besides doing the fixing, I ran one of the shell games with my old pal Jakey, the man who helped me steal the elephant; and I quit that season about twelve thousand dollars a winner. We did our best work in Texas. The country was still a little wild, the cattle business was paying good money, and some of the towns were virgin soil—they'd never seen a shell game. I remember Honey Grove for the best day's business I ever saw a show do. Out of two shell games, one roll-out outfit and a beehive we divided five thousand dollars. Even that show got careless with its methods in such good territory, and we raised a lot of trouble first and last. In one cattle town I had a narrow escape. I was standing talking to the Boss in the shell tent when a bullet came through the flap, passed between us, and killed a boy who was rubbering at the game. It appeared that a cowboy had shot a nigger; the bullet had gone clean through the nigger before it entered our tent.

The trouble we made, and the further trouble kicked up by some grafting little shows which followed us in, caused the State to pass a law making the circus license for each performance a thousand dollars. Nevertheless, I fixed that show for Texas the next year without paying a cent. I saw the authorities, and agreed to put up the money in a lump sum as we left the State. We had forty performances, making the fees forty thousand dollars. Denison, the last stop in the State, was the point where we were supposed to settle. We went through Denison at forty miles an hour. It didn't really pay, because that show was barred from Texas forever after.

In spite of the press agent, the most interesting things that happen around a show are those which don't get into print. We had a midget of a Frenchman working on the shells—he would have been fat at ninety pounds. He was a reckless player. Somewhere down by the border he lifted seven hundred dollars from a cowpuncher; and a whole round-up outfit came down on us looking for him. No use to go against them with laying-out pins—they were gun-men. It was up to me to hide the Frenchman. Billy, the Shakespearian clown—by the way, his daughter is now a star in a new Broadway show—was my good friend. I rushed the Frenchman to Billy.


In the Talkfest We Had at Dinner He Recalled to Me the Time I Got Revenge for the Show on Johnnie Wise

"Put a clown make-up on him and take him into the ring with you," said I, "and keep him there until further notice." Then news came that the cowpunchers were going to lay for us at the railroad yards, where a clown make-up would only have attracted suspicion. I packed my Frenchie to the menagerie superintendent.

"Chuck this in the cage with some of the hay animals," I said. "And don't open the cage until we're safe aboard." The superintendent was just putting the canvas cover on the cage of the Abyssinian ibex.

"How'll this do?" said he.

"Fine!" said I. So we opened the trap at the top, dropped the Frenchman in, and carted him away. The committee of indignant citizens was at the station, all right. The superintendent remarked offhand, as we loaded, that if Frenchie didn't stop making so much noise in there his suckers would surely spot him.

We stopped at a little station five miles down the line, and I went back to release him. I'd no sooner opened the trap than he popped out into my face. I hardly knew him. He hadn't a square foot of whole clothing on his body. Both being excitable, the Frenchman and the Abyssinian ibex had been fighting all the way.

Twice on that first trip we lost lions. Once, a coal chute fell on a lion cage at a siding, breaking it wide open, and two young males escaped. They sneaked into a farm near by. When we located them they had just entered the barn of a German and killed his horse. As I came up with the keeper, the farmer shoved his face into mine, saying:

"By Chimminy, you take dose lions away or I'll ar-rest you!" We ran a cage up to the barn door, tied up an antelope or some other hay animal behind it, and so baited them back into captivity.

The next time brought more trouble. The cage wasn't properly lashed on the flat car, and it tumbled off while the train was going twenty miles an hour. The whole back fell out, and a fine young lioness got away. I remember the Boss saying to two of the grafters, after he'd blown off his feelings:

"Here, Bones and Tully, you won't be working today. You go back and get that lion!" Cheerful little job!

Well, Bones and Tully couldn't find track nor sign of her—at least so they reported. We traveled for three stope without hearing a word. Then a farmer came in with her hide and a bill for one hundred dollars.

His wife had been driving home the cows in the twilight when the lioness leaped past her and pulled down one of the cows. She ran home. The farmer got his rifle and went back to the pasture. The lioness had killed another cow by that time and had settled down to make a supper. He drew a bead behind her shoulder and killed her the first shot. Until he went up to look her over he thought he had bagged a catamount!

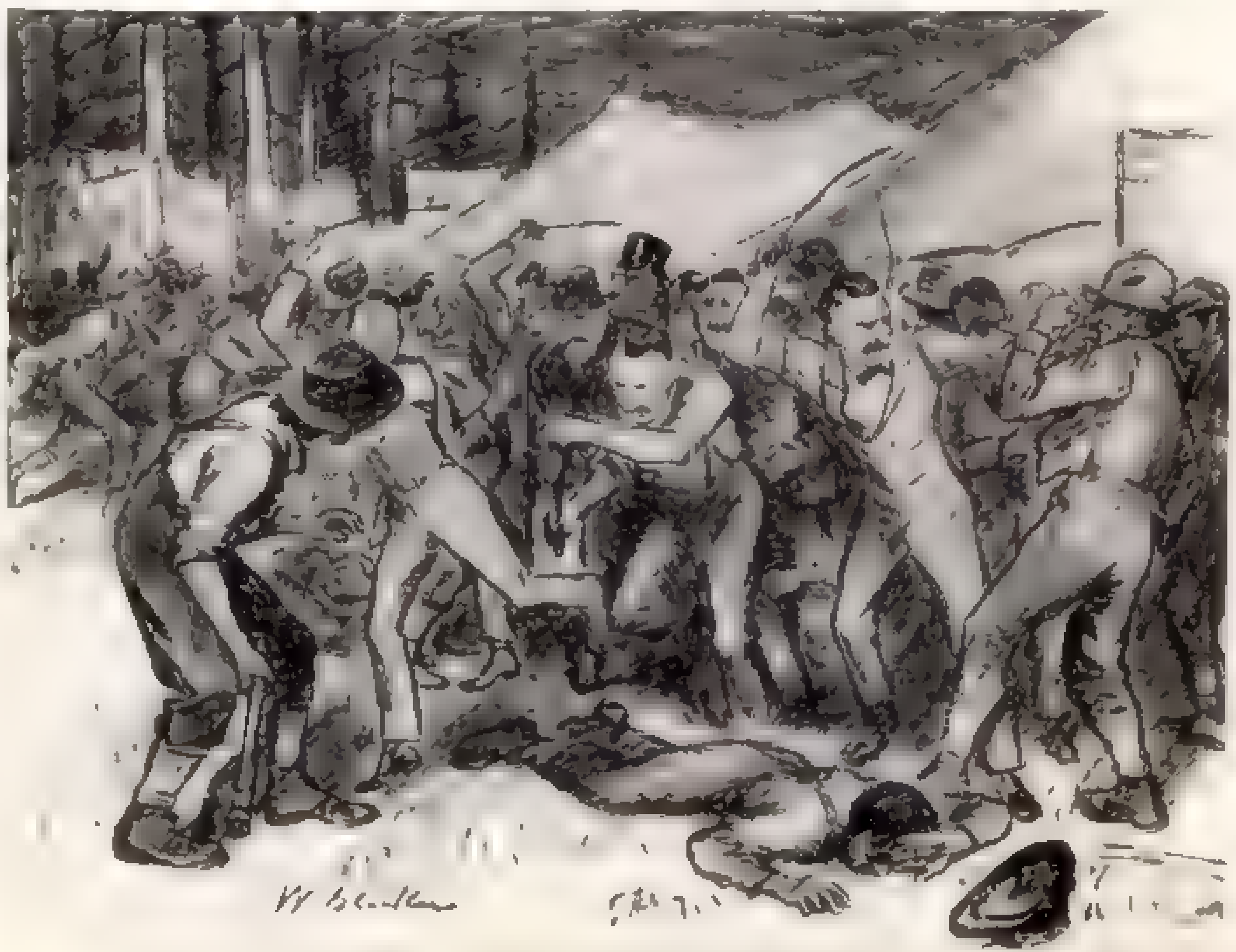
In my time with this big show I saw the rise and development of one of the greatest American gamblers. I call him Big Blackey, which is near to his name. When I joined he was just an ignorant canvasman from the West Virginia mountains. I used to see him hanging around the shell games—a great, big, raw-boned fellow, with a face a good deal like Lincoln's. He watched the shells until he saw how they did it, borrowed some apparatus, and learned to be a good manipulator. By the end of the season we had him regularly at work.

Really, there isn't a lot in manipulating shells. The "pea" is a little ball of very soft rubber, like the composition they use in printing rollers. It is so squashy that when pressed it becomes as thin as paper. The manipulator never has to lift his shell at all. He simply catches the pea under the edge of the shell, and rubs until it pops out under his hand. He picks up the pea between two of his fingers and holds it there until he is ready to roll it back—under the wrong shell. It was in understanding suckers and handling men that Blackey shone. That big, fishy eye of his saw the soft one the minute he stepped into the crowd. When Blackey had his man spotted he used all his boosters and cappers to the very best advantage—even in the first season I used to stand around and watch him, as an education in keeping things going. He had plenty of nerve and could fight with the best of us when there was any trouble., But he kept out of trouble all he could—he was strictly business, that Blackey.

A Wild-Goose Chase to Australia

HIS curse was big, prolonged, spending jags. I don't know any one in the business who made more money than he. During the World's Fair in St. Louis he ran two gambling excursion boats down the river—ten cents to get on, all your money, and then some, to get off. Other men lost out on those gambling-boats, but he cleared one hundred and forty thousand dollars. Yet when he died, two or three years later, he left only forty thousand dollars.

There was mercury in my feet in those days—I had to be going, going. I don't know why I didn't stay with the big show; certainly there would have been a future in it for me. Perhaps it was a dim appreciation of the fact that the booze was getting me. A fixer is under continual temptation to drink. Then, too, a piece of bad luck soured me.


The Grafters Charged in a Compact Bunch Like One of Those Football Wedges

We were playing the Pacific Coast. An American circus had done mighty well in Australia two seasons before. The Boss determined to go over there for their summer and our winter season. I accompanied him not only as a fixer, but as general manager of all the gambling games. We no sooner struck Sydney than we saw that we were in bad. The Australian amusement directors remembered what the other circus had done to them, and they put all kinds of hindrances in our way. Before we landed they got one hundred of our horses condemned for glanders. In our first parade we had men hauling the animal cages. It was a cinch that they'd get the show suppressed, if by starting any games we gave them the slightest excuse. I tried to approach some of those Australian officials. They said: "Oi, me deah fellow, I cahn't think of such a thing, ye know." It was no use; the old man gave up all idea of educating Australia in the shell game, and in two

(Continued on Page 36)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1909

Kicking the Dead Lion

THOSE who take a kick at a dead lion should always bear in mind one highly-important fact—namely, that the indulgence of that pleasure would have been quite impossible except for the demise of the lion

We mention this merely by way of suggesting to the more impassioned opponents of Theodore Roosevelt the enormous extent of their present obligation to him. No one who cares for his reputation will deny that Roosevelt could have had the Presidency for another term if he had wanted it. Only his own refusal prevented his renomination by acclamation and his reëlection by a great majority—in which case, while there might, at this time, be a considerable exercise of pedal extremities, it would certainly not be the opponents of Roosevelt who would do the kicking.

Embarking for the wilds of Africa, he may be a violent and utterly discredited politician, a ruthless charlatan who imperiled the palladium of our liberties, and whom the people—at least all the people that the Senator or editor can see at the moment—unanimously repudiate. But if he himself had said the word, a decided majority of the people would have enthusiastically indorsed this discredited one and eagerly renewed his power to assault the palladium for another four years. With a popular vote of seven odd millions for Roosevelt—which he alone prevented—a good deal of fiery indignation would have been wonderfully modified. There would have been no lion-kicking if the lion had not voluntarily furnished the corpse.

Strait-Jackets for Business

NOW and hereafter the New York trust companies must keep fifteen per cent of their deposits on hand in cash—the maximum provision of the reserve law having come into force the other day.

This reminds us that, according to well-settled opinion in this country, it is necessary to have a law which it is necessary to break. A statute requiring commanding officers to hold a fourth or a fifth of their forces in reserve at all times, even at the crisis of a battle, would find favor nowhere outside of an insane asylum. Our rigid bank-reserve laws, State and National, require that at all times, even in a panic, a fixed proportion of the bank's assets shall be locked up in cash in its vaults. Of course, in a panic, the banks disregard the law. Both the reserve laws themselves and the violation of them in a crisis are generally approved.

England and France have no statutory bank reserve. It is assumed that the bank, as a matter of self-preservation, will keep enough. Formerly, no cash reserve was prescribed for the trust companies, and, under brisk competition, they finally kept almost none—creating a situation which conservative financiers viewed with apprehension. So now, like nearly all other banking institutions, they are duly trussed up with a rigid reserve law—which they will disregard in a crisis.

Blue Jeans and Silk Hats

MANY years ago it was deemed expedient to defeat a radical Senator from Nebraska. There was nothing in particular in his record upon which to base an effective attack, but he had incautiously purchased a modest Washington residence which occupied the corner of a compact block. So the opposition made a photograph of the entire block and circulated it as a speaking likeness of the Senator's palatial dwelling. He was defeated—largely by the bay windows and chimneys of his neighbors.

The episode comes to mind in reading that Arkansas patriots offer Washington photographers a reward of fifty dollars for every negative which exhibits the junior Senator from that State in a silk hat, and an even ampler bounty for a snapshot of him in an automobile.

Photographers and reporters are the plagues of democracy. Mr. Fairbanks' attempt upon the Presidential nomination, it will be recalled, was of a dual nature. The right wing, so to speak, consisted of a princely hospitality, while the left wing consisted of the little old log cabin in which he was born—for campaign purposes.

That is the ideal—to be a plain, unlaundered, unsophisticated man of the people, who knows Etiquette for Gentlemen, or the Guide to Polite Behavior by heart; to wear blue-jean trousers tucked in cowhide boots upon one stage, and perish with mortification if discovered upon another with an inappropriate cravat.

The Gentle Vice

THE Department of Agriculture reports a heavy decrease in production of tobacco since 1899—which is far from offset by larger imports of leaf. The report for 1899, however, is by the Census Bureau; those for following years are merely department estimates, and this circumstance modifies in an important way whatever gratifying conclusions in respect to national indulgence in nicotine one might draw from the face of the returns.

Tobacco consumers pay to the Government alone seventy-five millions a year, and another seventy-five millions to domestic growers of the plant. The total bill must be quite imposing. That tobacco induces mildness, stimulates philosophy and promotes the humanities we strive dutifully to believe. We remember how notably those characteristics were developed among its original users. Jogues, the Jesuit missionary—to cite an instance in passing—fell into the hands of the Iroquois in 1642. Some of his fingers they cut off with clam shells, others they burned off. No wonder the white man hastened to acquire a habit which, along with such amiable diversions as these, was peculiar to the Indians.

Smoking is, no doubt, the gentlest and most innocent of vices. Embraced with pain and remorse, it afterward furnishes a constant exercise in the noble virtue of self-restraint. Out of ten mature smokers, probably seven struggle with more hope than success to keep within the limit which the doctor has prescribed.

A Silly Anti-Japanese Bill

WE ADMIRE especially that Nebraska bill which provides that Japanese must not work in the same building with white men. It is aimed at a few score employees in a packing-house. The author would by no means deprive them of a means of livelihood—provided the packers will build a separate plant for them. He would let them scrub the floors, provided they go outdoors to do it. Picking strawberries in a boiler factory, running a street car at home of evenings, tending bar in a bank, catching flies in an icehouse, he would consider to be fairly ideal jobs for sober, industrious, obedient young Japanese.

In the seven years when Japanese immigration was highest the average arrivals were less than sixteen thousand annually. The whole number of immigrants is about a hundred and fifty thousand. There is no question of the good faith or the efficiency of the Japanese Government's present efforts to stop immigration of laborers. There is little more danger at this writing of a flood of Japanese than of a flood of Hindus. If that danger should arise it will be dealt with. Our trade of a hundred millions a year with Japan is one guaranty that the few Japs who are here will be decently treated.

We doubt that any State will finally insist upon oppressive treatment. If it does, probably a remedy will be found in the treaty-making power of the Federal Government. "The laws of the United States . . . and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land . . . anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding," says Article VI of the Federal Constitution.

Tariff Tinkering by Guesswork

WHEN Congress meets in special session to consider the new tariff bill it will be confronted by a Treasury deficit, in the current fiscal year, amounting to well toward a hundred million dollars

From July 1 to the end of January, as compared with two years before, revenue fell off fifty-three million dollars—three-quarters of the decrease being in customs duties—and expenditures increased sixty-nine millions, of which twenty-five millions was for army and navy. This is about the only indisputable fact that Congress will have to go on.

The Democrats, we learn, are busily organizing an assault upon the bill, and the Republicans are zealously preparing a defense. So much, of course, may be taken for granted, no matter what the provisions of the bill are. But the comprehensive array of facts in the light of which a tariff bill should be framed, neither side is in a position to supply.

The Ways and Means Committee perfunctorily heard a great many interested persons and a few disinterested ones. The first theory of protection is that the duty must cover the difference in cost of manufacture here and abroad. Where such a difference exists, a tariff commission could ascertain it with substantial accuracy and report it in a way to carry conviction.

The suggestion of a tariff commission was, however, rejected. The House organization preferred to rely upon its ability to guess at the difference—in which, probably, it was right, since there is not the least danger that it will not guess high enough.

With the fact of a heavy Treasury deficit, an assortment of interested testimony and a genius for tall guessing, tariff revision will now proceed.

The Return to the Guillotine

NOBODY cares for the fact itself. It is only the dramatic setting of the fact that impresses. Violent death is still an exceedingly common fact; but the violent death of four persons in France has probably provoked as much comment there and in Europe generally as any other single recent event—because it came by way of a legal execution, the first, in France, in many years.

Probably to this day the instrument of the execution—the guillotine—is invested with a peculiar horror for a majority of Anglo-Saxon minds, because it symbolizes what was, for a long time, to Anglo-Saxon and all other non-French minds, the prize horror of the world. No doubt the French Revolution has been shuddered over more than any other thing in modern history. For fully a generation to shudder at it was one of the world's standing occupations. Its excesses were represented as drenching and drowning a nation in blood. But the most accurate possible account of the victims of the Terror—amounting to far fewer than are killed every year in American railroad accidents—led Carlyle to make some caustic comments upon the comparative complacency with which an Irish famine, killing its tens of thousands, was regarded.

It is not the fact, but the dramatic setting of it, that impresses us.

As between the fact of capital punishment and the fact of life imprisonment we see no tremendous difference; but it is very doubtful that capital punishment has any superiority over life imprisonment in deterring crime. Perhaps France does not really believe that it has. Society there is exasperated by a series of detestable murders, and now strikes back. In dictating a return to the guillotine probably vengeance, at bottom, played much the larger part.

Traction Fares and Service

THE street and elevated railroad investment is one of the big items of national wealth—roughly equal to the investment in manufacturing machinery and tools, or to the value of livestock.

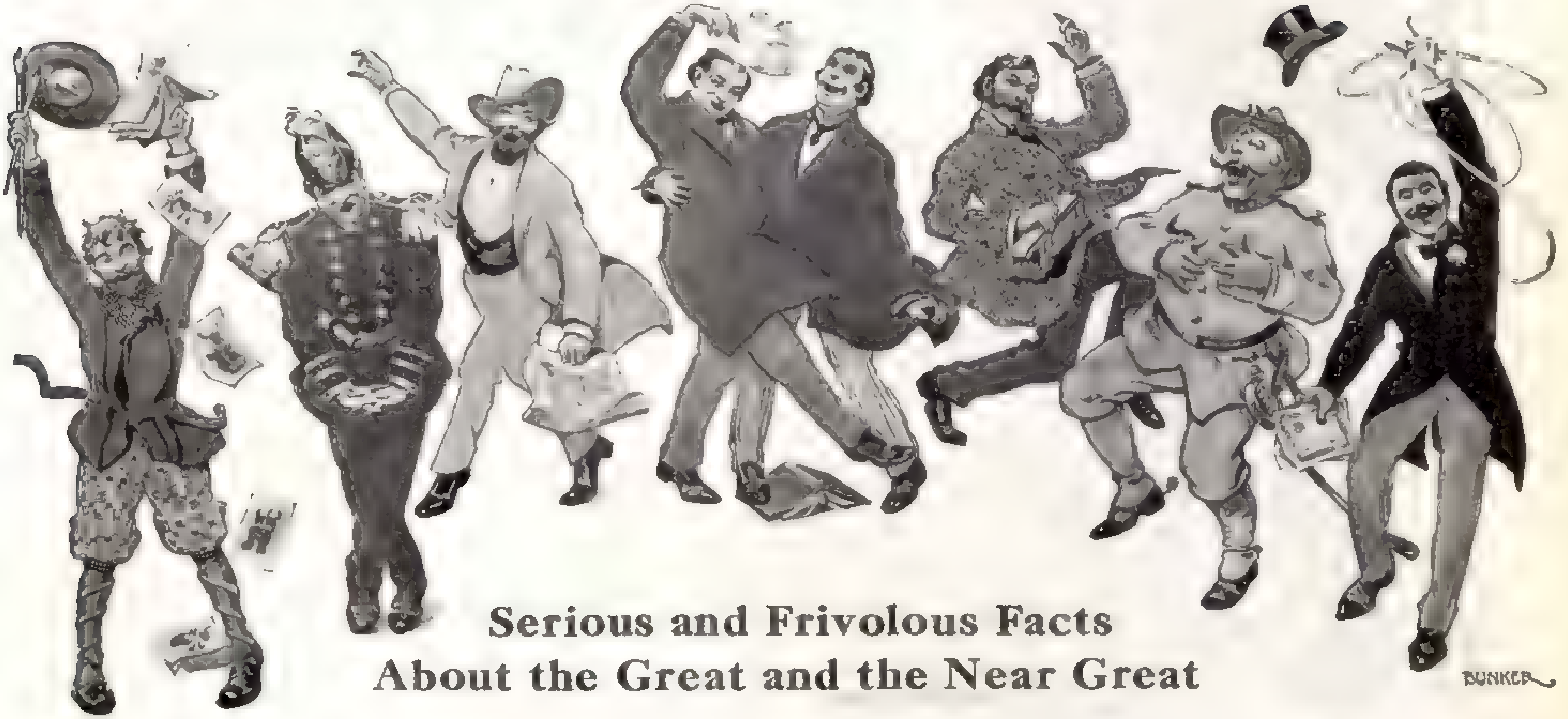
To get a proper service for a proper fare has been the object of much contention—which isn't ended yet. The Cleveland experiment seems to have demonstrated that a three-cent fare, with transfers, isn't sufficient in a typical city.

On the other hand, with a five-cent fare, the Brooklyn traction concern has recently put its watery stock on a dividend-paying basis—besides indulging a notable extravagance in the matter of personal injury damages. In one of the most salient of its activities this concern has long been a signal success. As far back as 1898-99 the stock was boosted from 35 to 137—in fond anticipation of the dividend just declared; later it declined to 29, and rose to 94, fluctuations of thirty points a year being not uncommon.

But to supply tokens for a game on the Stock Exchange is no longer accepted anywhere as an adequate discharge of a street railroad's major responsibility. Even in New York the pending traction reorganization will probably be considerably interfered with on behalf of the people who pay the freight. Such interference nearly everywhere is bound to increase rather than diminish, and experience so far suggests that its objective will be service instead of fares; a bigger return for the nickel rather than a fare-unit of less than five cents.

The number of passengers for whom prompt, rapid and comfortable service at five cents would not be true economy, as compared with slow, overcrowded service at four cents, must be rather small everywhere.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

America's Most Distinguished Private Citizen—Salutatory

WE ARE coming to be a volatile nation and prone to forget today what will happen tomorrow; nor are we so keen on yesterdays. Too often in the rush and hurry of our complex life we are wont to neglect the simple but touching duty of paying deserved tribute to those of our number who, having finished their tasks, having done their work with all the force in them, have retired, some to the enjoyment of well-earned repose and others to be faunal naturalists.

It must not be thought that this spirit of self-absorption, this centeredness in the ego, as the James boys—Henry and William—would say, comes from any lack of appreciation. It does not; of a certainty, it does not. I repeat: nothing to it. The explanation is simply, is merely this: the untiring but tiresome chase after what the highbrows call dross and the lowbrows call dough leaves us with but few moments to devote to the celebration of the noble qualities of our contemporaries, and whatever time there is we desire to use in celebrating our own personal, noble qualities, with which all of us are richly endowed, to hear us tell it; for such is the trend of our latter-day civilization, and such, also, is the fruit of the experience that teaches us that if we do not do our own boosting there is small chance of anybody else's doing it. And here, following those niceties of construction observed by our leading writers, is the time to pull out the tremolo and produce that dear, old Latin one: *O tempora! O mores!* Pouf! Clarice, how dusty are these ancient tomes!

The Earnestness of His Earnestness

AND so it runs—earning a little and spending a little more; but ever and anon there comes a moment when, through the haze of those vanished years, we see a little boy, a fair-haired, babbling child, and we watch the grim procession of the days until 'tis high noon, high noon on March the fourth, and that little boy, grown to sturdy man's estate, shifts the current of his life and goes out to battle with the world afresh, but strong in the determination to make a name for himself, to carve a career. Thus it is fitting to pause for a moment and say a few words to prove that, occasionally, even in these unheeding days, there are those who, recognizing true merit, will reassure him they are as well aware and as keenly conscious as is he that he leaves for his new field with a proud sense of duty beaten to a pulp.

Without fear of reproach for that exaggeration which is the bane of the literature of the present day, and after mature consideration, it may be said that the subject of our little appreciation is an earnest man, earnest in thought, in word and in deed. Earnestness is the keynote of his character, as the lack of it is the curse of our race. Whenever it has been necessary for him to throw a visitor out of the window, he did not, as many of our dilettante compatriots would have done, content himself with merely taking the person by the scruff of the neck and the slack of his trousers and projecting him through the aperture in a perfunctory manner, and continue about his duties. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would do just that, and careless as to what happened on the outside, thus showing the lack of earnestness, of thoroughness, that those who criticise our institutions love to dwell upon.

With him the projection has been but the beginning. Imbued by that earnest, active impulse that is so marked, he always ran out through the door and jumped several times on the ejectee, just to satisfy his conscience that the work had been well done and to convey the impression desired to the person on the ground, so that it would be taken away in the shape of a lasting remembrance.

And so with his thought and speech—earnest, earnest, always earnest. Not content with the mere statement of a plan or outline of a procedure, he is ever true to those controlling impulses. When it has been necessary to say a thing he has said it. Then he has said it again. Then, striving to obtain what he has sought, he has said it fifteen times more. Further, if it were necessary, as it has been from time to time, to call certain enemies of the public good out of their names, he has done it with a wealth of language and a directness of diction that has proved, again and again, that his guiding motto is: Be earnest.

As is but natural, these qualities have gained for him much favorable consideration, for our people have not been unaware of the gradual decline from the stern code of the olden days to the looser and laxer methods that now prevail. Nor are they averse to seeing a fellow-citizen get it handily in the neck, but rather like the spectacle.

There is no better example of the earnestness hitherto commented on than his devotion to his profession. Without disclosing a secret, it may be said that the subject of this little appreciation is a literary man. = He is a writer. Although for a time, by force of circumstances, he has been compelled to relinquish the writing of books, so great has been his love for his chosen calling that he has occupied many hours in literary productions that, while they may not be classed as imaginative or fictional, have taken high place as criticisms. In criticism he is at his best, and, at times, in his more elaborate productions, when less the critic than the censor, he has reached heights rarely attained by any other master of the censorious.

There have been times, especially during the past few years of his earnest life, when he has dealt with no unsparing hand, to those who have justly been the objects of his invective, whole paragraphs of denunciation that will be unique for many years to come. This faculty of calling a spade a spade has, of course, brought him a great number of friends, all of whom have urged him to great efforts, not only because they like to read his productions, but also because, by directing his attention elsewhere, they have been able to escape themselves. But it all typifies that cardinal attribute—earnestness.

Now and again, he has been called upon to address the people, and at no time has he failed them. Scorning those subterfuges of the trained and demagogical orator, he has gone out and told the people what they know, to their great delight. So constituted are our masses that they are puzzled when anything beyond their ken is placed before them. They like to hear the old, familiar truths, and they have heard them expounded, nor were they staled by reiteration. It follows, as night follows the day, that a preacher in order to be successful must be earnest.

Off to the Land of the Beardless Bongo

INDUSTRY is the handmaiden of earnestness. No matter how sincere and well-intentioned a man may be, unless he applies himself constantly to his ideals he cannot hope to do much for the uplift. The world gives no praise to loiterers. And, again, carefully choosing words, it may be said that the subject of this appreciation has rivaled the ant in industry. He worked unceasingly. Never for a moment was he idle. When not writing long and masterly critiques he was writing longer and even more notable letters. So great has been the activity of his mind that nothing has happened in the past seven years that has not been the subject of a letter or criticism by him and, oftentimes, a speech. Keenly alive to the necessities of the people, and knowing all remedies, or having those he does not know, he has spread cheer and comfort, encouragement and emphasis broadcast, until he has covered the land with a mantle of words which, as he has so aptly said, are useless unless backed by deeds; but that can never refer to him personally, for he has been there with the deeds also.

This, then, is the work he leaves behind. These are the accomplishments of the past. And now, as he faces a new career, as he goes to become a faunal naturalist, this little sketch is written to show he is held in remembrance by those with whom and at whom he labored. His new life will be watched with marked attention, for he has long been classed as a naturalist, but only recently took the degree of faunal.

Hitherto he has more commonly been called a denaturalist, owing to his proclivities for denaturing a body known as Congress. There are those who hold that when you denature alcohol, for example, you spoil it; but the facts bear out the contention that a denatured Congress is not only spoiled but despoiled, showing the remarkable ratiocination of the idea.

This is a trifling matter, of course, but it proves the character of the man, as well as his versatility, and explains, cogently, the milk in the cocoanut. Regards to the white rhinoceros, the polka-dot giraffe, and the beardless bongo of Lusambo.

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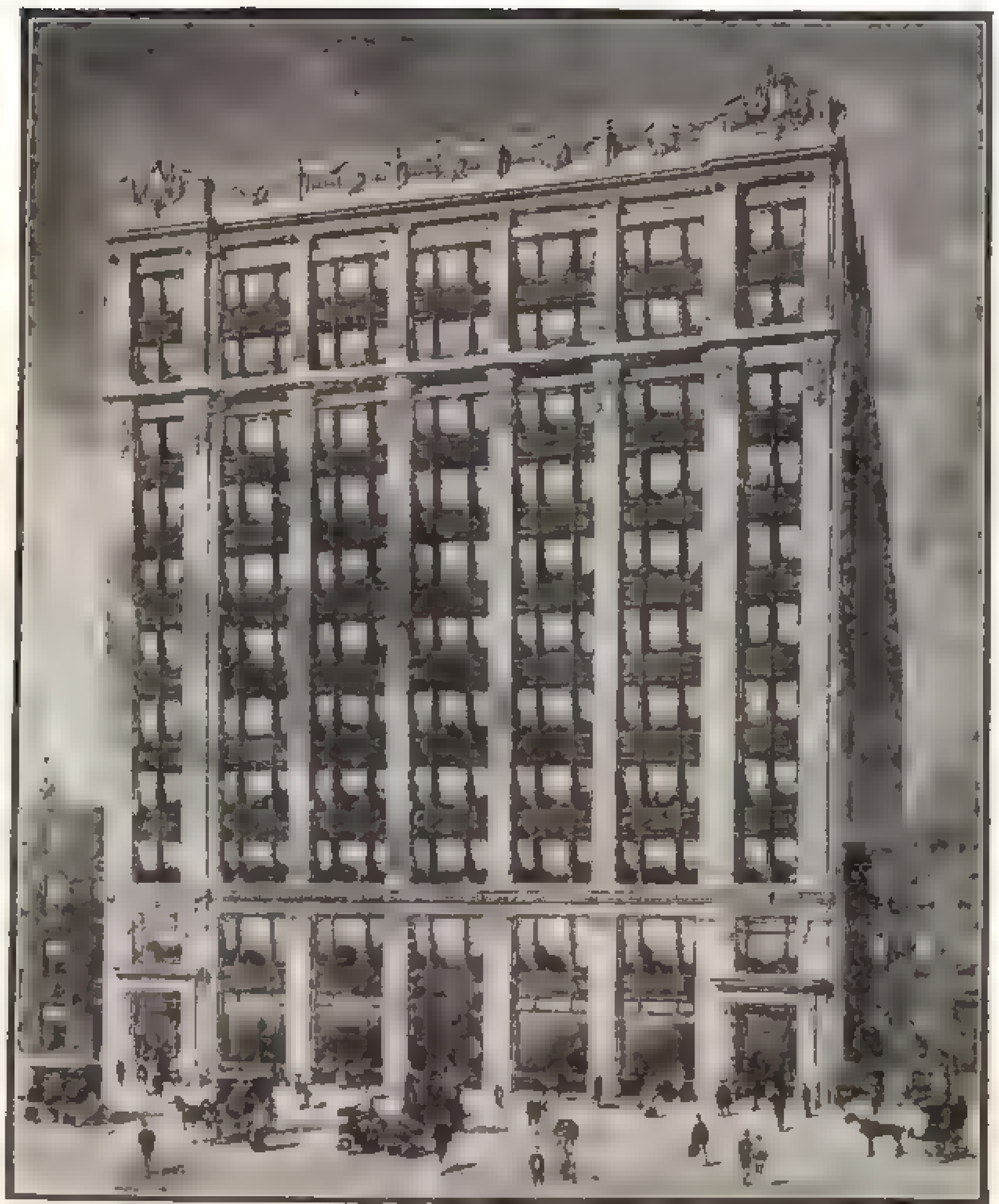


This is the

Largest Ladies' Outfittin Establishment in the Worl

We show you here a few pictures of the "NATIONAL." We also "NATIONAL" Garments and we illustrate below YOUR copy of the "NATION Style Book which we are ready to send you FREE.

This advertisement then is to acquaint you with the "NATIONAL," and to get —Man or Woman—to write for your copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book TO-

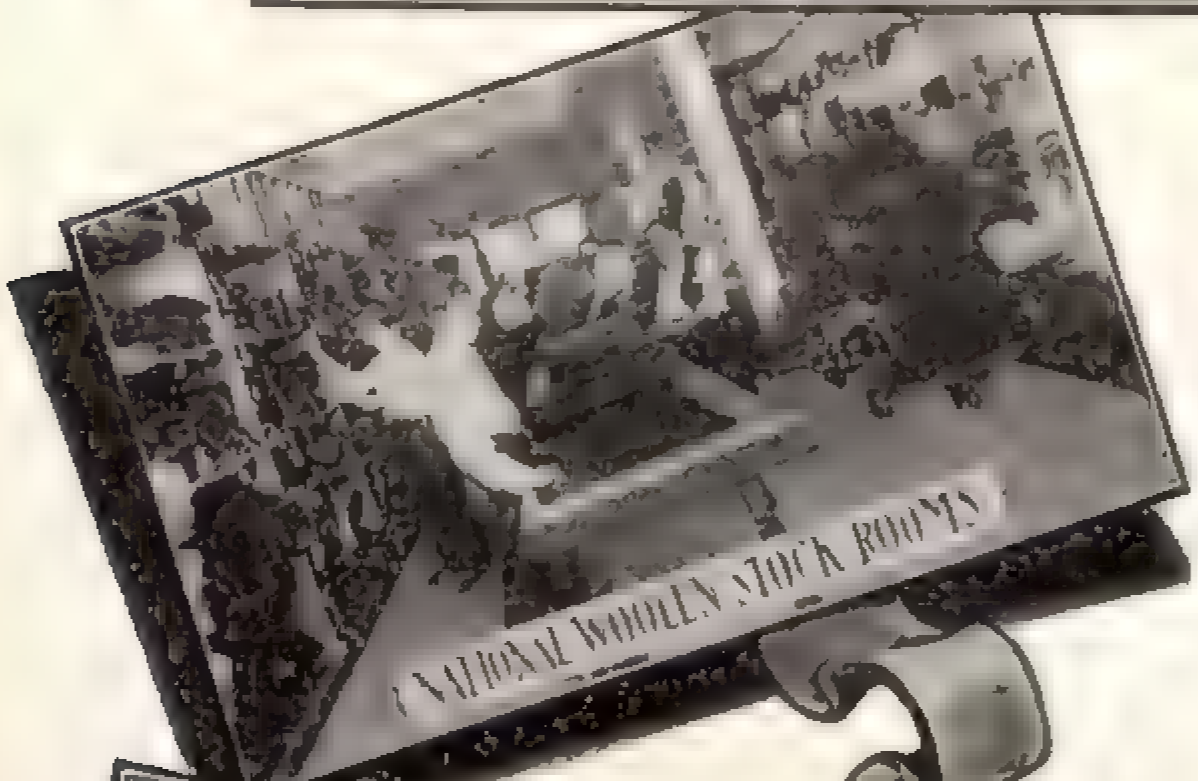
The "NATIONAL" for Twenty-one Years has been devoted to one idea—t Women of America with really fashionable clothes at fair prices. Have we succe success, of course, must be judged by the results. **Well—today the "NATIO more Ladies' Garments than any other establishment of any kind in the w**

This building pictured here (and which we own and occupy exclusively) is given up to the filling of orders, every one of which is received by mail. A new addition one half is now being built. But to give you some idea of the popularity of the "NATIONAL" let us tell you that **this edition of the "NATIONAL" Style Book will go to over TWO M AMERICAN WOMEN.**

Isn't this all filled with meaning for YOU—for YOUR Wife or Daughter? Isn't it OPPORTUNITY? We ask permission to send a copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book FREE. And we can find you Two Million American Women, friends of the "NATIO who will tell you that this Style Book is to them the most fascinating, the most practi complete Book of Fashions ever published.

We say that in all America there is no other line of Dresses or Waists or Skirts as c and uniformly attractive as this Style Book shows. It affords an opportunity to YOU t YOUR wearing apparel from the greatest variety of fashionable garments shown in Americ **each Garment will come to you with our Signed Guarantee attached. If not satisfactory y return any garment and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways.**

And we want to prove all this to you by sending YOU one copy of the b "NATIONAL" Style Book—FREE. Will you write for it TO-DAY?



"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits

Made-to-Measure New York Styles $7.50 to $35 Expressage Prepaid

Each "NATIONAL" Tailored Suit is cut to order from measurements sent us by mail. Each suit is shipped with the "NATIONAL GUARANTEE TAG" attached, guaranteeing that if the suit does not fit perfectly you are to send it back and we are to refund your money and pay express charges both ways.

Now we have over half a million pleased customers. Each one's suit is cut and made to order singly from measurements sent us by mail—and wonderful as it may seem, only the smallest possible percentage ever require the least alteration. **We have been making suits to order in this way for Twenty-One Years.** Our specialty is fitting ladies who are hard to fit. Is there then any doubt about our fitting you?

Your "NATIONAL" Style Book will show you fashion plates of all the really desirable New York Suits. We will send you a liberal assortment of samples of our 400 new materials for your selection. You make your own choice of style and material and we make you the suit AT OUR RISK!

"NATIONAL" Ready-Made Garmen

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Silk Dresses
Lingerie Dresses
Tub Suits
Ladies' Hats
Children's Hats
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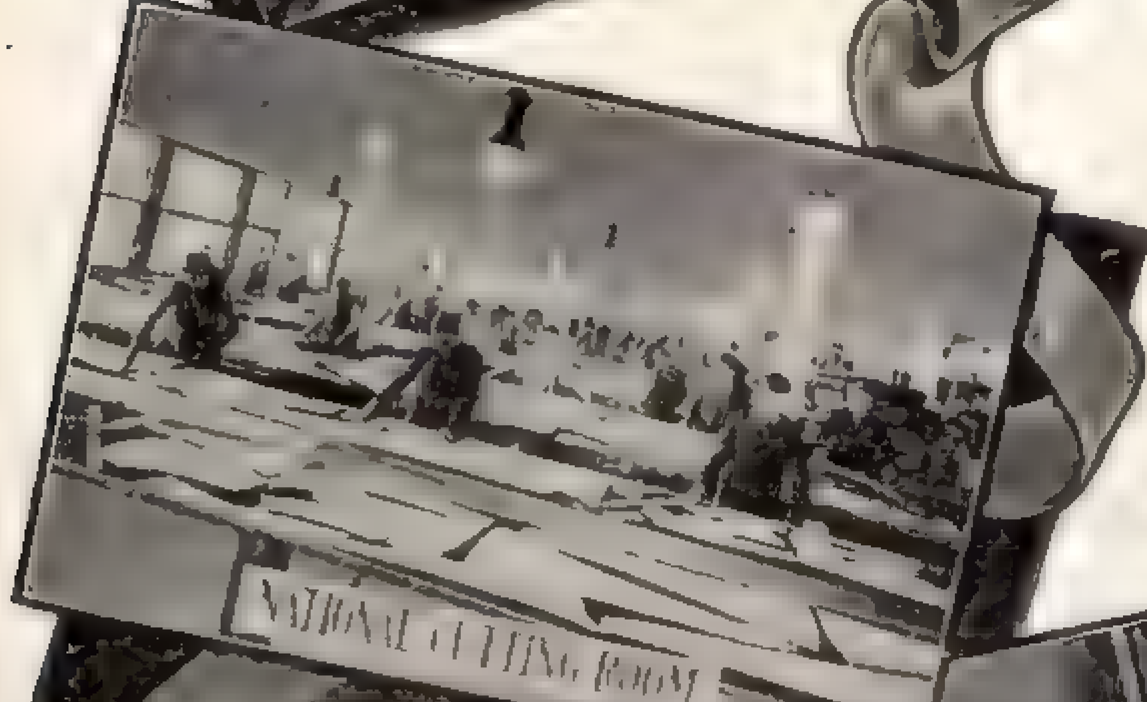
Jackets
Tourist and Rain Coats
Muslin Underwear
Knit Underwear

The "NATIONAL'S" Ready-Made Garments carefully selected collection of new styles ever offer can public. Tens of thousands of new garments and examined side by side in selecting "NATIO

And the result. One friend writes us: "I alw fidence in myself when dressed in 'NATIONAL' c I have learned to know that their 'Style Is R "NATIONAL" low prices speak for themselve **loyal customers in every town in America. Ask**

Now may we send you YOUR "NATIONAL filled from cover to cover with beautiful Fashion really New Styles? Won't you write for it to-day



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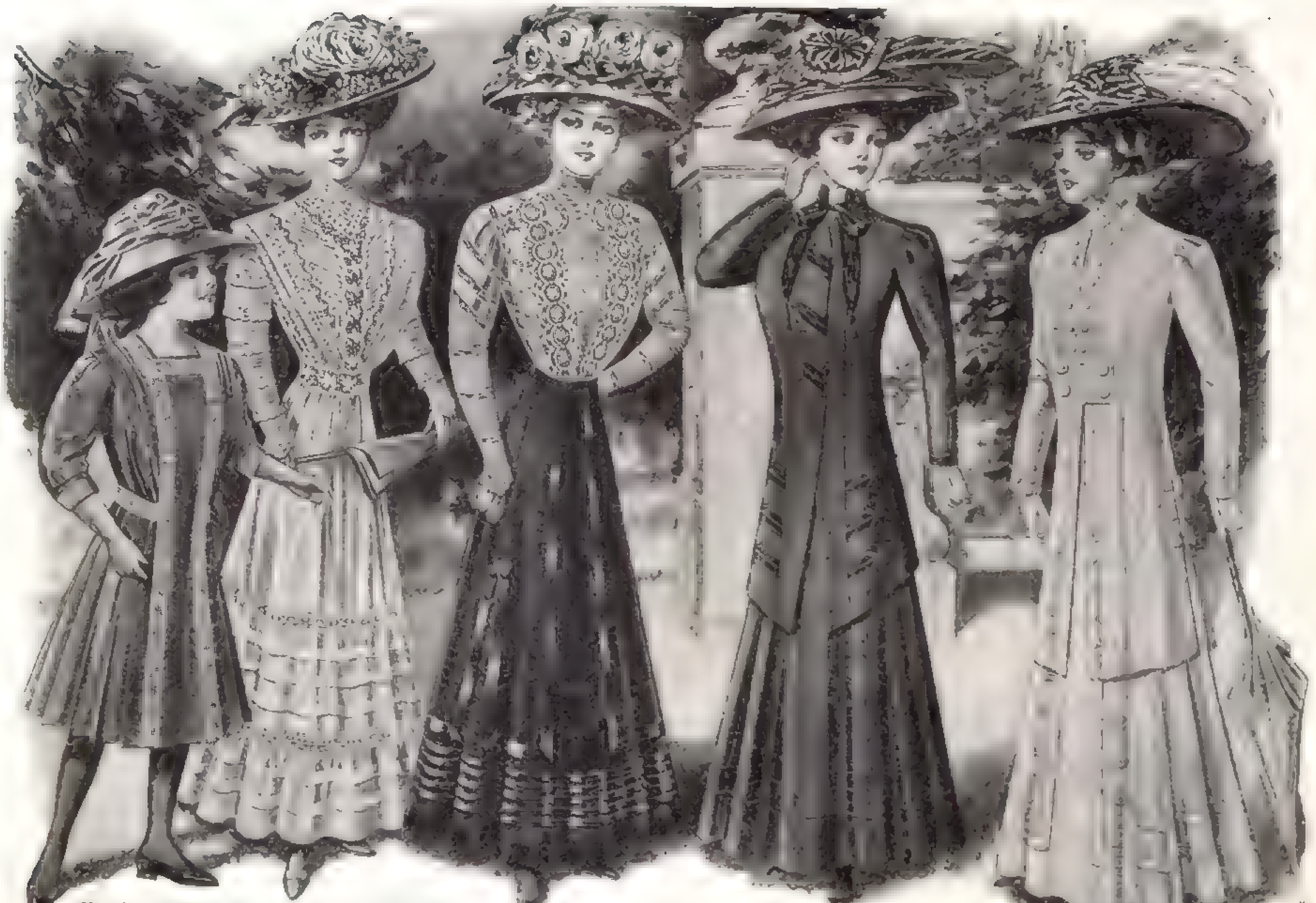

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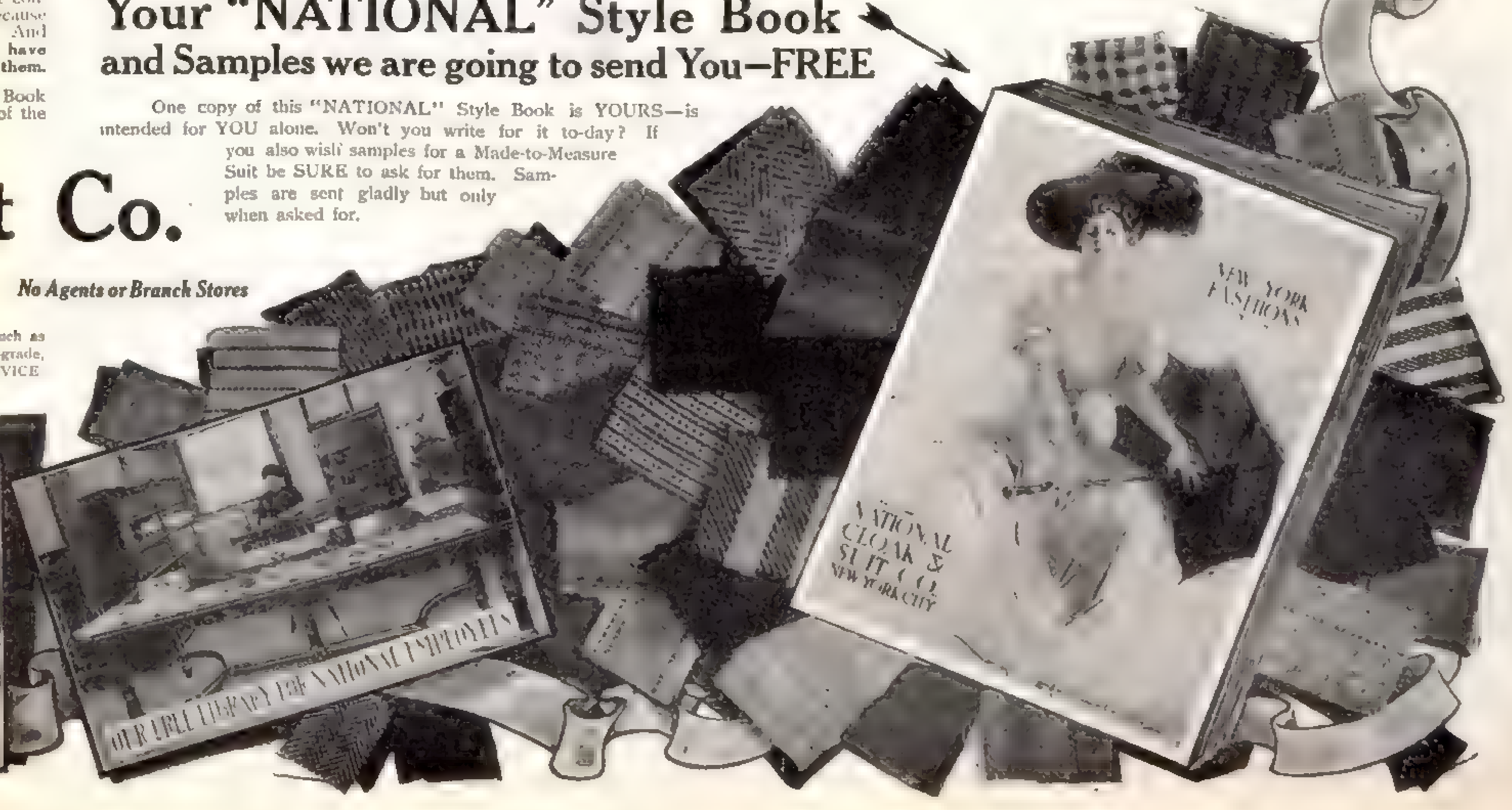
Tailored Suits, Made-to-Measure Only $7.50 to $35.00

Tub Suits (Ready Made) **$4.98 to $16.98**

This is
Your "NATIONAL" Style Book
and Samples we are going to send You—FREE

One copy of this "NATIONAL" Style Book is YOURS—is intended for YOU alone. Won't you write for it to-day? If you also wish samples for a Made-to-Measure Suit be SURE to ask for them. Samples are sent gladly but only when asked for.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NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO. NEW YORK CITY
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TEN YEARS FROM NOW persistent members of The Fortune Colony—now joining—will receive the cash results of their memberships.

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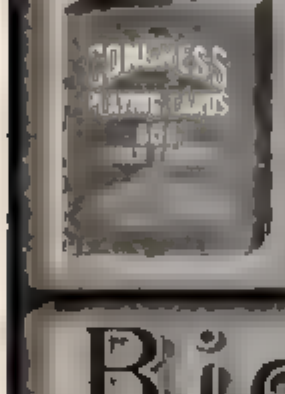
439-G Fifth Avenue, New York City



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better than new and sterilized, 2 cents each; absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 6 years' success. Send for blade box and circular
ELECTRO STROPPING CO., 190 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.

YOUR HOME

The Transplanting of Trees and Large Shrubs

THE prophecy that puzzled Macbeth with its flat impossibility—the coming of Birnam Wood to Dunsinane—which developed into the tame makeshift of carrying some snapped-off branches, could nowadays be carried out in a fairly literal way with the aid of modern tree-moving apparatus and a gang of expert tree-movers, and Macbeth could be made to see an array of good-sized trees coming up against him.

In recent years great advances over the knowledge and practice of the past have been made along this line. And it is curious that, although one becomes accustomed to finding in the Bible or in Shakespeare more or less reference to every possible subject, they are both silent on the moving and transplanting of trees. Trees are spoken of as planted and pruned and grown, and the axe is laid to their roots and they are cut down, but they are never described as picked up and moved.

Trees up to a diameter of twelve inches at a foot above the ground may readily be moved with the aid of apparatus. The size that can be moved without special apparatus depends upon the facility and skill of the mover. It is largely a matter of weight. A tree from five to eight inches in diameter, with the proper ball of earth, say, six feet across and two and a half feet deep, about its roots, weighs from three to five tons. It thus becomes a matter of men and sledges and skill. Even with small trees it is not at all the simple matter of going out before breakfast and shifting half a dozen or so and looking around for more. Moving can be readily done, and if the tree be well chosen and the methods good there should be but a small percentage of subsequent loss; but moving is never an easy task.

With unlimited expenditure practically any tree may now be moved, but the expense rises by geometrical progression as the size increases, and the probability of vigorous life in the new location grows less after a diameter of six inches or so is reached.

"I have moved trees twenty inches in diameter!" proudly said an expert mover to me a few days ago.

"But did they live?" I asked.

Whereupon he reluctantly admitted that they had not—like the surgeon who, asserting that his operation was a complete success, admits at the same time that the patient died.

It is really safer, even with regular movers, to choose trees below the twelve-inch size. A transplanted tree should not only live, but grow, and a small one is likely to retain vigor in its new place, whereas a larger one is liable, through the inevitable cutting of considerable length of roots, to lose so much vitality as to retard its growth for years. Thereby it may readily happen that a small tree will pass a larger one in the race for size.

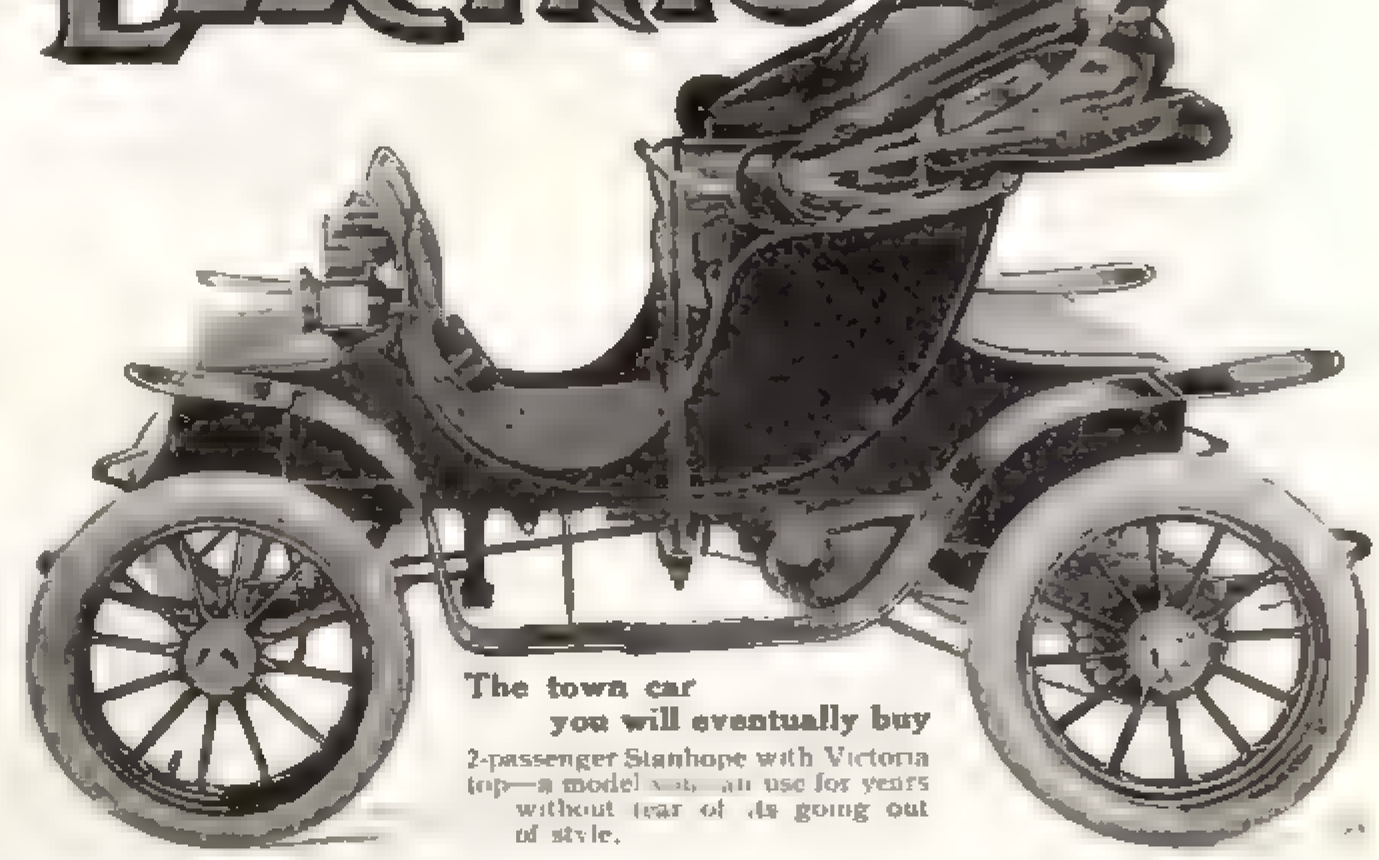
Trees That Will Bear Moving

It is often a matter of whether one plants for today or for ten years forward. Yet it should never be forgotten that size is from the first an important element, and that, when it can be done with safety, the setting out of a tree twenty or thirty feet high, instead of ten, is a time-conquering plan, for years are thus gained in the looks of the grounds.

It is often an excellent idea to set out small, slow-growing and permanently-desired trees, such as oaks, with a number of large and fast-growing trees, such as poplars, with the intent to cut down these poorer ones as soon as the others shall be large enough for the necessary appearance.

Of all our trees the maples, and especially the sugar and Norway maples, are the most easily and safely transplanted. Next comes the lordly and graceful elm, and among others readily transplanted are the horse-chestnut and ash, the catalpa, the linden and the pin oak. This noble oak is the most easily transplanted of all its kind, and of oaks in general it should be said that it is rarely safe to move them when they have attained a height greater than eight feet.

Nut trees are not readily moved. The best results with hickory are with trees not



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The town car
you will eventually buy
2-passenger Stanhope with Victoria top—a model you can use for years without fear of its going out of style.

In New York, the Electric

continues to supplant the big gasoline touring and limousine cars *for city service.* It is clean, odorless, noiseless. It takes no strength to run it. It makes the women of your family independent of chauffeur and coachman.

All electrics are simple, but the Columbus Electric is conspicuous for its simplicity of construction. Complete control with one lever; no foot pedals to confuse you; no complicated parts. The Columbus Electric costs less than a horse to maintain. The famous Exide Batteries are our standard equipment.

Write today for catalogue showing our 1909 models of four and two-passenger Coupés, Stanhopes and other styles. Let us refer you to *users.*

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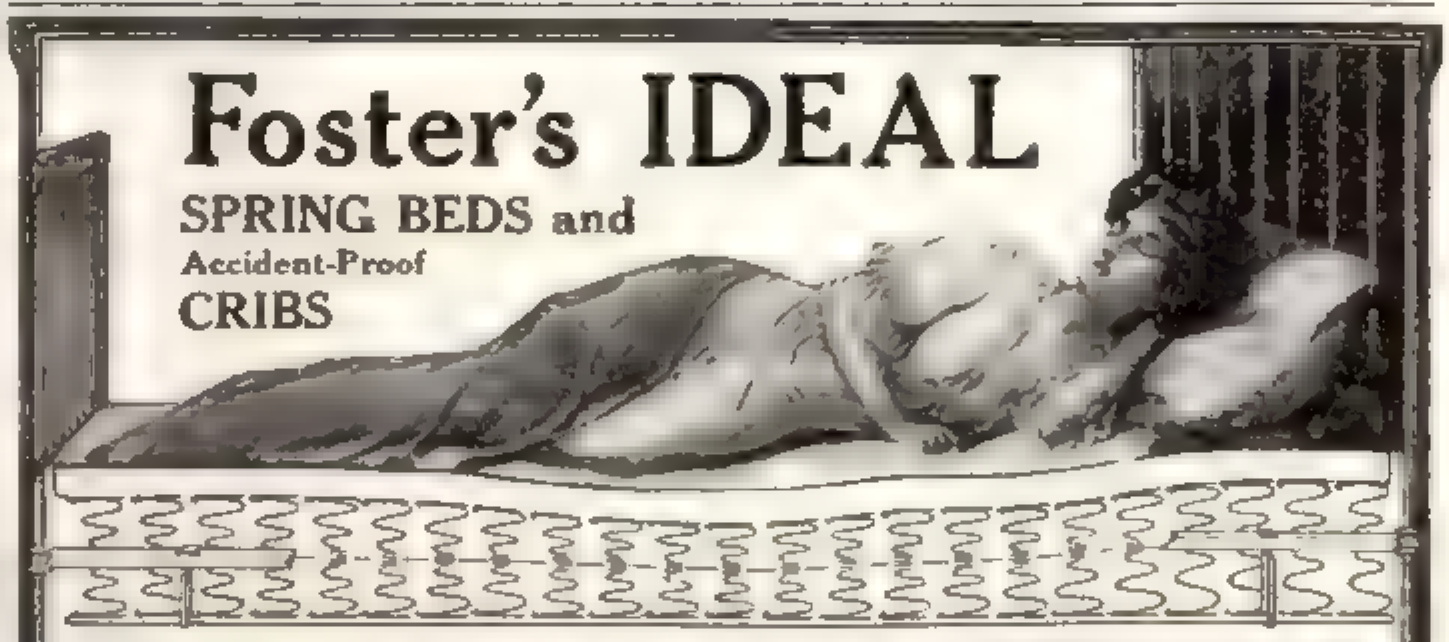

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CRIBS

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The chief element of a good bed is the spring. FOSTER'S IDEAL SPRING is the perfected result of [illegible] century's inventive genius and constructive effort, and is built by special machinery and processes of which we own the exclusive patents.

It gently yields to the pressure of the body in exact [illegible] conforms perfectly to every curve, [illegible] the essential feature of the perfect spring bed, [illegible] —two springs in one, does not roll to the center and [illegible] luxury for all. Made either upholstered or plain. [illegible] used by leading hotels,—its merits secure and retain patronage.

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Do not be deceived by imitations. Look for the brass name plate on every Ideal Spring. [illegible] Write for Spring or Crib booklet mailed free with name of nearest dealer.

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A new and stylish Raincoat made of a light English material, which is practically rain-proof. After being Kenreign process-proofed it makes the most perfectly water-tight garment ever produced without the use of rubber.

It is cool to wear, close-woven, strong and durable to an extraordinary degree — unsurpassed in wearing quality, and not expensive.

The assured style of a Kenyon product, and the low cost insured by the Kenyon factory system, increase the desirability of the **KENYON GABARDINES.** The Kenyon label is the sign of quality. Look for it when buying a raincoat, and be sure that you get a **KENYON GABARDINE.**

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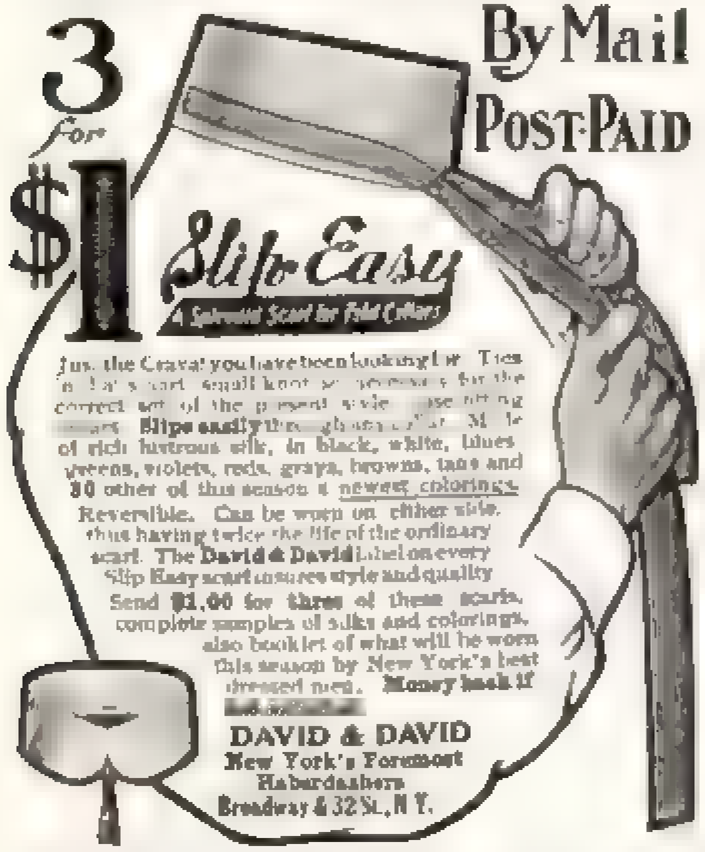

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A monthly magazine for everybody non-technical [illegible] illustrated, intensely interesting and instructive. Posts you on electricity in all [illegible] per year (Canada, $1.50), including an **ELECTRIC ENGINE** like illustration; engine will run a long time on one wet or dry battery 1,000 revolutions per minute. A [illegible]

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AGENTS The latest, most useful quick selling novelty ever put out is our

2-PIECE DINNER PAIL SET

Set consists of steel knife and fork with polished wood handles, brass riveted, sliding each into the other, as shown. Every working man buys one at sight. Get it while it's new. Write today for special proposition.

D. THOMAS MFG. CO., 17 Barney Block, Dayton, O.

over two feet high. Nor are fruit trees among those readily changed, whereas the usually undesirable willow can be handled with ease.

The idea of moving trees or shrubs with a ball of earth adhering to the roots came to this country, like so many admirable ideas regarding arboriculture, from Europe, and from this moving with an earth ball there naturally developed the further idea of preliminarily freezing it, for ease and safety in carrying. There are certain sandy soils too light to form a carriable ball, and even with clay there is great gain in having the root-ball frozen.

As freezing weather approaches (or even after winter has well set in, in spite of the difficulty of digging in cold weather) a trench is dug around the tree or shrub. The depth should be usually from two and a half to four feet, and it is well to err on the safe side, by being deep enough; for a tree, successfully moved, is of such permanent and important value that an extra hour or so at this important time of its life should not be grudged it.

The ball, in the middle of the circular trench, should be from two and a half to seven feet in diameter, according to the size of the tree or large shrub. The ball freezes, and then the removal may be made without the loss to the roots of this protective earth. Some tree-movers pour water over the ball to make a quicker and tighter fitting coat, but others will not do so, preferring merely to let the earth freeze.

Prying Trees From Their Beds

The new hole should be dug before the moving is begun, and it should have been lined with straw to keep the sides and bottom from freezing. It should be considerably larger than the root-ball, for there should be room to put quite a quantity of mould in. Often from four to five cartloads of mould are packed around a tree of ordinary size in addition to the earth of its roots.

The new hole for the tree or shrub should be wider at the bottom than at the top, thus giving opportunity for the roots to develop laterally in soft earth and to seize a vigorous hold.

The tree or shrub ready and the new hole ready, the actual moving is done either by means of the leverage and clutches of tree-moving machines and the great wheels between which the tree is low-hung for cartage, or with the strength and skill of the amateur, and his ropes and packing, his sledge or stoneboat. The tree should never be lifted high, for there is danger to it in needless lifting and handling.

The smaller trees and shrubs may easily be lifted out, drawn to their new location and gently slid in. But do not lift out hurriedly. Impatience is destructive. Better move one tree well than half a dozen carelessly. The temptation is to drag loose before sufficient earth has been dug out. The non-professional is apt to tear and pull and thus to cause damage or ruin.

The moving of the larger trees is difficult without the outfit of professional experts, but it is, after all, only a matter of time and strength and patience, if the warning is borne in mind as to how quickly the weight of tons is run up. Again, have patience!

The ball of earth, with its inclosed roots, is gradually raised from the hole by slightly tipping the entire tree from side to side and filling under the ball at each tipping. The tree is thus kept in practically a vertical position until the bottom of the root-ball is on a level with the sledge.

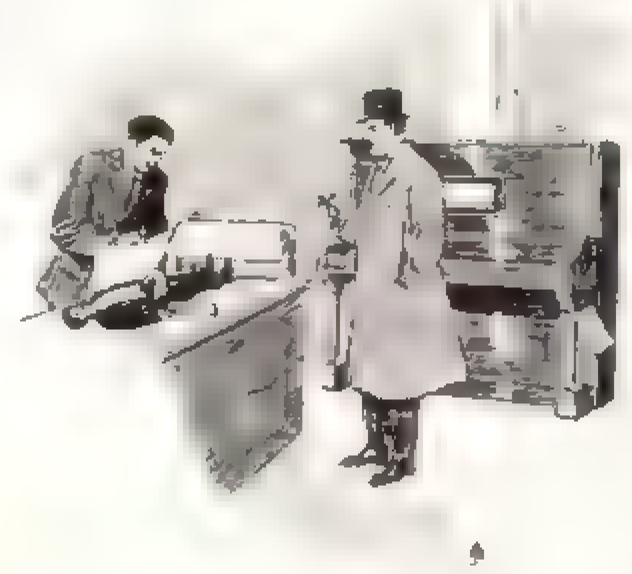
The crown of the tree should now be lowered to one side with great care. The entire crown should be kept free from the ground with wooden horses or other supports while the ball is placed on the conveyance.

It is an excellent plan to tie up the branches so as not to have a loose and flowing area ready to break. And it is highly important to use burlap or blankets freely during the moving, keeping in mind, again, that as we are aiming at a result that is to last for years a little care should not at this very important stage be withheld. "Barking" the tree may easily kill it.

It is safer with the larger trees to use the strength of horses rather than mere man-power not only in hauling the trees, but in getting them upon the sledge and into the new holes, for thus there is greater strength and certainty and less liability to a disastrous slip.

The freezing of the root-ball secures ease of handling and at the same time quite a

NO DEMONSTRATOR FOR THIS PLAYER PIANO



IF YOU BUY certain Player Pianos you should purchase the demonstrator as well.

For *you'll never* be able to play such a Player Piano to your entire satisfaction yourself—it and its class are altogether *too complicated.*

They have too many levers, push buttons, "devices," etc., etc.

In addition, the mechanism of such Player Pianos is constructed of wood.

And wood you know is sensitive to temperature changes—to heat—to cold—to dampness.

The Player Piano for you to buy is that which *you* can control freely and easily,—one that will enable you whether you are a professional musician or without the least previous musical experience—to play any composition you may choose—the most difficult Classic or the simplest Popular—any way your mood dictates.

A Player Piano that will enable you to play every composition *as it is written*—one that embraces all the 88 notes of the piano, not just 65 as in most Player Pianos.

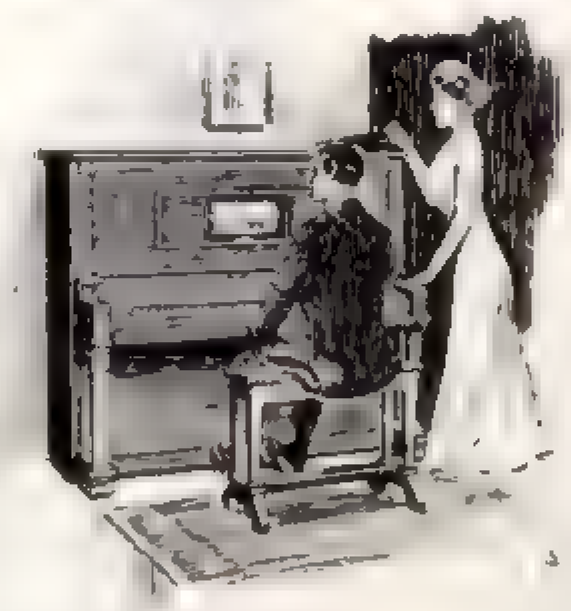
And one that will not only do all these things when you purchase the instrument, but will keep durable and will keep satisfactory its life.

In short, the Player Piano for you to buy is the Cecilian.

The Cecilian is *absolutely* controllable. You can interpret any composition just in the way *you* want—you can accent any note or phrase—or alter the tempo just as you want—*freely and easily.*

And the reason you can do these things with the Cecilian better and more satisfactorily than with any other Player Piano is because of the superiority of the construction of the Cecilian mechanism.

Instead of being atmospheric sensitive and affectable, the construction of the Cecilian mechanism is metal.



This makes an absolutely air tight construction, unaffected by temperature and climate changes.

And more, it makes a more durable construction than any other construction.

Write for Literature. (Free.) We would be glad to mail you our art brochure giving complete information as to the construction of the Cecilian, showing the advantage of its playing the entire keyboard of 88 notes and not merely 65 as most Player Pianos do. If you are at all interested in Player Pianos, kindly drop us a postal today and we'll advise you where you can investigate the Cecilian.

PLAYS THE ENTIRE KEYBOARD OF 88 NOTES—NOT MERELY 65

CECILIAN PLAYER PIANOS

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"[illegible] young or old [illegible] place a small [illegible] where [illegible] and the men around me."—E. E. MARTIN, Sales Manager American Case and Register Co., Alliance, Ohio

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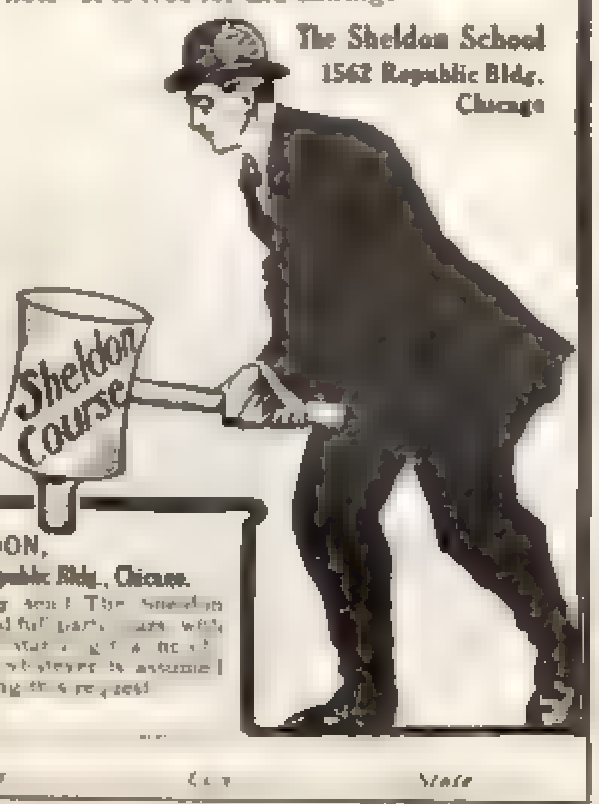

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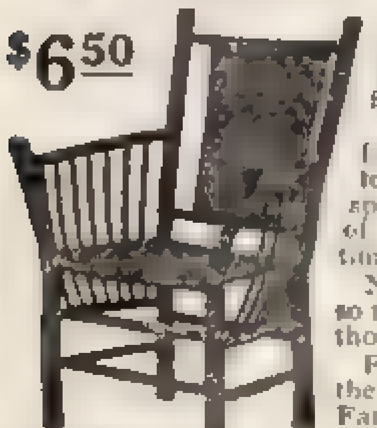

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protection for the roots from bruises, as well as from the dangerous drying of sun and air. There are parts of the country, however, where freezing is not practicable; nor, indeed, is it always convenient, even in the colder sections, in cases where transplanting is to be done without preparation.

Where the root-ball is not frozen, a day that is wet or cloudy should by all means be chosen for moving the tree. If it is unavoidable to take a dry day the root-ball should be carefully covered with burlap or matting, and the hole into which it is to be set should be thoroughly soaked. It is well in a dry season to soak the hole for a couple of days or so.

Extreme care in shielding and covering the roots during removal is requisite on account of the imminent danger of shriveling and killing the roothairs or feeding-cells by exposure. A few minutes of exposure to dry air may be sufficiently disastrous to kill the tree, especially if it be a conifer. With maples and oaks and other trees of that class, the drying of the roothairs, although a serious matter, is not necessarily fatal, for the trees, carefully tended, may recover sufficient vigor to live; but with the pine and the fir, and indeed, all conifers, the shriveling of the roots means death to the trees.

Whether or not a tree, in its new location, should be planted on precisely the same level at which it stood originally is a point upon which the opinions of trained men differ. Some experts of standing claim that a tree should undoubtedly be set at precisely the original depth. Other experts, including some of the Department of Agriculture, hold that a tree should be set three or four inches below the original level. Some expert movers claim to aim at setting the trees at the almost inappreciable depth of a single inch below where they first stood—as if they would "distinguish and divide a hair, 'twixt south and southwest side."

But in any case a tree should never be at more than four inches below the original level, for if it is, it is sure to have its growth retarded. Now and then trees are set out a foot or even eighteen inches lower than they first stood, and in such cases they have heavy odds against their very life.

The packing of the earth around the roots is a point of vital importance. This is not a difficult matter when the root is frozen within a ball, though even then it must be done with care. But when the tree is transplanted without a frozen ball the packing is a matter of high and delicate concern. The fingers must be freely used if the best results are to be obtained and the earth must be thoroughly manipulated into place with the "infinite capacity for taking pains" which is the basis of successful transplanting. There must be no yielding to the notion that throwing in mould with the spade is "just as good."

Accompanying the finger-work there should be careful and repeated shakings to settle the earth into unreachable interstices, and then comes the final ramming and packing.

When Your Tree Falls Sick

Many a transplanted tree, which starts off well in its new life and is apparently on its way to a literal green old age, unaccountably begins to wither in the course of a few years and gradually goes to decay and death.

The owner, who thinks he has given the tree every attention, is likely to put the blame upon some fault in the moving, if it was done by a hired mover, or upon the tree or the soil, if he superintended the moving himself.

"But have you kept it watered sufficiently?" a friend may ask him.

To which the tree-owner will answer indignantly: "I had it watered with the greatest care."

Nevertheless, the fault probably lay in water shortage during a time of drought.

During the first year special watering during any time of dryness is imperative if the tree is to live, and it is well to give it waterings even in seasons of normal rain, for thus it may avoid retarded growth. A thirsty tree is in a bad way.

A full growth of leaves is apt to make the tree-owner think that the tree has attained full vigor and he thereupon ceases giving it special attention. But leaves may be a deceptive sign. A severed maple branch on a wood-pile may throw out leaves, and we have seen a beech tree, which was carried downhill by a landslide and practically

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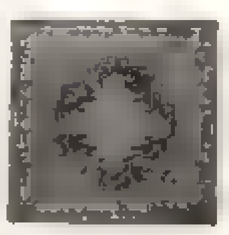

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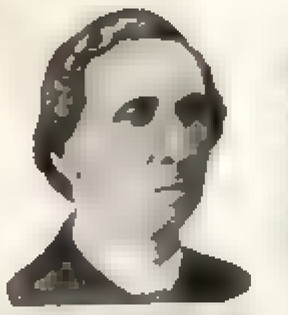

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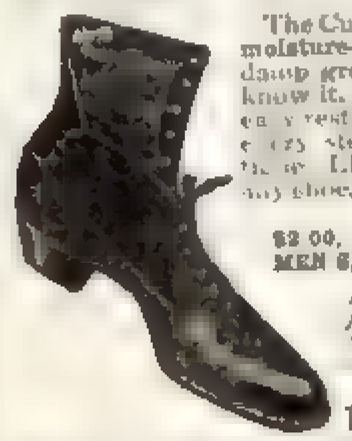

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turned upside down, throw out lush foliage for two seasons before the inevitable death-time came.

But not only is the first year of a transplanted tree important. Even though it be well started it is liable to die if, in the second or third year, there shall come a period of severe drought, during which it is not given a good supply of water.

There are special ways of getting water to the roots, especially for trees planted among the stone sidewalks of a city. Even a tree planted in a grassy field loses much of its water if it is merely poured upon the surface of the ground, and for such trees, as for all trees growing normally, a simple expedient is to poke five or six holes into the ground over the roots with an iron bar, and pour the water into these holes.

The pruning back of a tree, after transplanting, to equalize the inevitable loss of a portion of the roots, should never be neglected.

Three or four guy wires, firmly attached to the tree at a point a little above middle height, are valuable aids to stability, and should be kept in place until the tree is firmly standing in its new position. There should be a thick bandage of cloth or burlap where the wire goes round the trunk to prevent what might otherwise be a fatal scraping of the bark.

A tree which has grown in an open spot is sturdier than one which has lived the protected life of grove or woodland, and is therefore much more likely to thrive vigorously when transplanted; and, of two trees of the same size but of different ages, the younger will have the better strength.

What is known as "puddling" is an interesting feature in the transplanting of shrubs and small trees when the freezing process is not followed. Immediately upon being taken from the ground the roots are plunged into a tub or barrel containing a creamlike mixture of water and earth, this covering of "puddle" being of great value in assisting to protect the delicate root-hairs from injury.

The trenching around trees before transplanting is a line along which there has been marked progress. For trenching is not only done in order that the root-ball shall be frozen, but in order that the root growth shall be conserved.

A tree growing at will spreads in such widespread fashion under the ground that, in taking it up, there is unavoidably a heavy loss of roots. But modern practice materially lessens this loss.

The Cost of Tree-Moving

The trench should be dug a year or even more before the removal, and it should surround a big root-ball. Within this ball the roots are thrown back upon themselves, so to speak, and well make up for the root loss that came with the trench cutting, for the tree at once begins to recover its vigor by throwing out, necessarily close to the trunk, masses of fibrous roots. The trench is promptly filled in again as a protection.

With specially valuable trees a second or even a third root cutting is done, each time after a season of growth, and this still more closely masses the fibrous roots within the central ball.

The cost of moving trees, when experts and machines are employed, averages thirty-five dollars for a tree of good size. For single trees it may be more, but when there are a number the cost may be materially reduced. I have known of a number of trees of six or eight inch diameter to cost only fifteen dollars each, because they stood close together and needed but a short haul.

It costs some ten dollars each to hire experts to move shrubs of fair size. When the owner does the moving himself it costs whatever his labor costs.

It used to be—and not so long ago but that many of us can remember it—that any one who wanted to set out trees would find a "tree-man" at the market, or would meet him driving slowly along the street with his wagon piled high with twenty or thirty saplings that had been roughly pulled out of the ground. Innocent of protecting balls, the sapling roots sprawled in a medley of bare and sun-dried prongs. Well, a half-dozen or so of those bare saplings would be bought and set in quite as unscientifically as they had been drawn out. Small wonder that in those days the rate of tree mortality was high. And yet the funny and well-nigh incomprehensible part of it was that some of those trees would live and thrive sturdily, after all.

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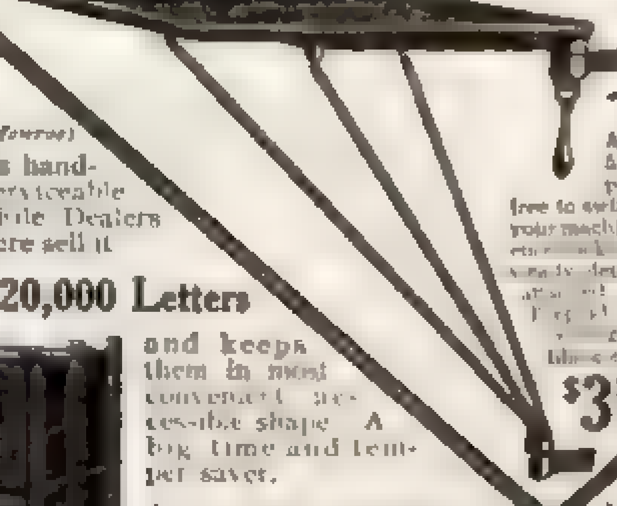

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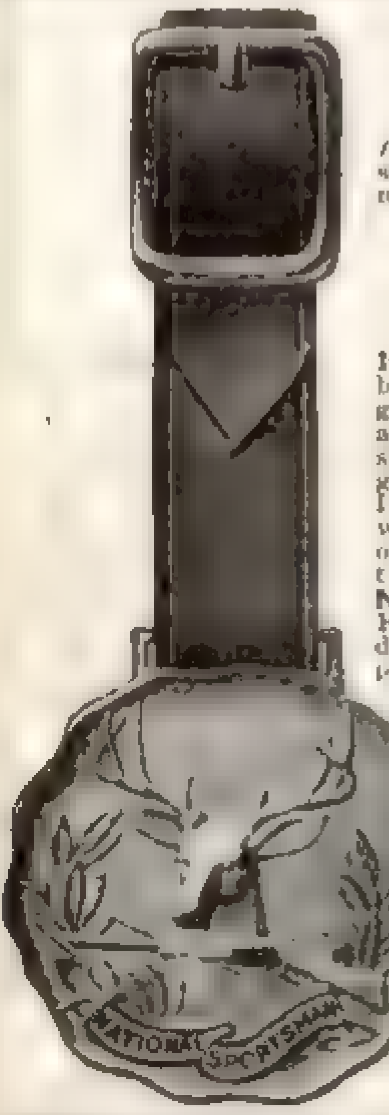

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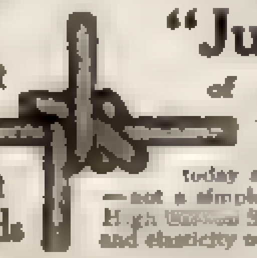

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HAVING AUTHORITY

(Continued from Page 5)

"I thought you rang," said Miss Johnson.

"Twice," said Samuelson. "It's a good thing that the old gentleman wasn't here," he added amiably. "Did you have your lunch?"

"Sure," replied Miss Johnson coldly.

"I'll have to take you to lunch some of these days," said Samuelson.

"You won't have to," retorted Miss Johnson. "I'll manage to get along somehow if you don't."

Her employer chuckled thickly. "I guess I'll do it, anyway," he said. "When do you want to come?"

"I've got all my dates filled for January," the young woman answered. "Some time in February—about the thirty-first. Did you want me to take a letter?"

"You're getting to be prettier every day," Samuelson declared admiringly.

"That's what they all tell me," said Miss Johnson. "Did you say that you wanted me to take a letter?"

The elephantine tread of Isaacs sounded outside at this juncture, and Samuelson dropped his air of gallantry.

"Yes," he replied. "Cohen & Blunck, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Dear Sirs——"

. . . .

"It's a gay life," mused Miss Johnson, as she returned to her machine. "I think I see myself looking through the want ads, though." Then she addressed herself to the work before her and so continued, busily enough, for the remainder of the day; and around her Bernstein toddled, Neumann slid to and fro, and all others hurried here and scampered there in obedience to the potent "Go!" and "Come!"

. . . .

William Kibbey may not have been a young man of great discernment in many respects, but he had made a particular and painstaking study of Miss Johnson and her moods, and although she smiled at him as he lifted her from the car and returned a cheerful "Hello, Bill!" to his half-bashful greeting, he knew directly that there was something wrong. He walked by her side wondering what it was and trying to get the courage to ask. From time to time he could feel that she looked at him. Possibly she disapproved of his stained overalls, cardigan jacket and dinner-pail, he thought. Still, while she had often objected to his nightly waiting for her, it had never been on that account.

As a matter of fact, Miss Johnson was comparing her escort's stalwart and not ungraceful figure with that of the well-fed Mr. Samuelson and imagining the probable activities of Mr. Kibbey upon the pudgy person of the junior partner—if Mr. Kibbey only knew. She was still in this contemplative mood when they entered the cement-floored vestibule of the flat-building that she called home. There Bill Kibbey pushed his visored cap back on his blond curls and set down his lunch-pail.

"What's eatin' you, Sade?" he asked. "You might as well tell me."

Miss Johnson hesitated only a moment. "I'm in trouble," she said. "Don't ask me what it is, because it's none of your business."

"Sure I won't ask you, if you don't want I should," said the young man, quite humbly. "Only, if there was anything that I could do——"

"Here's what you'll do," said Miss Johnson, in the manner of one who has made up her mind. "As soon as you've had your supper—No, I guess you won't have time to eat. Listen! You go downtown right away and take the first Cottage Grove car that rounds the loop after eight o'clock. Stay right on the rear platform. Don't go inside, not if you freeze to death. Understand?"

"Sure," replied William. "I'll climb atop, if you say so."

"Don't be funny," reproved Miss Johnson. "If somebody gets on and looks at you kind of close and whistles like this——" she pursed up her lips and emitted four low, clear notes. "Got that?"

The young man repeated the signal.

"Then you say 'Serge and Chambray' and you get off with him and go where he takes you and do what he says."

"Who is this guy, Sade?" asked Mr. Kibbey, a little suspiciously.

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"Have I got to tell you?" demanded Miss Johnson with some asperity. "Well, then! Now, listen, and don't butt in again. He may not get on. If he doesn't you keep on going to Sixty-third Street, take the Calumet car there, and when you get to the end of the line take the road that goes over the prairie to the Lake Shore tracks. Stop just this side of the tracks and wait till a big, red automobile comes along and stops and honks. It may be an hour or two before it does come, and it may not come at all; but, if it does, you step up and say 'Serge and Chambray,' and get in with the man that's driving and do what he tells you. That's all. Now, do you understand all that?"

"That's easy," said William stolidly. "But what do I do if it's a green automobile? Excuse me. But suppose it doesn't come?"

"You don't need to wait longer than about one or two," said Miss Johnson. "Tell me tomorrow evening what happens. Now, you start off, because you haven't any time to lose."

William swung around obediently, ran down the steps and strode off. He had made about ten strides when Miss Johnson called him back.

Her gray eyes were shining with a light that this *preux chevalier* had never seen in them before, and the glowing pink of her cheeks had mounted to her forehead. "Bill," she said, with an odd, nervous shake in her voice, "I guess I won't trouble you to do that for me, after all. I—I don't want to freeze you to death because ——" She stretched her hand out and began unconsciously to twist a button of the cardigan jacket.

William's massive paw closed over her fingers and held them fast. "Why?" he asked.

"Well—I believe I do need you," she confessed, and then broke into half-hysterical laughter. "To think of you going off to do a thing like that just because I told you!" she cried. "Oh, Bill, Bill! I'm so tired of being bossed. I want somebody I can boss all the time myself for a change."

"I guess you've got him," said Bill, and his long, muscular arm went around her.

. . . .

It was, perhaps, half an hour before William Kibbey departed to eat his belated supper and array himself in Sunday splendor for his first visit to his affianced in that character. As he went along his face was one grinning radiance and his emotions vented themselves in explosive chuckles. As he turned the first corner he double-shuffled with delight and slapped his thigh resoundingly.

"And to think that I had it put up that she was batty!" he gurgled. "Me hot-footing off for a doctor, and she ——!"

He slapped his thigh again and hurried on with increased speed.

Genius

Genius wears a ragged coat
Every day;
Burdened with a copper cent—
All his pay!
Scarce notes he the coat or penny,
Tho' his needs are great and many,
For he lives—far away!

Genius wears a joyous smile
All the time;
Just ahead Fame waits for him—
Faith sublime!
Thus the seasons come and go,
Just above the brown the snow,
Age's rime.

Genius wears the ragged coat
Just the same;
Has no more a copper cent
To his name.
Works he early, works he late,
Short the time—if he'd be great!
Dying game.

Genius still in the rest
That God gave;
Wears no laurels save the flowers
Of the grave.
Never knew he Fame had come
When his smiling lips were dumb—
Dumb and brave. —*Louise Paley.*

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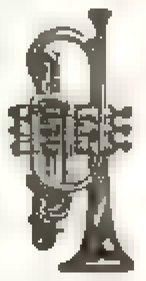

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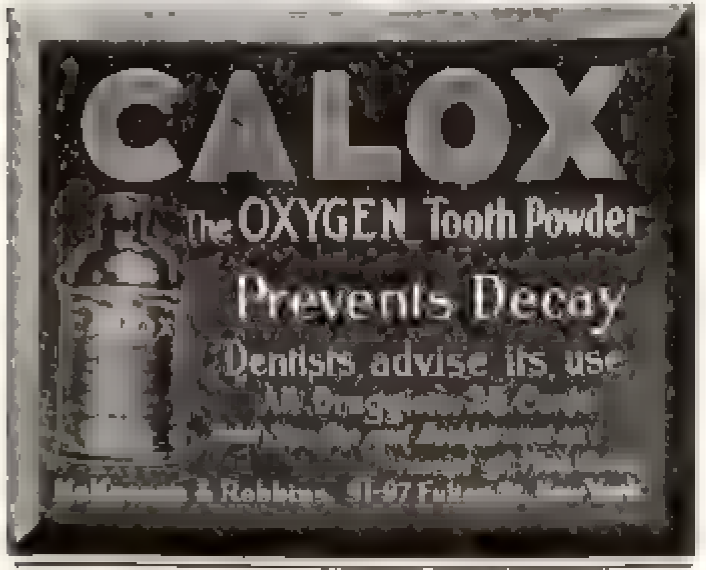

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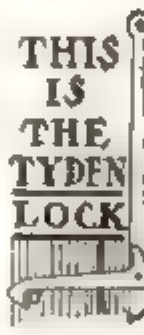
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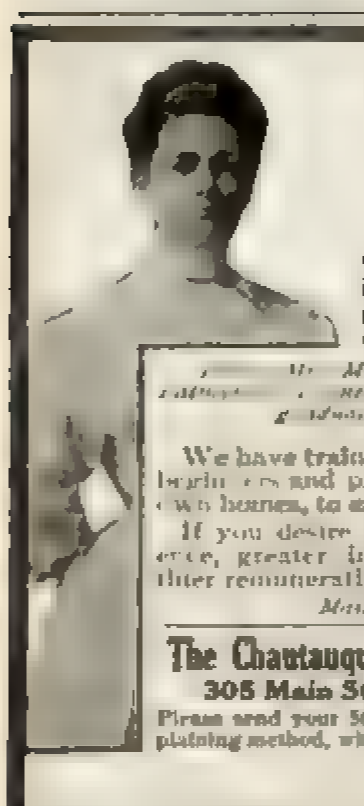

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MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

(Continued from Page 11)

Mr. Wybert Reeve, in the character of Count Fosco, traversed Great Britain, the United States and Canada, acting Fosco more than fifteen hundred times. In the following letter Collins makes an instructive allusion to one of his plays, as viewed by one of the most interesting members of the stage of France, the brilliant, much-lamented Aimée-Olympe Desclée (1836-1873):

> 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square,
> LONDON, 10th February, 1882.
>
> *My Dear Winter:*
>
> You were indeed happily inspired when you sent me that generous and sympathetic article in the Tribune. Still tormented by the gout, I forgot my troubles when I opened the newspaper and felt the encouragement that I most highly value—I mean the encouragement that is offered to me by a brother-writer.
>
> If what I hear of this last larcenous appropriation of my poor Magdalen be true, what an effort it must have been to you to give your attention, even for a few hours only, to dramatic work so immeasurably beneath your notice! How did you compensate your intelligence for the outrage offered to it by this latest "adapter" of ideas that do not belong to him? Did you disinfect your mind by reading or writing—or did you go to bed and secure the sweet oblivion of sleep?
>
> I wonder whether I ever told you of an entirely new view taken of Magdalen by the last of the great French actresses—Aimée Desclée. After seeing the piece in London she was eager to play, on her return to Paris—Grace Roseberry! "Develop the character a little more, in the last act," she said to me; "I will see that the play is thoroughly well translated into French—and I will make Grace, and not Mercy Merrick, the chief woman in the piece. Grace's dramatic position is magnificent: I feel it to my fingers' ends. Wait and see!" She died, poor soul, a few months afterward, and Grace Roseberry will, I fear, never be properly acted *now*.
>
> Don't forget me, my dear Winter—and let me hear from you sometimes. I set no common value on your friendship and your good opinion.
>
> Ever yours,
> WILKIE COLLINS.
>
> P. S. I address you as Mr. on this envelope. Our curiously common mock-title of Esquire is declared, by Fenimore Cooper, to be a species of insult, and even a violation of the Constitution of the United States, when attached to the name of an American citizen. Is that great Master (shamefully undervalued by Americans of the present day!) right or wrong about Esquire? N. B. I have just been reading The Deerslayer for the *fifth* time.

On the occasion of my last meeting with Collins, which occurred at his house, No. 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London, not long before his death (on September 23, 1889), we sat together from noon till after midnight, talking of many subjects—men, women, books, opinions, feelings and events and then, as often before, I had occasion to appreciate his copious knowledge, fine discernment, and vigorous, novel thought. At that time, and indeed throughout his later years, he was obliged, occasionally, to consume laudanum. He had, originally, been compelled to take that drug because of excruciating pain, caused by rheumatic gout in the eyes, and it had become to him, more or less, an indispensable anodyne. In the course of the evening that medicine was brought to him, and, naturally, he adverted to its properties and effects.

"My suffering was so great," he said, "when I was writing The Moonstone that I could not control myself and keep quiet. My cries and groans so deeply distressed my amanuensis, to whom I was dictating, that he could not continue his work, and had to leave me. After that I employed several men, with the same result: no one of them could endure the strain. At last I engaged a young woman, stipulating that she must utterly disregard my sufferings and attend solely to my words. This she declared that she could do and would do, and this, to my amazement (because the most afflicting of my attacks came upon me after her arrival), she indubitably and exactly did. I was blind with pain, and I lay on the couch writhing and groaning. In that condition, and under those circumstances, I dictated the greater part of The Moonstone."

Collins mentioned, I remember, that the accession of pain began at the point where Miss Clack is introduced as a contributor to the narrative, so that the essentially humorous part of that fascinating story was composed by its indomitable author when he was almost frenzied with physical torture. The art of the fabric, nevertheless, is perfect; the invention never flags; the playful, satirical humor, with its vein of veiled scorn for canting hypocrisy, meanness and spite, flows on in a smooth, silver ripple of felicitous words, and the style is crystal clear. "Opium sometimes hurts," he said that day, "but also, sometimes, it helps. In general, people know nothing about it." He then referred to the experience of Sir Walter Scott, in the enforced use of laudanum, when writing The Bride of Lammermoor, an experience that is related in Lockhart's noble life of that great author.

Mention was made of Coleridge, and of De Quincey, and of the elder Lord Lytton (Bulwer). "I very well remember the poet Coleridge," Collins said; "he often came to my father's house, and my father and mother were close friends of his. One day he came there and was in great distress, saying that it was wrong for him to take opium, but that he could not resist the craving for it, although he made every possible effort to do so. His grief was excessive. He even shed tears. At last my mother addressed him, saying: 'Mr. Coleridge, do not cry: if the opium really does you any good, and you *must* have it, why do you not go and get it?' At this the poet ceased to weep, recovered his composure, and, turning to my father, said, with an air of relief and deep conviction: 'Collins, your wife is an exceedingly sensible woman!' I suppose that he did not long delay to act upon my mother's suggestion. I was a boy at the time, but the incident made a strong impression on my mind, and I could not forget it. Coleridge had brilliant eyes and a very sweet voice."

The reader must not infer from what is here said that Wilkie Collins was a man of weak character, self-indulgent, and subservient to the "opium habit." Such an inference would be unjust to the memory of a great writer and a noble person. The works of Collins, which fill more than sixteen volumes, bear decisive testimony to the poise of his intellect, the opulence of his genius, the incessancy of his labor, the copious wealth of his invention, the breadth of his knowledge of life, the ardency of his sympathetic emotion, and, above all, the sturdy independence and adamantine solidity of his character. He possessed an extraordinary mind and, in adding a body of original, vital, imaginative fiction to the literature of his country, he accomplished an extraordinary work. But during the greater part of his life he was an invalid, and, remembering the circumstances under which he wrote, it is amazing that he accomplished so much. One denotement of his potent individuality is the uniform texture of his style—a style that is unique. He portrayed many characters, and it is notable that those characters, with little exception, express themselves in one and the same verbal form. The faculty, possessed in such a marvelous degree by Shakespeare and by Sir Walter Scott, of making each person speak in exact accordance with his or her personality, he did not employ; yet every character that he drew is distinctly individual, and, by a certain subtle magic of artistic skill, it is made to seem to be talking in a perfectly individual manner. Consummate art, thus exemplified, is not achieved by a disordered intellect. Personal observation of Collins, furthermore, found him exceptionally self-possessed, firm in mind, clear in thought, dignified yet gentle in manner, the embodiment of the sweet gravity and involuntary grace that fancy associates with the ideal of such men as Cowley and Addison. His aspect was singular and interesting. When seated he appeared to

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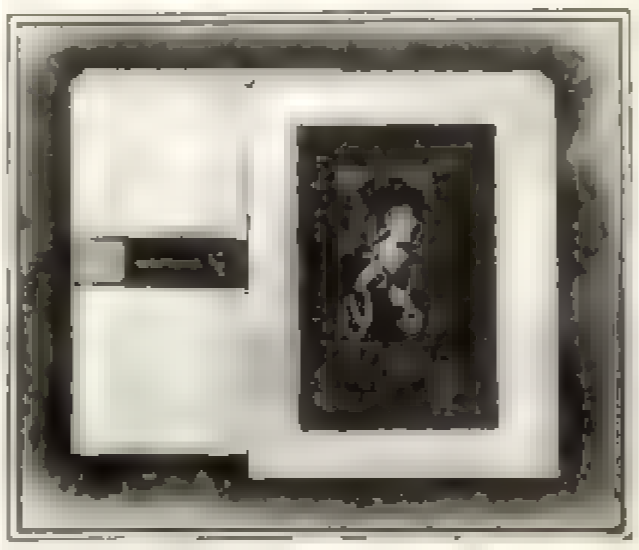

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be a portly man, but when he stood that impression was dispelled. His head was large and leonine. His eyes were hazel. He wore an ample beard. His body was small, his shoulders were slightly stooped, and his limbs were, seemingly, attenuated. His walk was slow and feeble—that of a person who had been weakened by great pain. His voice was clear and winning, and his demeanor was marked by the formal courtesy that is ascribed to persons designated as survivors of "the old school."

In matters of taste Collins was epicurean. The perfection of enjoyment, he assured me, is only to be obtained when you are at sea, in a luxurious, well-appointed steam-yacht, in lovely summer weather. One of his eccentricities resulted from an inordinate liking for black pepper. "It is seldom provided at dinner-tables to which I repair," he said, "and therefore I take care to provide it myself." Here is a characteristic letter, affording a glimpse of his boyhood:

> 90 Gloucester Place,
> Portman Square, W.
> LONDON, September 3, 1881.
>
> *My Dear Winter* :
>
> If you have long since dismissed me from memory, you have only treated an inexcusably bad correspondent as he deserves. When I was at school—perpetually getting punished as "a bad boy"—the master used to turn me to good moral account, as a means of making his model scholars ashamed of their occasional lapses into misconduct: "If it had been Collins I should not have felt shocked and surprised. Nobody *expects* anything of *him*. But, You! !"
>
> In the hope that you, by this time, "expect nothing of Collins" I venture to appeal to your indulgence. In the intervals of rheumatic gout I still write stories—and I send to you, by registered book-post, my latest effort, called The Black Robe, in the belief that you will "give me another chance," and honor me by accepting the work. It is thought, on the European side of the Atlantic, in Roman Catholic countries as well as in Protestant England, to be the best thing I have written for some time. And it is memorable to *me*, as having produced a freely offered gift of forty pounds, from one of the pirates who have seized it on the American side! ! !
>
> I write with your new editions—so kindly sent to me—in the nearest bookcase. In the poems I rejoice to see my special favorites included in the new publication—The Ideal, Rosemary, and the exquisitely tender verses which enshrine the Memory of Ada Clare.
>
> I have heard of you from Miss Cavendish. May I hope to hear of you next—from yourself?
>
> Always truly yours,
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His place is with the great masters of English fiction. He did not copy the surfaces of common life, calling the product "nature" and vaunting it as truth. He knew how to select and how to combine, and he possessed the great art of delicate exaggeration. In the telling of his stories he created characters, and he made them live. His employment of accessories—meaning scenery, whether civic or rural, climate, atmosphere, cloud, sunshine, rain, the sound of the sea, or the ripple of leaves in the wind, morning, or evening, or midnight—is exact in its fitness and unerring in its effect. In that respect, as in his devotion to romance, he followed in the footsteps of the chieftain of the whole inspired band, Sir Walter Scott—whom he designated, in writing to me, "the Prince, the King, the Emperor, the God Almighty of novelists." He was deeply interested in his own time, in the advance of civilization and the consequent promotion of the public welfare. He spoke and wrote with satirical contempt of the obstructive worship of old things—especially in literature and painting—merely because they are old. He cordially recognized and welcomed meritorious achievement in any and every line of contemporary endeavor, and quite as cordially he condemned contemporary pretense. He was the soul of honesty; he lived a good life; and he is remembered not only with honor but with love.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of Mr. Winter's articles giving reminiscences of authors.

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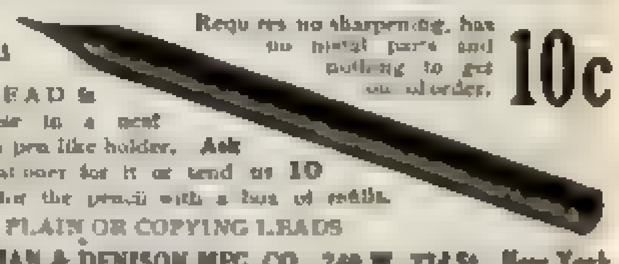

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A NATURE FAKER'S OBSERVATIONS ON OUR PRESIDENTS

(Concluded from Page 4)

John Tyler, of Virginia, succeeded Harrison. That was about all the succeeding he did in his administration. He failed to suit any one, and retired at the end of his term by unanimous consent. He was rapidly rising toward the Presidency of the Confederate States when death cut him down in 1862.

The low, rattling noise which can be heard in the corridors of time during the Forties and Fifties comes from various Presidents who were bumping about in the shoes of Washington and Jackson. James Knox Polk followed Tyler. After the Democrats had nominated him, a fierce campaign of investigation developed the fact that he lived in Tennessee and was opposed to night riding. He umpired the war with Mexico successfully for four years, and retired much loved by a fair majority.

When Zachary Taylor returned home from living in Mexico, where he had been engaged for several years in establishing Spanish classes on the other side of the River Styx, the country was determined to make him President. Some doubt existed as to his politics, but the assay panned out enough Whig beliefs to make him the nominee of that party, and he was elected. He was a plain, kindly old gentleman, who was a good deal afraid of the grand furniture in the White House, having spent most of his life in camp. A year and three months later he died, and a startled country for the second time began to wonder what sort of a man it had elected Vice-President.

Millard Fillmore, of New York, was the man. He was a plain, stout party, who wore the open front collar and high, black necktie of the times, and ran the Government on the middle speed with the exhaust muffled. He had once been chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, but this was not considered a crime at that time. He maintained an unblemished record to his death, running frequently for President on various tickets.

Franklin Pierce, the handsomest of the Presidents, came from New Hampshire, and clung to the President's chair through one fearful, tempestuous term during the slavery disputes. Mr. Pierce had served in the Mexican War and had acquired such a distaste for fighting that he opposed the Civil War with great vehemence from his New England home after his retirement. This led to the unkind suspicion that he was a Virginia-made President on whom the label had been switched.

Pennsylvania has been so busy with her peculiar brand of State politics that she has had time to contribute but one President to her country. This one was James Buchanan, fifteenth President, who found to his dismay that he had really been elected to preside over a Donnybrook Fair. His chief achievement was in saving the Capitol and White House from the Secessionists and turning them over intact to his successor. He was a bachelor when elected and was never able to shake off the habit. During his administration there were two royal visitors at the White House—the Prince of Wales and the gout, the last of which laid Buchanan low in 1868.

Abraham Lincoln, tallest, homeliest, wittiest and most flatteringly loved and hated of all the Presidents, succeeded Buchanan. He found before him a job beside which Hercules' twelve tasks were only office-boy chores. Lincoln was the only President who successfully practiced government by anecdote. He set a new mark for simplicity, but introduced beards into the White House, perhaps his only indiscretion. Abraham Lincoln was the first President since Jackson to be reelected, was the first President to come from west of Ohio, and was the second President to find two kinds of immortality at his death.

Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, was one of the few Presidents who did not start out for the office when a boy. His first ambition was to be a good tailor. Just as he was succeeding in this he married an educated woman, who taught him to read and write. This confused him so that he lost his ambition as a tailor and eventually drifted into the Vice-Presidency. Lincoln's assassination dumped him unexpectedly into the President's chair. It would hardly be apt to say that he filled the chair; rather, he rode it after a terrific struggle in which he escaped being pitched off by just a few votes in Congress. Andrew Johnson rose farther to reach the Presidency than any other man, having been a "poor white" of North Carolina, to whom shoes were a luxury and a collar the badge of aristocracy.

Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, was made President because there was nothing bigger in the country to give him. In order to fit the Presidency for him the salary was increased and the Capitol building enlarged and completed. He was no politician and often sighed for the happy days in the Wilderness before Richmond, when he had only one enemy to fight and knew how to fight him. He was a short, silent, modest man with a stubby beard. He served two terms, and came so near being nominated for another that the third-term precedent didn't recover its health for years.

In 1876 a respectable married man in Ohio, named Hayes, was made President, much to his surprise. The election was very close and its decision caused more ill feeling than the Hayes-Dorando Marathon in London. Mr. Hayes was a quiet man, almost entirely concealed by whiskers, who had once been Governor of Ohio. He conducted an orderly administration, and left the White House in perfect repair in 1881.

James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was the only man who ever defeated Grant in anything worth speaking of. He got the nomination away from him in 1880, and paid for it with his life in 1881, being shot by an office-seeker of the more virulent breed.

Chester A. Arthur, of New York, who became President at the death of Garfield, was a college man, a war veteran, as every President since Lincoln's time has been, and a total stranger to the country.

Grover Cleveland, of New York, was President intermittently from 1885 to 1897. He was married in the White House.

Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, grandson of William Henry Harrison, was the twenty-third President. It was hereditary in his family and he could not shake it off. General Harrison's term was a quiet intermezzo between the Cleveland administrations. He was a small, cold man of great ability and did not introduce any new athletic diversions into the White House during his stay.

William McKinley is a cause for still unhealed sorrow as the third victim among the Presidents of the unnecessary and much too numerous revolver.

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in New York City. During his infancy he wore out a house a year, and, on several occasions, street cars narrowly escaped total destruction by colliding with his baby cab. At an early age he graduated from Harvard and began light exercise in the West, leveling off mountain land and tying mules together by the tails for shipment. Returning to the East, he cleaned up New York, reorganized the Navy, and invented that combination of riot and romance known as the Rough Rider. Coming home from the Spanish War, he took the Governorship of New York away from a lot of men who had been saving it for some one else, and then became Vice-President on a dare. He was President seven years. The country and the Capitol stood it well, but the White House has been rebuilt and Congress is hardly recognizable. Mr. Roosevelt was the second President to dispense with dignity, Lincoln having been the first.

William H. Taft, of Ohio, is the heaviest President the most traveled President, the best-natured President and the first golf player to occupy the White House. He is a three-hundred-pounder with a built-in smile. When Mr. Roosevelt took him through the White House and showed him how the furnace draws best and how to keep the window in the Red Room from rattling at night, it was a labor of love, for the two are chums. It was the first time a President had bequeathed a close, personal friend to the country as his successor.

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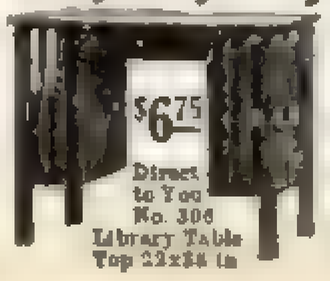

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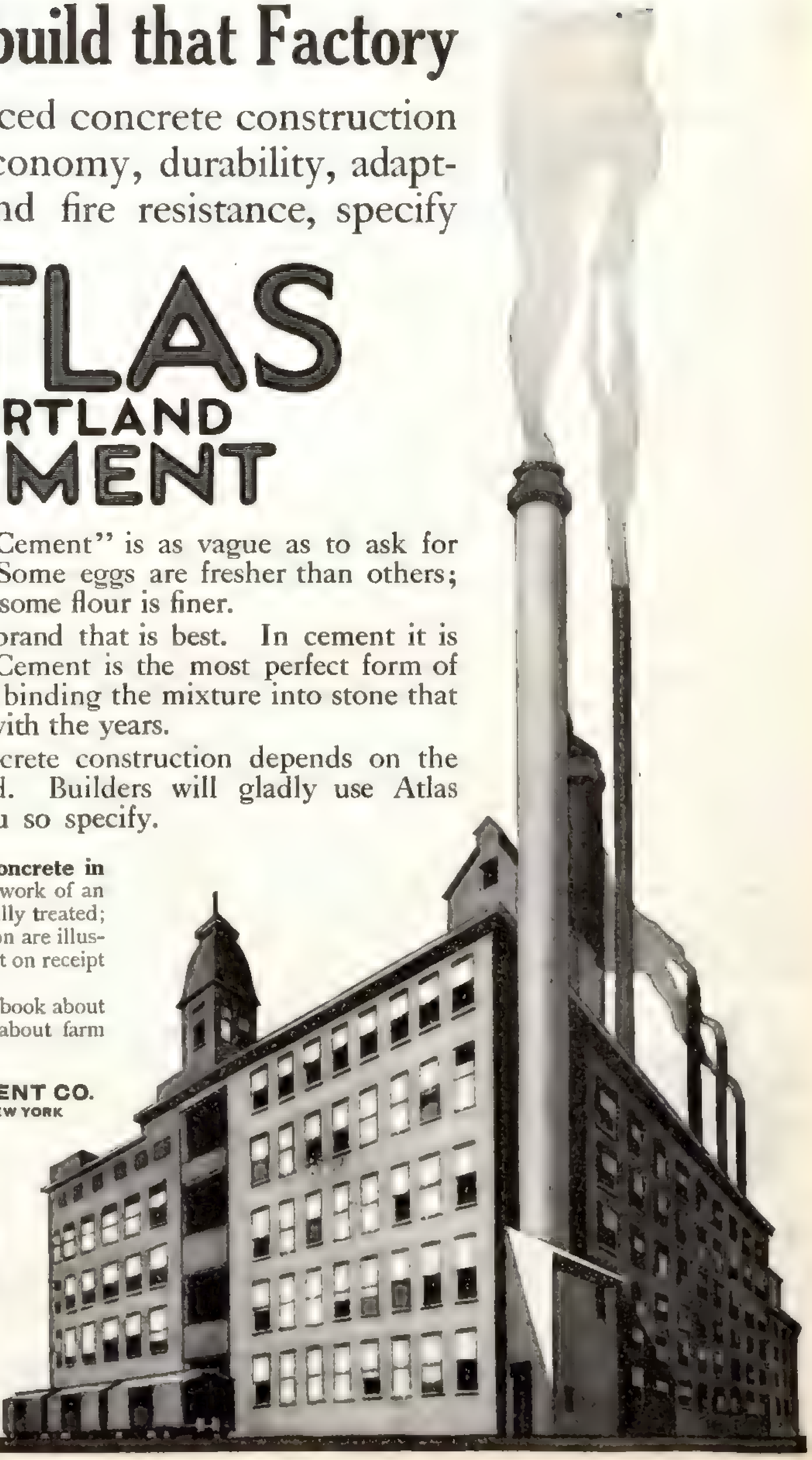

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First thing you know, it's *your* typewriter.
Yours without effort or worry.
For who misses a few cents a day!

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Others unknown to Dun and Bradstreet.
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The OLIVER Typewriter

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The mechanical marvel that introduced *visible writing*.

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—And whose record has never been equaled.

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A small cash payment puts you in possession of the Oliver

It is yours to use while you save and pay on the liberal, easy terms.

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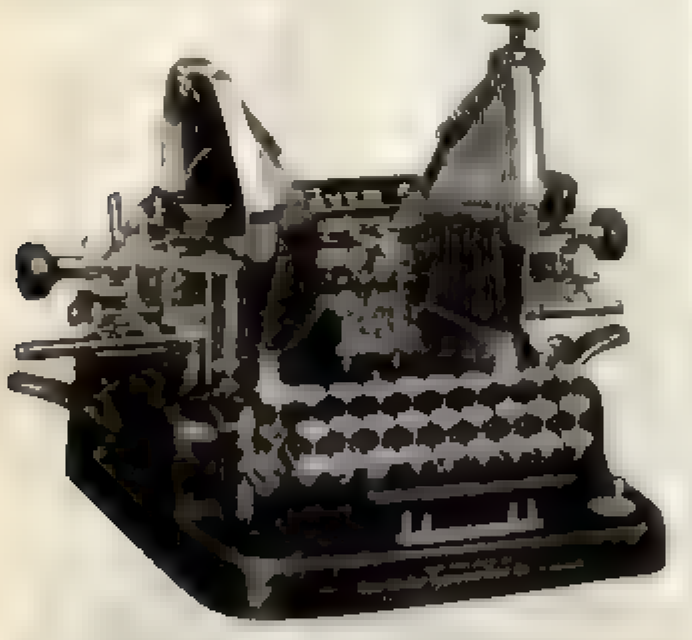

To *thousands* the Oliver Typewriter is the source of ample income.

Its mastery opens to the ambitious a vista of surprising possibilities.

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Why not write a letter today to our General Offices in Chicago for full particulars

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The Oliver Typewriter Company
43 Oliver Typewriter Building CHICAGO

MAROONED AT HOME

(Continued from Page 9)

certainly near. On top of that, and crowning all, the glorious news of the Three-Cent Fare!"

"It leaked out," he quickly added, as I advanced to smite him. "It leaked out! Just as Count Cravatty leaked, many years before! And if you're a man and a friend to me you'll do for my Scheme what you did for your Wife's! You'll say, 'We love that boy!'

"Hold on!" he continued. "Hear me through! As a result of this campaign of mine, Mrs. William Jefferson Giles called this morning, left Stuffed Dates. Mrs. Flagler Rennells called and left Jamaica Ginger. Mrs. Fitch's husband called and left some Old Madeira. Every one is calling, leaving things and thawing out. And when, in course of time, you slowly convalesce, when we're ready at last to ask 'em in to dine—*then who will stay away? Not one*—unless that three-cent fare is changed once more to five! You're public-spirited, you're sick, you're getting old, you're all alone—no female can resist it!

"And this means life to Steve." Marsh's voice grew low, it quivered with his feelings. "Leave things as they are," he said, "play the game as I've begun, and not two months will pass before we'll have him married!"

By this appeal he held me. Here was I all Resurrected; tides of brand-new life come back, tingling, relieved and glad. And here was my boy Steve drooping week by week away. And Marsh, the wise old critter, played my boy against me. I'm opposed to Three-Cent Fares. If carried out on a wholesale plan they'd numb the nerves of business men, they'd Paralyze the Country! But here was my boy Steve. When I was down in the valley of death Three-Cent Fares looked small to me. And Steve was down in the Valley now!

That was about how Marsh went on. And in the end he got me. When I had sufficiently "convalesced" I was interviewed by the Marshville News, and I backed up his statement. And, to my rather deep surprise, the matter had some pleasing sides.

First, this message had to be sent to Count Cravatty over in Rome: "Heavy losses. From now on I'll have to cut your income down. Sorry. Deeply sorry."

Second, when the Marshville Set began to come again to dine I was amazed to discover what Public Spirit I had acquired. Not the kind that I *had* had, by which I built up Marshville. No; this was a new, Poetic Kind, a sort of a Browning's Message reduced to Two Cents Change. Women gazed with moistened eyes, men grasped me warmly by the hand.

And third, Steve's sweetheart, Sally Louise, saw right through the whole blamed business, in the smartest, quietest, most bewitching way. Of course, she couldn't say a thing. Just imagine her position, watched at every dinner by a dozen pairs of female eyes! But the way the Girl sat up and talked and smiled and never flinched at all, and only when she saw a chance darted a Queer Little Twinkle at me, beat all the Fattest Dividends that I had ever seen.

And as we got acquainted, and Marsh became acquainted, too, the Marooned One and the Bachelor used to meet here late at night and chuckle with triumph over our scheme.

"She'll do," said Marsh. "She'll do! A Daniel has come to court!"

For which last I rebuked him. My wife had been no Shylock! I told him so in no mild terms! I also gave him a bit of news. My Wife Was Coming Home.

In my new-found happiness I did not enjoy the prospect of any future clash. So to make our future home and all our family life run smooth I set my mind intensely on doing what my wife had done so wisely—many years before. I determined that the News should Leak before she came to Squelch it.

We gently hustled Steve

Steve, in these momentous days, was true to his profession. He lived, he felt, he *acted* in an Electric Way. I'll try to give the picture. Look at a big battery, how cold and still it seems, how unconcerned, phlegmatic. It doesn't make a sound. But let small boys, say Two Small Boys, get busy with the wires that twine around the thing and you have the situation of Me and Marsh and Steve.

We poked—and saw some brilliant flashes, got some fearful shocks. But still with patient bravery, learning by experience more nicety of touch, we kept poking on. We had to. We were desperate. My wife was coming home!

At last we planned a final coup. Now that Sally Louise had dined so many times with us when the Social Set was here, we knew it was quite proper to ask her to come with only Jane. This we did, and Sally came. And when the dinner was at an end Marsh challenged her to billiards. Sister Jane went with them, and I brought Steve in here with me.

"Steve," I began in a bullying tone, "your mother and the girls are Planning To Come Home."

"That so?" said Steve. He sat down and lit a long cigar.

"Steve," I went on, warming up, "if the upper valley dam should break, and we were all in danger of a Second Johnstown Flood, and the only chance to save us was for one cool-headed man to go and do One Simple Thing, a thing we all of us knew would succeed, demanding only grit and nerve—I'd choose *you* for the Job!"

I was walking. Steve was sitting. He took a pull at his cigar.

"That so?" he said. The drawl of the youngster made me mad.

"Steve," I said between my teeth, "I'm going to the billiard-room. I'm going to send you Sally Louise. When you've got the Girl in here, what do you propose to do?"

"Keep her," answered my boy Steve.

And that was what he did.

. . . .

How, while waiting for the news, Marsh and I strode up and down, and old Jane Marsh, who never had handled a cue in her life, played billiards like a Mad Thing—is all beside the question. Even how big Steve came in with the blushing little Sally Louise, and all of us shook hands and laughed, how Marsh and I came back in here and looked around in a curious way, wondering what had been said and done is *still* beside the question. Marsh lit a fresh cigar, and puffed, and gave a long, brave look at me. And then at last out It came!

"How soon are They due to arrive?" he asked.

"Three weeks," I said.

"No chance of having the wedding first?"

"None," I answered firmly. "Steve's mother must be present. I won't consider it any other way."

"Yesterday you did," said Marsh.

"Drop it," I replied. "I've just had a talk with Sally Louise. She says it wouldn't do."

I then saw something happen that I've never seen before or since. I saw my friend Marsh sneer!

"Fine thing," he said, "to be Young and Bold and think she's a match for her mother-in-law. But how about Us? How about Us? It's deuced inconsiderate, that's what I call it—inconsiderate of you and me! What are you going to do?"

"Just one thing," I said, trying to keep cool. "I'm going to write my wife. I'm going to tell her all, from the beginning to the end."

I wrote the letter that same week, and mailed it to New York to reach her when she landed.

"Not through me," I wrote at the end, "but through some careless slip on the part of Sally Louise or Steve or Marsh or Sister Jane—*the news has managed to leak out*."

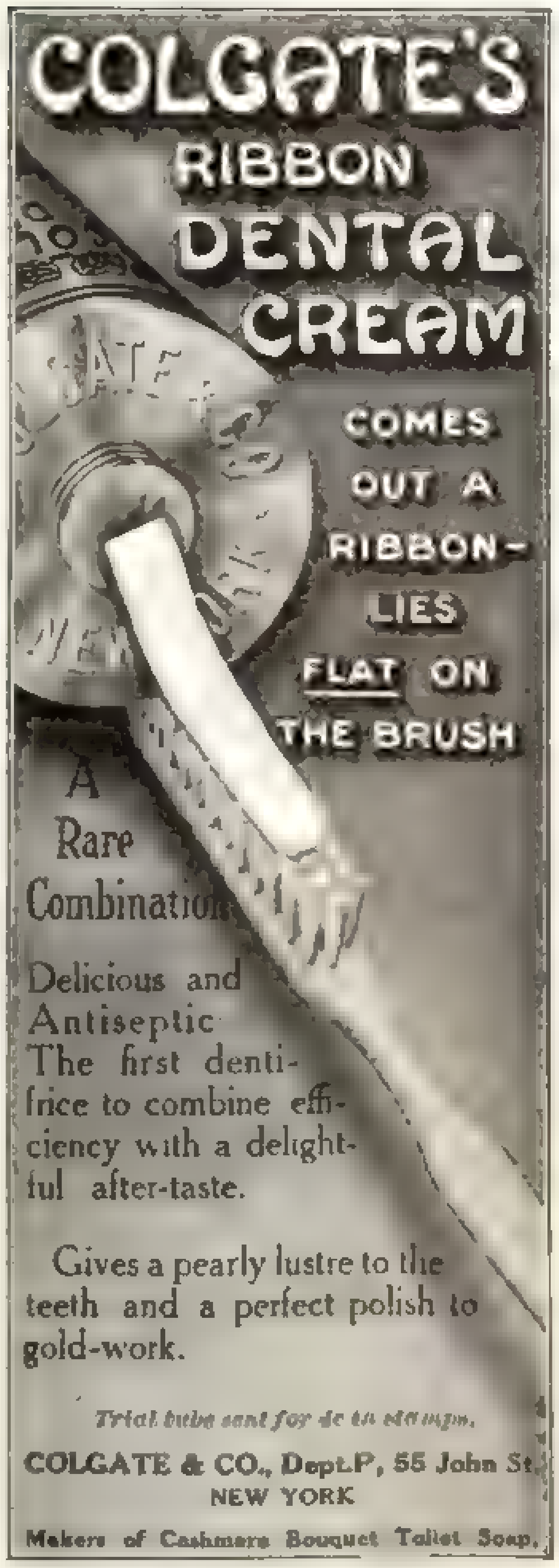
After the letter was mailed the thought of this last statement filled me with forebodings.

I wondered and I wondered.

So did Marsh and Jane and Steve.

Only Sally Louise appeared to be unruffled. The way that Little Mouse held up her head, received congratulations, blushed, looked blissfully about her without ever seeming to notice the many hundred watchful eyes all asking the same question, "How will she face her mother-in-law?"—this brave, unflinching attitude made me love her as never before. Only, when once in a while I caught that same Old Twinkling Look darted straight at me and my schemes, I shivered at her impudence. I wished she were not quite so brave.

As the momentous Ocean Ship drew close to New York harbor, I braced myself



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Gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

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Cin-Man-Co Rewirable Metal Frame FLY SCREENS

are strong, durable and ornamental. Will not rot, warp, shrink or swell. Work easy in wet or dry weather; easily taken apart and rewired. Made sliding or hinged and in any mesh, size or shape desired—basket, circle, segment top, bow or bull's-eye.

Cut to right shows frame construction and method of securing wire cloth, held by rounded corners, forming a perfect water shed. Open rivets are easily removed for rewiring Cinmanco Bronze wire cloth (90 copper) is rustless in any climate.

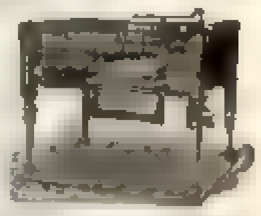
Cut below shows reinforced corners, stationary bronze lift, always out of the way. Frame is equipped with durable detachable spring for holding screen in place.

We make to order window, door or porch screens for the home, office, club or public buildings. Write today for catalog and estimate on your work. This "ad" will not appear again this year. AGENTS WANTED.

THE CINCINNATI MFG. CO. (Est. 1844)
1260 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

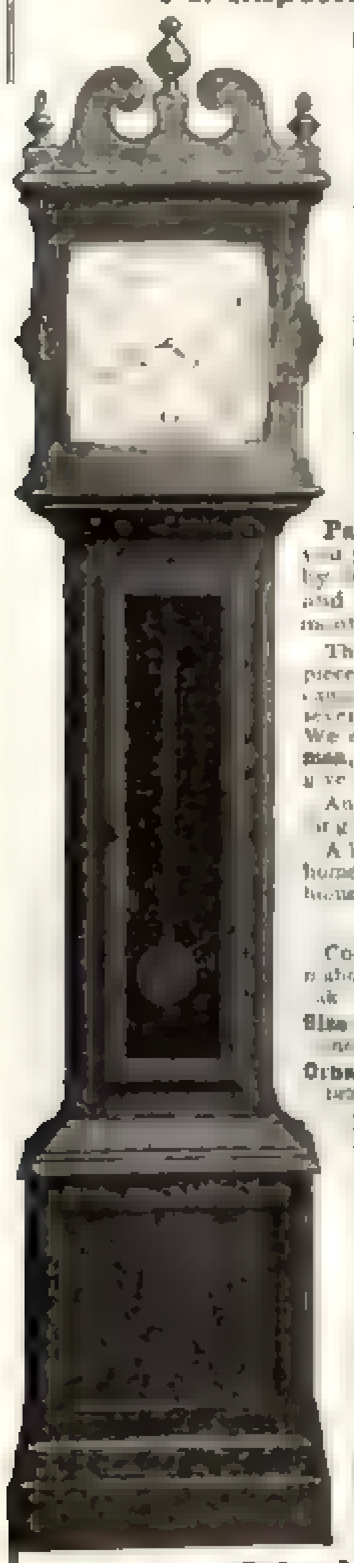
WORLD'S BEST INCUBATOR

Has stood all tests in all climates for 15 years. Don't experiment, get certainty. Get a SUCCESSFUL Incubator and Brooder. Anybody can operate them and make money. Let us prove it to you. Booklet, "Proper Care and Feeding of Chicks, Ducks and Turkeys," 10c. Poultry paper, 1 year, 10c. Write for free catalog



DES MOINES INCUBATOR CO., [illegible] Des Moines, Ia.

AGENTS Here's a Winner Keystone Match Safe and Lighter. It lights the match! Just out. Quick seller. Sample free to workers. Write today. Arthur L. McKinney & Co., Rodkey, Ind.



SHIPPED YOU *For Inspection* FREE

The Ithaca Hall Clock

All Charges Prepaid

We ship this clock direct from our factory to you upon receipt of your request. We prepay charges. If it is not what you expected or as represented, ship it to us, charges collect. Use it ten days and if satisfactory, remit us its price, $29.50.

Partial Payment Plan. If you prefer to pay for this clock by installments, remit us $8, and $3 per month for eight months.

This beautiful Colonial timepiece, exactly like photograph, cannot be duplicated elsewhere for several times the price we ask. We eliminate the profits of **salesmen, jobbers and retailers,** and give you the benefit of this saving.

An appropriate birthday or wedding gift.

A hall clock is a treasure for any home. It lends a dignity to the home.

[illegible]

Constructed of polished cherry mahoganized or polished selected oak.

Size—Height 7½ feet. Width 19 inches. Depth [illegible] inches.

Ornaments—Top ornaments, brass, polished and lacquered.

Doors—French crystal.

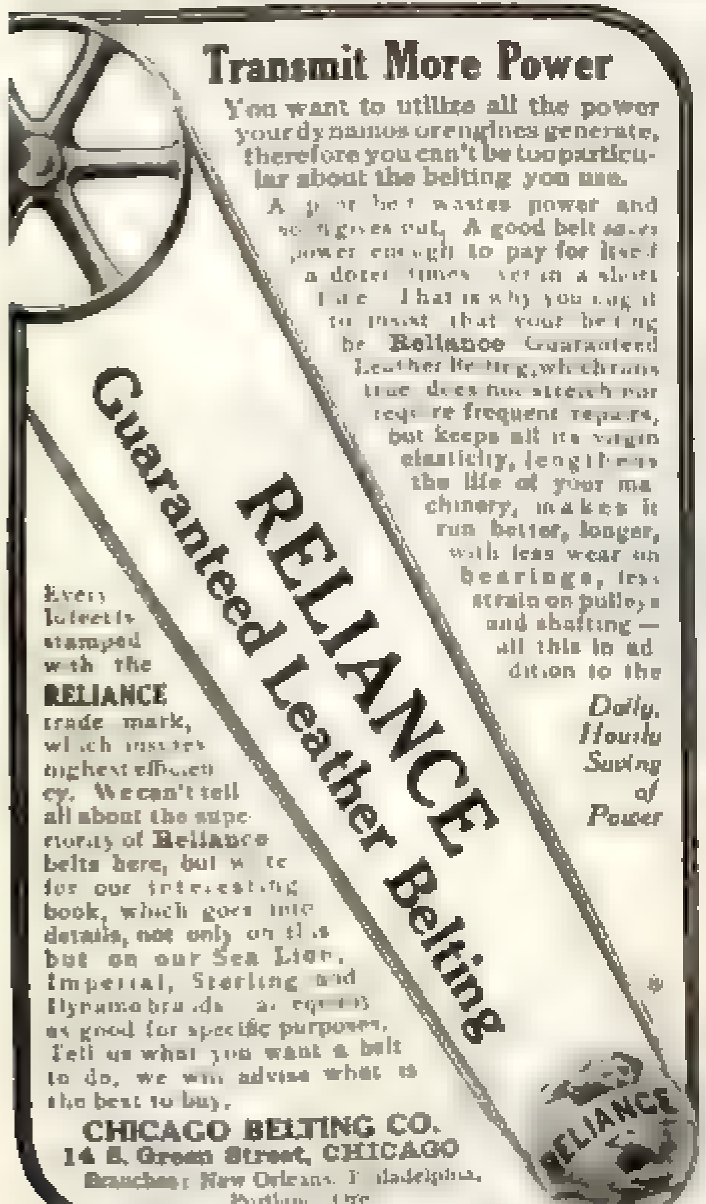
Dial—12½ in. square, black Arabic figures.

Movement—[illegible] standard heavy brass [illegible]. Polished brass [illegible] pendulum. Strikes hours and half hours, on soft toned gong.

Each clock is guaranteed for 10 years. Selected oak or mahoganized cherry as wanted.

If you would consider the purchase of this clock, write [illegible] request [illegible] it to you **free of all charges for inspection,** according to above terms.

The Ithaca Calendar Clock Company
13 Adams Street, ITHACA, N. Y.
Established 1865
Makers of the world renowned Ithaca Calendar Clocks.
If interested in calendar clocks, send for catalogue.



Transmit More Power

You want to utilize all the power your dynamos or engines generate, therefore you can't be too particular about the belting you use.

A poor belt wastes power and soon gives out. A good belt saves power enough to pay for itself a dozen times over in a short time. That is why you ought to insist that your belting be **Reliance** Guaranteed Leather Belting, which runs true, does not stretch nor require frequent repairs, but keeps all its virgin elasticity, lengthens the life of your machinery, makes it run better, longer, with less wear on bearings, less strain on pulleys and shafting—all this in addition to the *Daily, Hourly Saving of Power*

Every foot is stamped with the **RELIANCE** trade mark, which insures highest efficiency. We can't tell all about the superiority of **Reliance** belts here, but write for our interesting book, which goes into details, not only on this but on our Sea Lion, Imperial, Sterling and Dynamo brands—all equally as good for specific purposes. Tell us what you want a belt to do, we will advise what is the best to buy.

CHICAGO BELTING CO.
14 S. Green Street, CHICAGO
Branches: New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

RELIANCE
Guaranteed Leather Belting
RELIANCE

ONE MILLION RATS

were killed to clean up San Francisco. Two rats let alone 1 year produce 800. [illegible] The quickest, surest way is

Rat Bis-Kit

needs no mixing, dry, clean, throw it anywhere. All druggists 15c. If yours hasn't it, send us 25c for one or 60c for three boxes delivered *prepaid.*

THE RAT BISCUIT CO.
[illegible] Limestone St.,
Springfield, O.

for a heavy shock. I imagined countless answers, and taking each as a starting point I planned what I would do. In this way I slowly went over the ground, covered every possible chance, and, when at last the Day arrived, I remember that on awaking in bed I was amazed at my Coolness.

The ship docked at ten o'clock. Noon came. Still no message.

"Let us hope," said old Marsh gently, "that it comes to you as a telegram—*and not as a spoken message over the telephone.*"

The idea made my blood run cold! Each ring at the telephone on my desk made me start and tingle!

But not a single message came. All that afternoon, all night, the next morning, afternoon, and still night and still a day—excruciating silence!

"Artful woman," muttered Marsh. "She knows well how to torture!"

On the third night came this telegram:

"Arrive home with both the girls tomorrow at two-thirty."

I did not sleep that night at all.

But for the second time the Unexpected happened. When I saw my gracious wife coming out of a Pullman Car, when I gayly waved, and quaked inside and hurried forward, beaming—That Woman Kissed Me—once, then twice, then flashed those marvelous eyes of hers, and laughed, and kissed me twice again!

"You poor, worried, dear old goose!" she cried. "Why didn't you bring along Sally Louise and dear old Steve? I want to hug them both!"

"Marsh," I said that evening, "what you and I *don't* know about the depths of a Mother's Heart is boundless, sir—it's boundless!"

I was so happy that I shook.

But Marsh was looking Strange.

"That's true," he said. "We don't. And because we don't—I'm waiting."

This was his attitude right along. Even when my wife and the girls fairly showered Sally Louise with hugs and kisses and meaningless words—still old Marsh held back.

The News reporter came that night.

"Yes," announced my splendid wife, "the family is quite content. She has captured all our hearts. We are so glad for Steve!"

And she was. Those words came straight from the big, warm heart of an Evoluted Mother!

An Evoluted Mother! And being Evoluted herself, what more natural than to want to help the bride of her dear boy up into Evolution? What more right and fitting than that they should go together to New York, buy hats and shoes and gloves and gowns, and all the things that go beneath, come back home and join the girls, put their heads together and plan out the Wedding?

Natural? Of course it was. Marsh and I were useless in matters of that kind. So was poor old Sister Jane.

There was only one thing that made me uneasy. Marsh was prejudiced, I knew. I was even annoyed at the stand he took. Still, familiar as I was with his Scientific Truthfulness, I could not disbelieve him when he came to me one evening and in a tone of blank despair conveyed the information that Marshville was again ablaze!

I told this to my wife. She smiled. She watched me in a pitying way.

"Can't you see my plan?" she asked. Her tones were low and tender. "I want to make you happy. You are not happy now. My Duty To My Children keeps me over half the time away. And when I am here the wives of all your bosom friends blaze up with indignation. But Sally Louise—how different! She will be here for years and years! This Blaze you speak of will die down as soon as Sally is left in charge. Sally has tact, finesse and charm. She will make the house what it was! And you will be so happy here!

"Only, then"—my wife's voice trembled slightly—"then you will still have room for me—won't you—when I come? Tell me that you will!"

I did. I believe I have remarked before what beautiful eyes she had. Looking into them that night I could not doubt for an instant that my wife meant every word she said.

I do not doubt it yet. That was her plan, and it was wise. On the one hand, to Evolute our daughter-in-law *just enough* to make her congenial with my wife and the girls when they came home to visit. On the other hand, *not* to Evolute her so far as to make her Remote from the Marshville Set. And so to make her a gracious hostess of the Home—for Steve and Marsh and Me. That was my wife's plan.

But for the third time in this house the Unexpected happened.

For my wife in all her planning had forgotten just one thing. You can't stop Evolution.

I have said that Sally Louise was a Mouse. I have also said that she had bright eyes. Well, as the weeks and months went on these eyes discovered Vistas.

How can I describe my wife's chagrin, how can I voice my own dismay, when the youthful little Sally and the silent, monumental Steve, having gone off on their honeymoon, wrote me a letter from New York, announcing that Steve had discovered "by pure chance" a wonderful job as an engineer with a company in that wretched town!

"So we're very, very sorry, dear father-in-law," she wrote. "But we can't come back to Marshville. Give my love to dear Mamma."

I read that letter in this chair. And I sank back and closed my eyes.

For I was still a Problem.

Only one more bit of news, and then my yarn is done.

Poor old Sister Jane. About a year ago the Social Set discovered she was a Colonial Dame. The Social Set began to Sneer, and good old Jane began to Wilt—under the guilt of being a Dame. She Died about three months ago.

That leaves Marsh to live alone. And the thing has set me thinking. The more I've thought, the better I like the plan that I've made. Why shouldn't my old chum live with me?

I have written to Rome to ask my wife, and she has replied that she highly approves. Her letter came today.

So I'm waiting for old Marsh tonight. And when he comes, and I speak out—already I can see his eyes. I see his wrinkled face light up. I see him rise and seize my hand and clap me warmly on the back. I hear him cry in ringing tones:

"Marooned, by George—but not alone!"

The Squid's Secret

ONE of the most interesting of the recent discoveries of science is the secret of the means whereby certain animals change color. The most familiar and celebrated example in this line is the lizard called the chameleon; but there are many other creatures, both on land and in the sea, that possess a similar power.

Noteworthy among them is the common squid. If a specimen of this interesting kind of mollusk, fresh out of water, be laid on a table and watched, its hues will change so constantly that literal waves of color seem to be passing over it from moment to moment. That this happens in response to impulses conveyed through the nervous system of the animal is manifest, a mere tapping with a finger on the table causing a rush of the color-waves described.

The secret lies in the fact that immediately beneath the skin of the squid is a sort of network of small channels, in which are frequent larger spaces occupied by pigment cells. These cells are under direct control of the nervous system, which causes them to contract or expand. When they contract, the color disappears—which is what happens when the squid dies; for then it turns dead white, although its normal hue in life is reddish-brown.

Even in death, however, the pigment cells beneath the skin of the squid may be distinguished by the eye as minute specks. In life these specks expand to the size of a big pinhead, and run together, thus producing the brown tint. It is substantially the same phenomenon that is accountable for the rapid changes in color observed in the chameleon, in many fishes, and in various other creatures—changes which are evidently for the purpose of disguise, enabling the animal to escape observation by assuming a likeness to its surroundings. Thus the common sole imitates with its coloration whatever kind of bottom it may be resting upon, whether pebbles, sand, or what-not.

The pigment cells referred to are called "chromatophores," and sometimes they contain two or more different kinds of pigments, some of which disappear while others persist, the result being that, as in the case of the chameleon, a considerable range of colors may be displayed.

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men

Knapp-Felt hats are made in the C & K shop where for fifty years the highest ideals have been upheld. The factory has grown from the little shed where the first C & K hat was made in 1858 to a modern plant covering nearly a city block, equipped with every worthy appliance which human ingenuity has devised, but depending on artistic handwork for that noticeable elegance of style which no machine, however ingenious, can produce.

Characteristic features of Knapp-Felt, the flower of the C & K production, are the variety of smart shapes in which Knapp-Felt hats are made, the superb quality of material and workmanship and the steadfast Cronap dye.

They are sold throughout the United States by hatters who cater to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

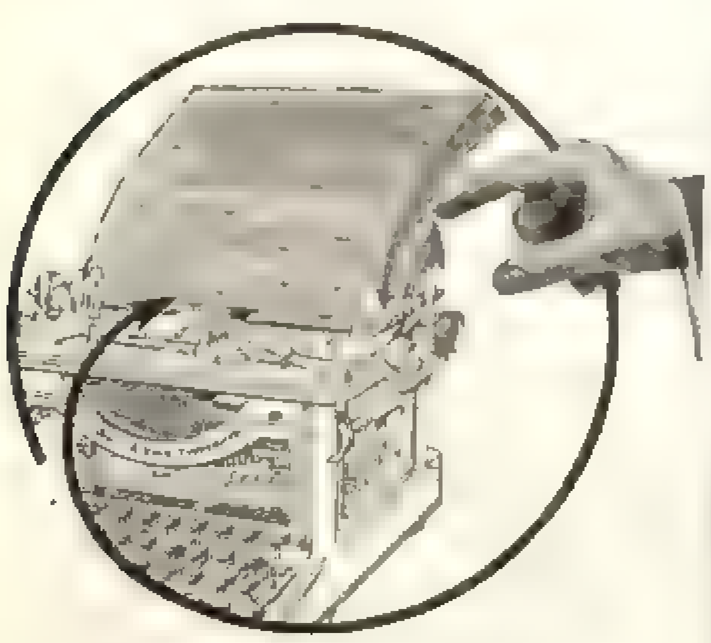
Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars, Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—Derbies and Soft Hats.

Your newspaper probably has the advertisement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

If You Manifold—



You understand the difficulties —blurred letters—copies disfigured with smuts—and lines from wrinkled carbons. But there's a way out. Try the NEW MODEL.

L.C.Smith&Bros.Typewriter

—The direct, snappy stroke of the Gardner Ball-Bearing typebar gives unequalled printing power with least effort.

—The patented paper feed—flexible, elastic, self-adjusting—handles a manifold "book" ***of any desired thickness*** **without wrinkling the carbon or smut-marking the copies.**

Do you want to escape from your manifolding troubles and get a typewriter that does ***clean, legible*** **manifold work without any difficulty?**

Ask for free book and demonstration.

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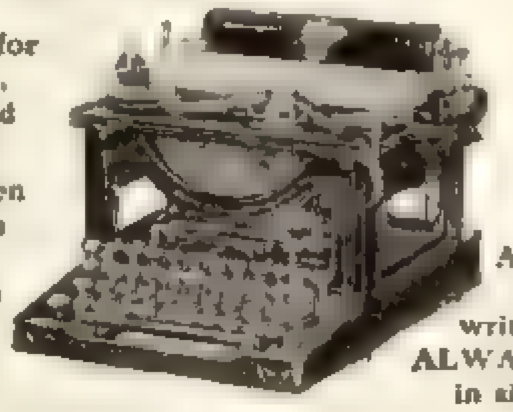


ALL the writing ALWAYS in sight

DON'T
PAY
RENT

¶ Your landlord is the only one that profits by it.
¶ You can't sell your rent receipts.
¶ Every dollar paid for rent is "gone."
¶ Start now toward

A Home of Your Own

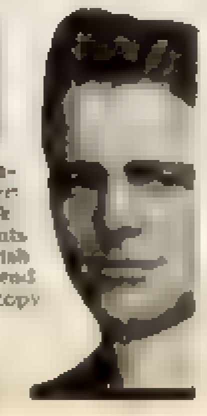
paying for it with the money you would continue to pay for rent. You can easily do so by adopting our plan, which is a practical and successful business proposition.

¶ Every ambitious man should read our booklet, which can be obtained by writing for it. All details are fully explained. We will gladly send it without charge.

WANTED—High-grade men, capable of earning $3000 to $5000 yearly, to act as General Agents.

SECURITY BUILDING COMPANY
1012 Insurance Building, Rochester, N.Y.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL



I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship**. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM
3804 Euclid Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri

A NEIGHBOR

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Me! *Me* make good a fool's gambling losses!" gasped Hibler. "Who—who—" He pounced on Ballinger. "Did you tell this maniac that I was posing as a benevolent idiot?"

"No, sir! Indeed I didn't," stammered the fat youth. "I told him you were noted for your business conservatism."

Jeff fully exonerated his friend. "I asked him for the closest old skinflint in town," he remarked, "and he brought me here. But let us get back to business."

Hibler transfixed the unhappy Ballinger with a withering eye.

"My plan," said Jeff, "is based on business experience. I put it to you as a candid man, Mr. Hibler, did you ever lose money by lending to a stranger? No! I see by your face that you haven't. *I* never have, and I'm thirty-five years old in my stocking-feet. It is the loans to *friends* that are dangerous. Now, I—I'm a stranger!" He paused, hands outspread, as he brought out this final clincher, glowing with conscious triumph. Hibler fell back stupefied. "Moreover, I offer you the very best security."

Hibler glared at him. "You said you had none."

"A gentleman's word, sir! You've got a ranch at Rainbow. I'm a first-class cowman. Run the Box O outfit over on the Gila. I'm cheap at forty dollars a month, anywhere—worth double the money. You give this poor devil the three hundred dollars and we'll work it out. Ballinger, here, is not much good, of course—you can see that at a glance. But you can put him to chopping wood or tending horse-power, anything like that, and he'll learn. I'll make him. Be liberal—say sixty dollars a month for the two of us!"

Hibler's face lit with revengeful purpose. "Do you mean to tell me that this—this person will go up there and help you work it out?"

"Sure!" said Jeff. He showed no surprise or elation at these signs of yielding.

"It's a bargain! By Heaven, I believe you'll do it!"

"Of course we will," said Jeff simply. "Now, for details. Fite wants three hundred dollars. That's five months. Then each of us need a saddle and bed. Call it seven months. We'll throw off the interest." He made a liberal gesture of his open palm.

"He has a saddle," said Hibler. "I know him. He's my nephew!"

"Is he?" said Jeff imperturbably. "All right. Call it six months, then. For one-half year we're your slaves. 'What's the constitution between friends?'"

Fite's distressing gratitude when Jeff took him the money is better to imagine than to experience. Jeff cut it short. "All right, old man. I understand. Give my love to Lemmie. Be good! And if you just can't be good, be calm, anyhow. Good-by!"

He pushed him back and closed the door, frowning slightly. His face still wore a thoughtful expression when he rejoined his companions.

"And now for Rainbow," he said. "What an awful fool a man is to gamble! You always lose, and if you win you waste it. If the 'tin-horns' can afford to sit on the wall side of the table it's a cinch that you can't afford to buck the game. The per cent gets you. Besides, it's wrong."

"You haven't explained how you came to be sleeping in the park," said Ballinger.

"I'll tell you about that," said Jeff. "Me and Stormy Banks sold our brand and built us a big rooming-house in Naco. We was counting on hauling in a dollar a bed every night. Big rush to the mines. We settled while it was going up that we was to insure it up to the handle. But—you know how it is. Each of us left it to the other. Neither of us 'tended to it. She burned up and no insurance. After we paid our bills we had less than fifteen hundred left. So I whacked with Stormy and shook him—careless scoundrel!"

"When was this?" inquired Hibler.

"Day before yesterday."

"Wha-*what?*" Hibler's jaw dropped in unaffected amazement. "What did you do with your money?" he whispered.

Jeff turned upon him an untroubled, truthful gaze.

"I got in a little poker-game!" he explained.

Don't Say Merely "Holeproof Hose"

If you want the genuine "Holeproof"—the original guaranteed hosiery—you must look for the name on the toe. There are scores of poor imitations.

But you want a guaranteed hosiery that is light, soft and attractive. You want to get the most for your money.

It has taken us 31 years to perfect "Holeproof" Hosiery. You don't want an amateur make.

We use no common cotton—ours comes from Egypt. We pay no common price—ours costs an average of 63c per pound.

We get our wear through superior yarn—3-ply throughout and 6-ply in heel and toe.

We spend $30,000 a year for inspection.

If you ask merely for 'Guaranteed' hose you may get cumbersome, common hose. Insist on 'Holeproof' and you will get the finest hose on the market. You will find this guarantee in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun metal and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. 6 pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, $2.00.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3.00. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun metal, khaki and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2.00. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made

Now
25c a Pair
6 Pairs—Guaranteed 6 Months—$1.50

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. On request we will tell you the dealers' names. Or we will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

"Holeproof" are made for men, women and children. Tell your folks about them.

Are Your Hose Insured?

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The Original Milk CHOCOLATE

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The Best Companion for a Winter Day's Sport.

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I offer an opportunity to add to your salary $5, $10 or $15 each month whichever you may select. If you want to increase your income let me hear from you. I will pay you a salary for doing some special work which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Just ask me to "Send Special Plan No. 9."

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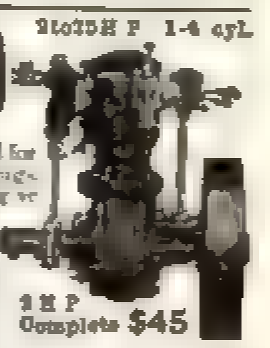
2 to 20 H P 1-4 cyl.



Best built, best finished engines ever sold for the money. Perfect, compact. Finest mileage. Built for constant service. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. See our new "buyers' agent" plan. You take no risk. Write for it and some catalog giving lessons and illustrations of full line. **Caille Perfection Motor Co., 1371 2nd Ave., Detroit, Mich.**

3 H P Complete $45

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Offers exceptional advantages for European study and travel. References given and required. For Catalog address **Continental Touring School, 908 Flanders Building, Phila., Pa.**

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OUR BUILDING

The advantages of Banking by Mail cannot be told in this brief announcement but they are thoroughly explained in the interesting literature which will be sent free to any address on request. Write to-day for booklet "M."

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND OHIO · THE CITY OF BANKS
RESOURCES OVER 42 MILLION DOLLARS

Where Shivers Cigars Are Made

Every cigar I manufacture is made right here in my factory, which occupies this entire building.

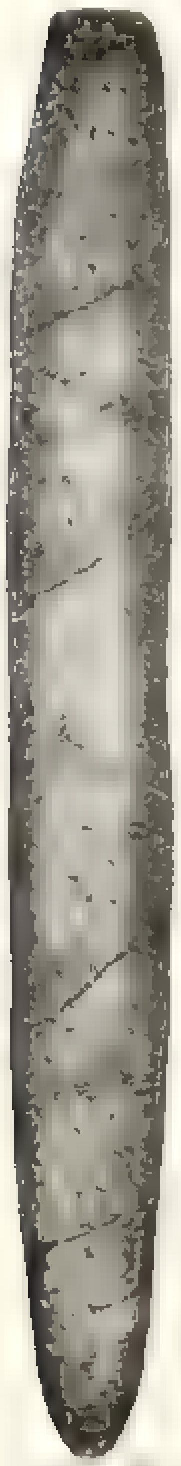
The reason I am laying special stress upon that point is this:

Recently a magazine representative—a man who really ought to *know*—while calling at my office asked whether I made my own cigars or had them made elsewhere—and if I occupied the entire building.

Now, when a magazine representative who has facilities for knowing the facts concerning a manufacturer's product, doesn't know the facts, it's quite clear that people without special facilities can't be expected to know. Therefore I want to make this point clear:

I make every cigar I sell—my cigars are all made *in* my factory and sold direct to my customers *from* my factory. My Shivers Panatela cigar is hand-made. All the filler is clean, long Havana tobacco—no shorts or cuttings are used, and the wrapper is genuine Sumatra.

Seven years ago my factory consisted of a little loft shop and has grown to its present proportions, occupying this entire five-story building, simply through my methods of manufacture, and the clear, straightforward fairness of my selling plan, which throws the entire burden of proof upon me.



Actual size and shape of Shivers Panatela

TRIAL OFFER

Smoke Ten at My Expense

Order fifty—smoke ten. If you don't find them as represented, or if you don't like them, send back the remaining forty. I pay express both ways. If you do like them, remit the price, $2.50, within ten days

I want you and every reader of this advertisement to visit my factory when you are in Philadelphia that I may show you just how and of what my cigars are made.

To repeat, Shivers Panatela is a full five-inch hand-made cigar—the filler of clean, straight Havana, the wrapper of genuine Sumatra. It is the regular 10 cent cigar "of the trade."

In ordering, please inclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

The fact that these cigars are all *made in* and *sold from* my factory, cutting out middlemen's profits, salesmen's salaries and commissions and high-rent corner stores, gives you the opportunity of getting better cigars for the price you are now paying, or cigars of equal quality at much less.

My New Book

MY BOOK IS FREE. It tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars, and smoking in general that every man should know. Illustrates and describes all the different shapes and sizes of cigars I make. Write for it.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.

913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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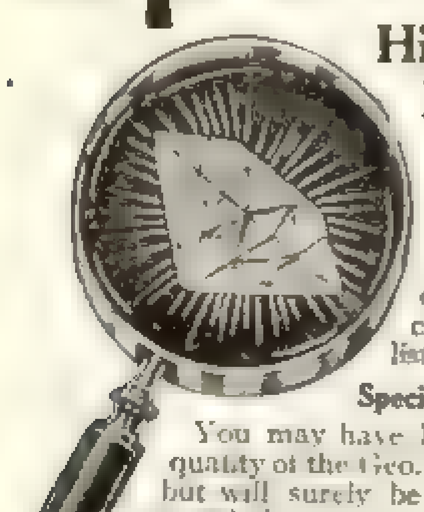

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You may have heard of the high quality of the Geo. E. Marshall goods, but will surely be surprised at our special discounts on even the finest pure, white diamonds. Discounts also on cut glass, silver, and jewelry.

MARSHALL'S

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"F"irst and finest grade—diamonds of the rarest beauty—are shipped prepaid on approval, no money down.

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Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

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One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,079 pages—1,497 vital business secrets, ideas, methods. In them is the best of all that they know about

- Purchasing
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A 9,059-word booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. Pages 2 and 3 tell about managing businesses great and small; pages 4 and 5 deal with credits, collections and with rock-bottom purchasing; pages 6 and 7 with handling and training men; pages 7 to 12 with salesmanship, with advertising, with the marketing of goods through salesmen, dealers and by mail; pages 12 to 15 with the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services—no matter what your line; and the last page tells how you may get a complete set—bound in handsome half morocco, contents in colors—for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my business or my salary, I should like to know them. So send on your 16-page free descriptive booklet. I'll read it. 26-3-6

Name

Address

Business

Position

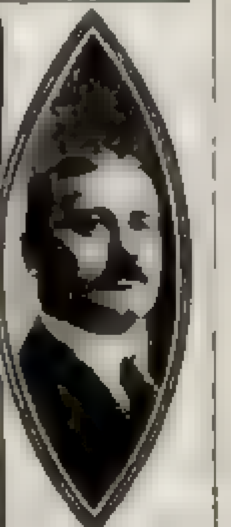
$25.00 Per Week

IF YOU EARN LESS

I can **HELP** your **Salary or Income** by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising.

My System of Instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the hearty endorsement of the great experts and publishers and I am anxious to send my prospectus, together with the most remarkable facsimile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instruction, if you are interested. I will show you how to earn from $25 to $100 per week.

Geo. H. Powell, 1162 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y.

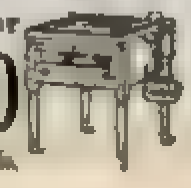


125-Egg Incubator and Brooder

FREIGHT PAID East of Rockies BOTH FOR $10

Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Dept. 101, Racine, Wis.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A CON MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

weeks I returned. I went at once into the gold-brick game, where there was no temptation to drink.

My last turn with a circus was three seasons later, when I joined a "big joint" mob which followed a little show through Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. The game of big joint illustrates so well the ways and methods of a good confidence man that I will go into particulars about it.

In the first place, understand that this show had picked its territory with a view to graft. It was a farming district. The original settlers, who had taken fortunes out of virgin soil, were old and well-to-do—and the older the man the softer the sucker. My mob consisted of Harris, the operator, who stayed with the show, and Hazleton and I, who followed it around in a buckboard, never showing our faces near the big tent except when we were at work. Hazleton was an ideal man for the part he played in our combination. He was tall and fine-looking; he wore a military goatee.

When we reached one of those rich farming towns Hazleton and I separated. I tied up the buckboard and hung around the post-office until, in one way or another, I picked up an acquaintance with the sucker. I'd tell him, when we were established on a friendly footing, that I had driven over to see the circus, from some town fifteen or sixteen miles away. I was the brother of a prominent citizen, and was just up from Kentucky on a visit. I won't go into further detail about that; my whole game was to make myself companionable and agreeable for half an hour or so. And at last I'd mention the circus. Then I'd get him to propose that we walk over and look at the tents while the parade was away. Near our little side-show tent we'd meet Harris. Let's make it dialogue for a little way:

HARRIS: Gentlemen, do you live in this town?

I: No sir, I don't; I'm over from Monmouth, visiting; but this gentleman is one of the prominent citizens.

HARRIS: Then you are the man I am looking for. We were giving away free tickets to prominent citizens by way of advertising both the circus and certain other attractions which I desire to show you.

I (*incredulous*): You don't mean to say that you're letting us have those tickets free? Seems like a funny proposition to get anything without strings on it in this world, especially around a circus.

HARRIS: Yes, sir, absolutely free. Not only that, but every holder of one of these complimentary tickets gets a drawing in a prize lottery which is now going on inside.

I (*shocked*): You don't mean a gambling game!

HARRIS: Oh, no indeed! It is a fair and legitimate business proposition, without a shadow of gambling—but kindly step inside and let me explain to you.

I (*to the sucker*): Shall we go in?

MR. SUCKER: Oh, it won't hurt to see what he has.

I: No, I suppose not; but I've heard that they gamble around the circuses. I'm a Hard-Shell Baptist, myself, and I don't believe in gambling.

Now, inside the tent the only thing in sight is a show-case with a lot of prize articles displayed—watches, knives, cheap jewelry, a two-dollar bill, a ten-dollar bill, and one big roll of paper money. On each article there is a numbered tag; and Harris takes up from the case a bunch of envelopes.

HARRIS: Now, gentlemen, let me explain for a moment a proposition that must seem mysterious to you. I am following this circus as the best method of introducing Rising Sun Sterling Silver [a short spiel about the merits of this new silverware]. I am taking a rather novel method. Our best customers, since we do mail business strictly, come from the prairie districts. Therefore, it pays us to advertise in this manner, and it will pay you to help us. Understand, I am not proposing an agency. All we want to

Send for a Sample Package of My New Chocolates

A real sweetmeat treat. A candy without a rival for daintiness and richness of flavor. My Dutch Bitter Sweets made from my original Dutch recipe as you like them. None can ever hope to equal them for I alone have the recipe, the skill, the facilities. Yet, I ask no more than others.

Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets Made in Milwaukee

Open a package. Their looks alone make your mouth water. Try one. Bite into it slowly. Once upon your tongue the deep bitter chocolate sinks into the sweet creamy centers. The sweet absorbs the bitter, then the bitter absorbs the sweet. The blending of these two confection opposites is perfect. Just enough rich sweetness. Just enough bitter tang.

Special Offer—Dutch Poster

Your candy dealer has them in 40c, 50c, 60c, 80c or $1.00 size packages. If not, send to me and I will also send you one of my unique thirty-six inch Dutch Posters. A typical Dutch scene—in seven bright colors, suitable for den or nursery.

Or send me ten cents today, to cover cost of packing and postage, and you will receive by return mail a dainty sample facsimile box of my Dutch Bitter Sweets.

When you write, address me

Johnston, Dept. S, Milwaukee
Wisconsin
(Established 1847)

GREAT FALLS MONTANA

100,000 Horse Power Being Developed

Openings for Candy, Biscuit, Breakfast Food and Soap Factories, Knitting Works, Tannery, Cold Storage, Lime Kilns, Nursery, Wholesale Hardware. Address

BOARD OF COMMERCE, Great Falls, Mont.

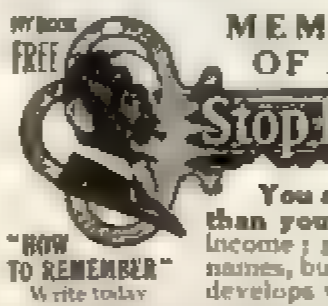
STRONG ARMS!

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

10 cents in stamps or coin.

Send for our booklet containing 20 illustrated exercises for developing and beautifying SHOULDERS, ARMS and HANDS. Without apparatus. Regular price 25c.

Prof. ANTHONY BARKER
School of Physical Culture
15 Barker Building, 110 W. 42d St., New York



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The key to Success

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking.

Write today

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FREE

To prove that our **BLIZZARD BELT EVERGREENS** will grow in all parts of the country we offer to send 6 Fine Spruces, 2 years old, FREE to property owners. Wholesale value and mailing expense over 30 cents. To help, send 5 cents or not as you please. A postal will bring the trees and our catalog containing many colored photo plates of our choice Blizzard Belt Fruits. Write today.

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Made up Right at Right Prices

Get out **ON TIME.** Order from Mfrs. and save money. Free Catalog and Samples.

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Leading Uniform Mfrs. 130 Clark St., CHICAGO

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Makes Expert Stenographers

It is the simplest, most legible and rapid shorthand in existence. [illegible] Textbook on approval. Write for free booklet No. 2

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CANADIAN supremacy in educational standards, as proved by World's Fair Awards — coupled with Canadian thoroughness — makes this College **absolutely different** from many Correspondence schools. It is created in Commercial, Engineering. A school for any subject, write for free booklet.

Canadian Correspondence College, Dept. S, Toronto, Can.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how.

The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

For more than 50 years the standard skate has been the Winslow. It is made by the most skilled workmen, from the finest materials, in the largest skate plant in the world. All styles and prices. Please send for our new illustrated catalogues. They are free. Kindly state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.

Winslow's Roller Skates are unusually well adjusted and finely finished. They are mechanically perfect. Smooth running and durable.

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The Samuel Winslow Skate Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.
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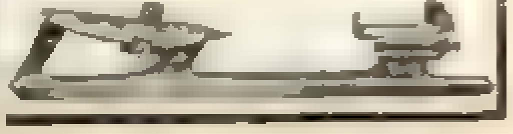


SIGN OF GOOD CLOTHES
GREAT WESTERN TAILORING
OUR NEW HOME AND OUR OLD STANDARD

Our new 9-story building in the heart of Chicago is the latest proof of our ability to give men—no matter where they live— ***better clothes for less money.***

Have Your Clothes Made to Order

The Great Western System is the logical, modern method that insures the precise kind of fit, style and individuality desired by each customer.

Unlimited choice of the latest styles in woolens and the most skillful workmanship in the world.

We produce garments of the latest style and finest quality, *with* the exclusive features of high-class tailoring and *without* the usual high-price sting.

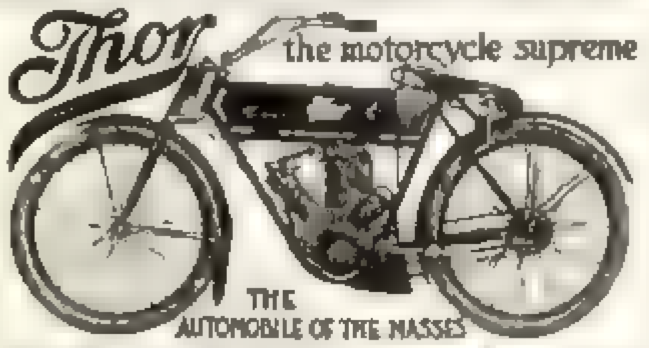
In every range we are in a position to quote uniformly moderate prices—

Suits and Overcoats, $18 to $40

If there is any risk, we take it. Every garment must thoroughly please the man it is made for. Look for the "Sign of Good Clothes." There is an experienced dealer in every town who shows our samples and takes correct measures. The name of local dealer will be sent together with new style plates upon request.

GREAT WESTERN TAILORING CO.
Great Western Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

Thor the motorcycle supreme



Speed 3 to 60 miles an hour. Fast enough for the most daring, slow enough for the most cautious. Governed and controlled entirely with the handle grips—mechanical [illegible] [illegible] protected. Easily mastered by a novice. Practical for pleasure or business. Can outdistance fastest automobiles and all rival motor cycles. Takes any mountain any road at slow or high speed. The **Thor**, without any repairs, was the only one of the 9 contestants to complete the 1116 mile cross country endurance test of Chicago Motor Cycle Club. **Models—$150 to $300. Motors—3½ H. P. to 6 H. P.**

Agents Wanted in Every City and Town.

Largest Motor Cycle Plant in America. Over 10,000 **Thor** motors in use. Features not on any other motor cycle.

Catalogue with our liberal proposition free

AURORA AUTOMATIC MACHINERY CO.,
Dept. A, Aurora, Illinois, U. S. A.

McClure's DIE STAMPED Stationery
IS FIT FOR A KING

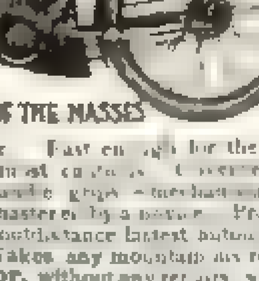
I make a specialty of fine Die Stamped Personal Stationery. My new system enables me to furnish this high-grade stationery for one third the price others ask. Hundreds of customers express delight at the low price and high quality. **All I ask is a small trial order**—send me $1 for a sample lot of Letter Paper and Envelopes **Die Stamped with your Monogram or Initial**—I guarantee not only to please and surprise you, but that you could not duplicate the value elsewhere. If you do not care to order a sample lot, write me anyhow; let me send my samples. I also make business and professional stationery, visiting cards, etc.

FRED H. McCLURE, Box AA 482, Detroit, Mich.

IF YOU HAVE ONE DOLLAR or five, start a Savings Account by mail. We pay 5% interest compounded quarterly ($100 time deposits 6%), and will mail you booklet, the Sulky Dollar, that explains our plan in operation over 18 years. $2,000,000 First Mortgages as Security, as required by laws of Georgia—Double your interest income—at least ask how we do it for you. Write now.

Georgia State Savings Association,
175 York Street, Savannah, Ga.

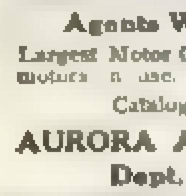
The Sanitary Pipe Endorsed by Physicians



Best French Briar. Hard Rubber. Removable stem. The most scientific and healthful pipe ever made. Cannot become rank like ordinary pipes. No hot smoke, or saliva drawn into mouth. No biting the tongue. Tobacco is always dry, no residue left. Price $1 postpaid. Money back if not satisfactory.

TWO SEPARATE WELLS FOR SALIVA AND NICOTINE EASILY CLEANED.
$1.00 Postpaid

SLIP A DOLLAR BILL INTO AN ENVELOPE NOW
SANITARY PIPE CO., 134 Cutler Bldg., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will learn to know the exquisite aroma of a pure, perfectly blended, clean and wholesome smoke.

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco pleases instantly, and satisfies continuously. Fragrant, rich, mellow and never bites tongue. Not sold by dealers, but direct to smokers in perfect condition. **Send 10c silver or stamps for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet.**

French Tobacco Co., Dept. K, Statesville, N. C.

do is to interest stable citizens like yourselves. I simply ask that you take away with you a few of those circulars to distribute among your friends. That inducement makes it worth our while to pay your admission and to give you a drawing in this lottery. (*To me*): Will you draw one of these envelopes, sir? Each contains a number to correspond with one of the prize articles in the case.

I (*still a skeptic*): You're sure this ain't a gambling game?

HARRIS: Not at all, sir. You put up nothing.

I (*to Mr. Sucker*): Well, this looks too good to be true, but I'll try it.

I draw from the envelope. Out comes number 18. Harris looks into the showcase.

HARRIS: I congratulate you, sir. Prize number 18 is two dollars.

I: Well, that's just like finding it.

HARRIS: There is only one thing more before I hand you the money. We have to insist that any man who receives a cash prize from this drawing shall show an equivalent sum of money to prove that he is a responsible citizen. In the case of your drawing, it is ridiculous to suppose that you haven't the small sum of two dollars. But it is our rule, made to cover the larger prizes.

I: You want to know if I have two dollars? Certainly. Here it is.

HARRIS (*handing over the money*): Then I need say no more. Please take some of these circulars and distribute them to your friends. Now, sir (*to Mr. Sucker*), will you kindly draw.

The sucker is all for drawing by this time; he has his first taste of his own greed. He draws. And he gets number 11. Please remember that number, and how it looks written out. It is important.

HARRIS (*looking into the showcase*): By the Lord Harry; you are in luck. Well, well! You have drawn the capital prize—four hundred dollars!

I: Do you mean to tell me that you are going to give this gentleman four hundred dollars for nothing? Ridiculous!

HARRIS: Well, he has drawn the capital prize. We have to make good. We can't afford to hurt our reputation by doing otherwise. I only ask that this gentleman show me four hundred dollars to prove his financial standing. That is our rule.

I: But you haven't four hundred dollars on you?

MR. SUCKER: No, but I can get it out of the bank.

HARRIS: Very well, if you can go to the bank and bring back four hundred dollars before we close, all right. But I must see your money as a guarantee. It's a business proposition, gentlemen.

I: Now let's have this thing straight. If we get four hundred dollars and bring it here, you will pay four hundred dollars to this gentleman?

HARRIS: That's what I said.

Then I draw the sucker outside. And, as we talk it over and he asks my opinion, I get gradually enthusiastic. That is the strength of my spiel. I have begun as a doubter, and I have come to believe. And I've swept him on with me. Mind you, that part of it isn't always easy. Sometimes I have to give the office [the "office" is a con man's signal] to Hazleton, so that he may come up and help. But nine suckers out of ten are soft at that point. So we go up to the bank and get the four hundred. Returning to the tent we flash it on Harris.

HARRIS: Sorry, gentlemen, but you'll have to draw over again. Just after you left another man came in and won the capital prize. That means a new drawing.

I: See here; is this a skin game? What do you mean?

HARRIS (*indignant*): And what do you mean? This is straight!

I: Well, here's the money—show him the money.

HARRIS: I see the money, all right. But now this gentleman must draw again.

Harris spreads the envelopes on the showcase. At that moment he turns away to tie his shoelace. I run slyly over the envelopes; and sticking out of one of them is a little card upon which, as plain as day,

No. 12524
Distinctly Custom Style, Gun Metal Blucher Oxford
Sent direct, charges paid, for $4.25

CRAWFORD SHOES ARE UNION MADE

Crawford Shoes
FOR MEN 3.50 4.00 5.00

CRAWFORD SOLE
ORDINARY SOLE

A personal inspection of the Crawford factories and an explanation of all the details could not give you more "inside" facts about Crawfords than I propose doing in this and the following Crawford advertisements by telling you why Crawford Shoes are **good** shoes!

Let's begin at the bottom of it all—the sole. Most soles look alike when new, but here is an actual photograph of two $4.00 shoes *that have been worn.* One is an ordinary sole—soft, spongy and porous. It has worn ragged and uneven, and would soon break through. The other is a Crawford. All Crawford soles are cut from the firm, closely fibred bark-tanned and most expensive "bends" of hardy steer hides—they will wear to paper thinness.

Prove to yourself the value of Crawford "bend" soles, feathered insoles, "stay-up" box toes, Chrome tanning, patented "Tredstrates," Hug-tite Oxfords, and other Crawford improvements, by wearing Crawford Shoes. Interesting style book free.

Charles A. Eaton

CHAS. A. EATON COMPANY, Makers, Brockton, Mass.

In New York, the fashion centre of the country, Crawford Shoes are sold by Crawford Shoe makers, at

23d Street and 4th Avenue
93 Nassau Street
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Going to Build?

Neponset Waterproof and **Air Tight Building Paper** on walls beneath clapboards or shingles means a yearly saving of one-third in heating cost. It makes rooms comfortable and healthy, and free from draughts and dampness.

Neponset Black Waterproof Building Paper

See that it is used on your house. Write for booklet, **"Comfortable Homes,"** it tells the story you ought to know.

A bungalow, garage, barn, or any kind of a building, from a poultry house to a factory, needs a good roofing, one easy to apply, that will prove durable and attractive, will not leak. No trouble to those who use **Paroid Roofing.** It is absolutely unaffected by any climatic extremes.

Paroid Roofing

has stood the test of time. Our booklet **"Paroid Proofs"** will tell you why it is the best. Write for it and free sample.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 232 Mill Street, E. Walpole, Mass.

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FINISHING FLOORS

old or new, for rugs or otherwise, with

GRIPPIN'S

Floor Crack Filler and Finishes

Sanitary, inexpensive and simple to apply. A SAMPLE showing how (while they last), and descriptive matter FREE. Write now.

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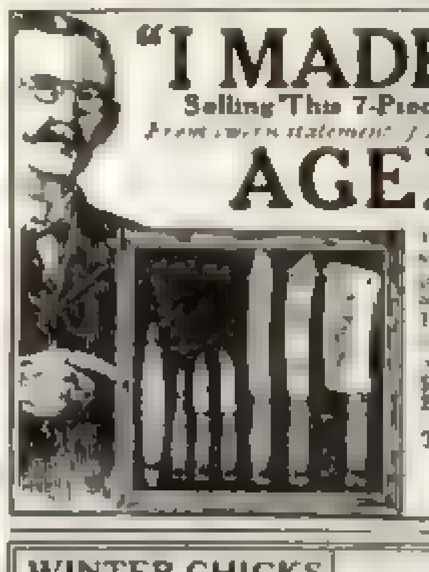
DOES CHRIST SAY: Go to Church "A remarkable booklet deserving widespread publicity" Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D. [illegible] cts. each by the 100 net. Sample copy 6 cts. stamps.
By REV. FELIX J. O'NEILL

Church Publications, Box 42, Stafford Springs, Conn.



"I MADE $12 PER DAY
Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"
From sworn statement of H. S. Cunningham

AGENTS

are coining money—selling from 50 to 500 sets per week. Send your address today and get our PROPOSITION. Experience unnecessary. We show you how to make $10 to $20 a day. **OUTFIT FREE** to workers.

THOMAS MFG CO.
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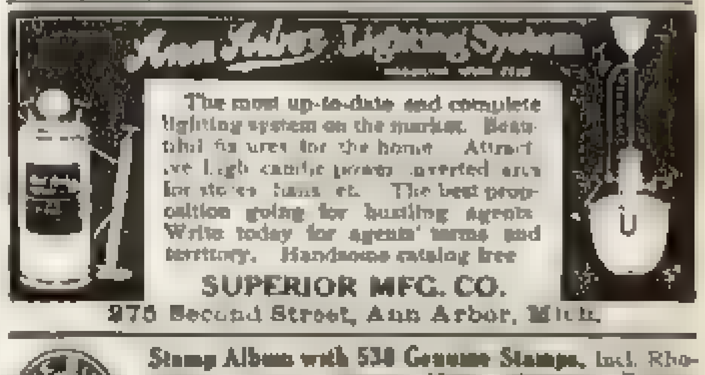
WINTER CHICKS

bring big money in the spring when everybody wants broilers. [illegible] **Queen Incubators and Brooders** [illegible] **We pay freight.** Five year guaranty. **90 Days Free Trial.** Write today for Free Catalog. Queen Incubator Co., Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.



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Stamp Album with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., **only 10c.** 100 dif. Japan, India, N. Zld., etc. 5c. **Agts. wtd. 50%. Big bargain list, coupons, etc., all Free! We Buy Stamps.** C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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Increase your personal earnings or those of your business by learning the modern method of business promotion. If you are handicapped by the small salary of a narrow, crowded line of work, prepare for one of the varied well-paid positions in the great profession of advertising. If you are a business man and want to increase the volume and profits of your business

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We provide expert, practical instruction in writing, planning and managing retail, mail-order, trade-paper or ask-the-dealer advertising, agency work and soliciting. To prove the superiority of our instruction we offer the mail course on

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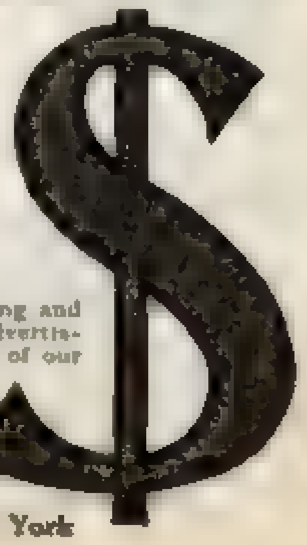

GEORGE FRANK LORD, Inc., 333-H, 4th Ave., New York

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THIS
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Simonds Saws

cut clean and close and quick. Without waste of timber. Work their way through the toughest wood without sticking. They never chew or tear the wood. Seldom need setting or filing—Because the blades are of even, tough-tempered, edge-holding steel—Simonds steel.

At most dealers—if yours has not got them write for "Simonds Guide" mailed free.

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The Ball Sticks

All Goldsmith Fielder's Gloves and Mitts are made of specially tanned, flexible leather with padding so arranged as to produce a Natural Deep Pocket which **holds the ball.**

Goldsmith Official League Ball No. 97 is made according to National and American League Specifications. Is guaranteed to last a full game of nine innings. Most of them give even greater service—Each $1.25.

Base Balls	5 cents to	$1.25
Base Ball Uniforms	$1.75 to	15.00
First Baseman's Mitts	1.00 to	4.00
Fielder's Gloves	.25 to	3.50
Catcher's Mitts	.25 to	7.00
Base Ball Bats	.10 to	1.25

FREE —Five score cards for name of dealer in your city [illegible] base ball [illegible]. If he cannot supply you with the Goldsmith **Guaranteed** kind, write us and we will send you our Base Ball catalogue and supply you direct, delivered prepaid [illegible] Bats on receipt of price. Our Guarantee Means—if any defect appears, the article will be **replaced free of charge.** Write P. [illegible] GOLDSMITH'S SONS, Mfrs., [illegible] W. Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Known by this mark

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How to Write Letters That Win

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PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts stamps
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we can see the ends of two parallel marks the stems of a figure eleven!

I wink at the sucker; he winks back. I mark that envelope by denting it with my thumb-nail. At that moment Harris straightens up and resumes his spiel.

> HARRIS: Well, sir, do you wish to draw? If you do, put down your money against mine on the counter here.
>
> I: His money against yours?
>
> HARRIS: Yes, sir. Your four hundred there against that four hundred in the case. That was what we said, wasn't it?
>
> I: And the capital prize number is still 11?
>
> HARRIS: Yes. The capital prize is always 11.

Down goes the money. Now stop and consider this thing a moment. We began with a straight prize drawing—something for nothing. There was not a shade of gambling in it. At this second, it is turned into a gambling game—with perfectly foolish odds. He is betting even that he can pick one envelope from twenty—and the odds should be twenty to one. But the sucker has seen that prize envelope, and I have marked it for him—it looks like a cinch. The consideration that he is now gambling, and stands to lose his money if he picks wrong, doesn't enter his mind. All he sees is the four hundred dollars of Harris' money, which will be his the moment he puts his finger on that marked envelope. One minute's sensible consideration would dissipate the whole thing. He doesn't get that minute.

They lay out the rolls side by side on the showcase. The sucker draws from the pile the envelope which I have marked with my thumb-nail, and takes out the card.

He has drawn 44, which calls for a silver spoon. The marks which he took for the stems of two 1's were the stems of two 4's!

I put up a fierce roar; then I grow regretful. I begin to think of myself and my position at home. I would have given a thousand dollars rather than have such a thing happen. Heavens, if my wife should hear of it! I suggest seeing the management about it; in that way I lead the sucker outside of the tent. Along comes Hazleton, with his respectable and kindly air. I recognize him as Mr. Baker, a State banking commissioner, and an old friend of my brother's. We tell him what has happened. He is shocked and pained to think that I have done such a thing. It amounts to nothing else than gambling. After Baker has read me a lecture, he tells the sucker that such things come under his jurisdiction. He will put his detectives on the case at once and force the swindling hounds to give back the money. And, as for me, he considers it only right that I share the loss with Mr. Sucker. I cheerfully agree to do that, give the sucker my name and address (both phony, of course) and promise to send two hundred dollars as soon as I get home.

This is just a typical case; of course, there were many variations to suit the man.

The mob with that circus always remembered one trick I turned that summer. A fresh old farmer, who thought he was wise, wandered into the grounds one afternoon. He looked over the shell games, the cloth and the roll-out, and pronounced them a bunk. He went to the town authorities about it and got the laugh—our fixer had sewed up everything. He returned to roar at the manager of the circus. At this point I wandered up.

"Excuse me," I said to the manager, who caught his cue as soon as I gave him the office, "can you tell me where I can get tickets in advance for the performance tonight? I promised to take my wife and her sister-in-law and the children, and I don't want to be fighting and carousing around the ticket wagon with them along, especially as I hear that this circus of yours is a little tough."

"You're right this circus is tough!" came in the fly old granger.

"Then maybe I'd better not take my women folks," I said.

The manager cut in and persuaded me that it was all right. He offered to bring me the tickets himself. I thanked him and he went to get them. So I was left alone to get acquainted with my man. Before he got away from the grounds we had lifted from him one hundred and seventy dollars, all the money he had on his person, at big joint. I didn't even call Hazleton to help me square it with him.

$1000 in Cash Prizes

Open to Everybody

EACH New Year we present to our friends and customers a beautiful lithographed souvenir. It is looked forward to by 40,000 prosperous shoe dealers, many of whom have saved a complete collection.

Our aim is to secure something new and original that will be preserved and treasured for years. It bears no advertising except a card to show that it is sent with our compliments.

Heretofore we have depended upon the leading lithographers for designs, but in order to obtain a picture out of the ordinary, we now open a contest to the world and offer the following prizes:

$350.00 for the best original design.
$250.00 for the second best original design.
$400.00 (or $50.00 each) for the eight next best and most original designs.

All sketches must be submitted at our office, 12th and Washington Avenue, St. Louis, U. S. A., on or before June 1, 1909.

This is a small reproduction of our present souvenir—but it gives no idea of the beauty of coloring or expression. You can no doubt see a life-size souvenir in the store of the best shoe dealer in your town. If you would like one of your own, send 25c in stamps or currency to our St. Louis house.

They must be shaped to reproduce a 20 x 30 inch colored lithograph and may be oil, water color or crayon.

The Awarding Committee will be chosen from members of our own Company and the selection of a design will be made by them entirely on merit and originality and with the view of getting the picture that will be most appreciated by those who receive it.

Awards will be made June 11, 1909.

Do not hesitate to compete because you are not an artist of renown, as the name will not be considered.

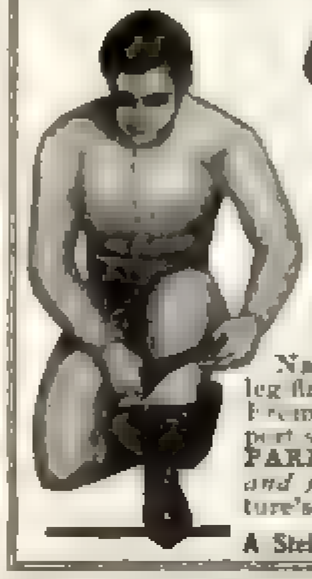
All sketches receiving prizes will become our property; all others will be returned if contestant so requests and sends amount of return express charge.

We are known the world over as the manufacturers of the celebrated American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes and as the shoe makers who

Keep the Quality Up

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis and Boston, U.S.A.

PARIS GARTERS



25 and 50 cents at dealers or direct if he is out.

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Nature has made the masculine leg flat on its inner front surface. From this point all stocking support should come.

PARIS is *the only garter shaped and fitted* in harmony with nature's plan. *Guaranteed to satisfy.*

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A Genuine Red Cedar

Window Seat Chest

This chest is a beautiful, [illegible] red natural finish, heavily bound with wide copper bands and old fashioned flat headed copper rivets. It is the highest perfection of ornament and utility ever attained in artistic home-old furniture. A tasteful, elegant treasure, and a certain protection for furs and woolens against dust, moths and dampness. Precisely the proper thing as a wedding or birthday gift. We prepay freight from factory to home, returning price and paying return freight if not satisfactory. Send for catalog of different styles and prices. Sold DIRECT from factory.

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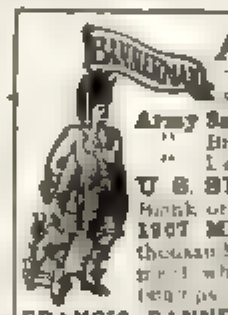
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It relieves painful, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Try it *to-day.* Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. *Don't accept any substitute.* For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Army Auction Bargains



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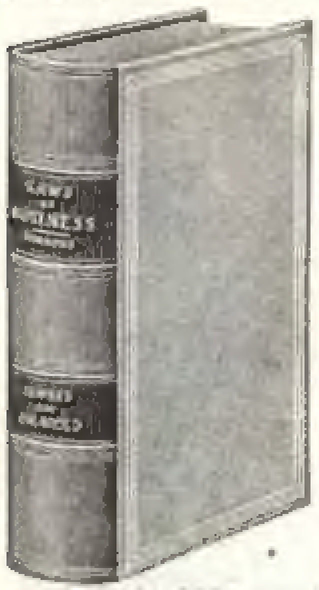
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THE SAXONIA
lights same as any lamp and produces gas off the top of the wick, a fine white light.

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National Correspondence Institute
19-40 Second National Bank Building
Washington, D. C.

LLOYD'S, OF LONDON

(Concluded from Page 7)

seem to be any particular reason for this obsession on his part, but he just had that kind of a hunch. When an Englishman gets a hunch he goes to Lloyd's. The first thing this young gentleman knew, he found himself married, so his course of action was perfectly clear to him. He went down to interview the underwriters at the Royal Exchange.

"Why, my dear sir," said they to him, "we will lay you what you like that you won't have one son or that you will have forty; that you will have one daughter or that you will have fifty; lay you that you will not have triplets, quadruplets, sextuplets, or any other number of progeny that you like of a synchronous nature."

His feeling that way, and having had that hunch all his whole, born life, he said he would have to take them once, anyhow, on the triplet game. He paid over his premium, and went away feeling a little easier in his mind. Of course, the chances of the birth of triplets in any given family are not very large. It is said to be historically true, however, there were triplets born in this family within two years from the date the wager was laid. Lloyd's settled for them. This is one of the unique cases of Lloyd's, but not held of sufficient importance to entitle it to chronicle in the Chamber of Horrors. When Barnum brought Jumbo to this country that great elephant carried a backload of insurance, not only on his life, but on his career as an attraction. Lloyd's had insured him to attract more than twenty-five thousand dollars of extra business to the show each year.

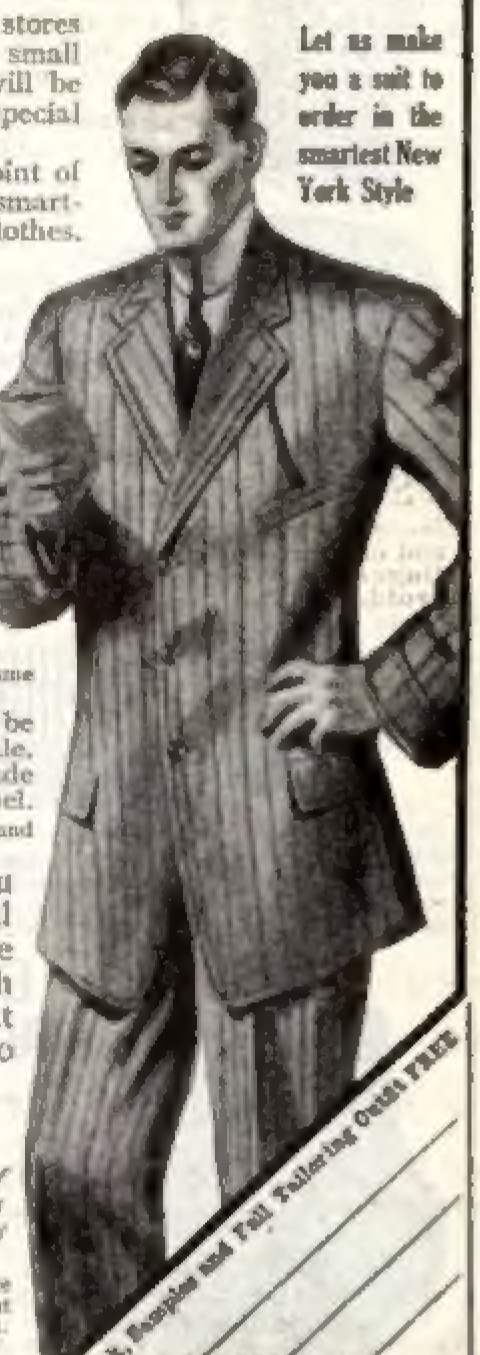
The perils of war are such as to lead most insurance companies of this country to require readjustment of their policies. Thus, if you wish to go into the business of war correspondence, your life-insurance company will probably require an additional premium from you, or, in any case, require you to ask consent to engage in the more hazardous calling or to visit a more hazardous country. Of all the wars which have been Lloyd's grist for their mill none has been, perhaps, more prolific than the late Boer War. The rumor gained credence that the Boer riflemen had a nasty habit of hitting things; so the risk of going into the South African service was one soberly considered; not so soberly, however, as to prevent many officers and even some enlisted men from making it a sporting proposition. Suppose a party of officers meet at the Carlton Club, and there comes up for discussion the departure of this or that regiment, or the record of this or that regiment already in the field. One gentleman says: "How about taking a go of one hundred guineas each on B troop of the Highlanders? They've been beastly lucky of late. Let us wager they'll not lose more than twenty men in the next fortnight." Such sporting pools were sometimes made. Most of the insurance companies did not care to increase their lines, but Lloyd's would take such a company risk, wagering in effect that not more than ten men would be killed before such and such a date. If more than ten were killed those who survived could divide the pool—which made it an object both to gamble and not to get killed. Life wins, death loses. That is the old gamble of the ages. Because it exists, insurance and faro also exist.

We do not know the answer to the question of the Sphinx; but Lloyd's, of London, would bet the Sphinx itself that it is not the Sphinx, that it is all wrong, that it is a fine old chap, or that it ought to be ashamed of itself. Yet if Lloyd's, of London, should close its doors tomorrow the commerce and the civilization of this world would be in a jumble until some other Lloyd's could hastily be devised. There would be chaos for a time, until once more the old doctrine of insurance, which began first to be formulated in the old kauffee-house days, could reassert itself. The modern world would have to be made over again; but, no doubt, the Lloyd's of that day would be willing to lay odds that it could make a better world than that in which we of today are struggling. In all of which, your uncle, or other distant relative, who, perhaps, once upon a time patronized some red-light insurance game on the far frontier, would very likely agree.

SPRING SPECIAL $20 SUIT To your measure $13.50

Whether you live in a big city with its many stores and clothes shops, or whether you live in a very small town with its limited tailoring resources, you will be interested in our $20 suits made to your special measure for $13.50.

You will be interested not alone from the point of saving so many dollars, but because you will get the smartest New York styles and finest custom tailored clothes.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Our Suit at $13.50 is a Positive $20 Garment

Firstly, because it contains fabrics equal in quality to any $20 custom tailored suit sold throughout the country. **Secondly,** because the style and tailoring thoroughness are up to the $20 standard, and **Thirdly,** because $20 was the price these suits sold for, when we did our business through agents.

We have done away with agents and are making to your order our $20 suit for $13.50.

We did away with agents because they were a hindrance to our growth. They misrepresented things and in some cases went so far as to charge $5 and $10 more for a suit than they were supposed to get. Their poor way of handling matters forced us to cut them out. We are now selling direct to the consumer at the same price at which we had sold the agent.

This move will not only save our clients many dollars, but we will be able to render a service that will make a steady customer with each sale. The influence that a pleased patron can create will bring us more trade in the long run than we could possibly secure through any other channel.

We do not employ agents, solicitors or out-of-town representatives of any kind, and want to show you why it is greatly to your advantage that we don't.

We guarantee to give you the best $20 suit that you ever wore for $13.50. We will make it to your special measure in the smartest New York Style. We guarantee the fit, fabric and finish, and if you are not pleased with the suit when we deliver it; if you are not convinced that we have saved you 25% to 50%, we don't want you to keep the clothes. Send them back at once.

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HOPKINS & ALLEN TRIPLE ACTION (Trade Mark)
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Insures Absolute Safety

The third or safety action is so plainly a safety action that a blind man can feel it and know it when he feels. It isn't an added-on mechanism. It's the action of the revolver that secures safety—positive, perfect safety all the time. It shoots when you want it to shoot—quick and hard. When you don't want it to shoot, nothing can discharge it.

This is the Safety Principle: The triple action takes the hammer out of the danger zone directly after firing, thus eliminating all danger of accidental discharge. Until you actually pull the trigger, the hammer at rest is always against a wall of solid metal—never in line or in any way in contact with the firing pin.

If you cannot get the Safety Police at your dealer's we will send it direct to you on receipt of price.

The Army Grip gives a strong, firm hand-hold. This feature appeals particularly to the revolver enthusiast. 32 and 38 cal., 4 in. barrel. Blued Finish, $10.

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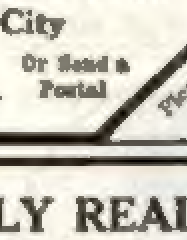
COOKING WITHOUT FIRE



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Write for catalog. **AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY,**
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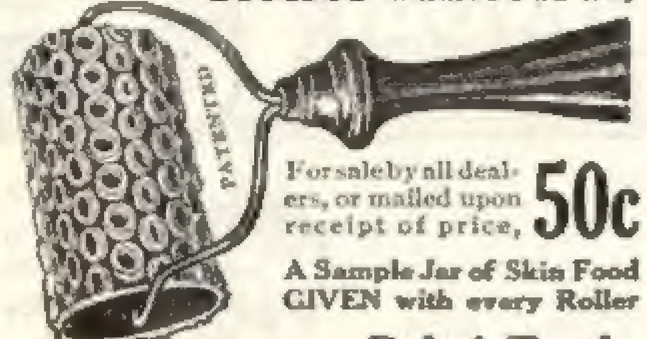
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way



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A Sample Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every Roller

Baby's Teeth cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

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TEETHING RING

Mailed for price, 10c.

Bailey's Rubber Sewing Finger

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large.

PATENT
APPLIED FOR

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PAT. APPLIED FOR
BAILEY'S RUBBER
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Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

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100 page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods, Free.

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The Shoulder Brace That Braces

Prove it by This Test

Have someone place their hands on your shoulders with the thumbs on your shoulder blades and ask them to press in. Notice how quickly it straightens you up. This little test will show you how easily a little pressure properly applied corrects round shoulders, induces deep breathing, strengthens the lungs and heart. The

Gamble Shoulder Brace

is made on this same principle—and it is the only brace that is. The two cross pieces are made of very light non-rustable steel, that simply exert a little pressure on the protruding shoulder blades, just as the thumbs do in the above test.

The Gamble does not bind the body in a straight jacket. It is absolutely comfortable and allows perfect freedom of movement. Yet it will not permit round shoulders. It is the one brace that a boy or girl, man or woman can wear with the greatest ease.

FREE TRIAL

Your dealer will sell you a Gamble Brace and guarantee satisfaction. He will refund the purchase price in full, should you care to return the brace after wearing it one week. Or, we will fill your order direct, under same guarantee.

Prices: for men and women—$1.50. For boys and misses—$1.25. Special steels for extreme cases, 50c extra. In ordering give your snug (not tight) chest measure, under arms, over vest.

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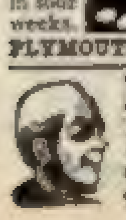

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THE TRADEMORE CO., Dept. 2, TOLEDO, OHIO

THE BORAX HUNTERS

(Concluded from Page 15)

When he could talk he told them how he had become lost in the Funeral Mountains and had wandered down a cañon to the salt marsh. Desperate from thirst he had crossed the flat. Three mil s is the width of the marsh. He had crossed it, throwing down his coat ahead of him, crawling upon it, passing beyond it, then reaching it while he floundered in the viscous mud and throwing it on before him again.. He had done that the day before; it had taken him twelve hours. Then he had walked on by the wagon-road to Furnace Creek Ranch, thirty miles. He did not remember much of that walk. He did not know when the sand-storm had overtaken him. All he was sure of was that he had kept walking, walking, always walking, because he did not want to die. That is the one instance known where a man crossed the salt marsh. Others have wandered out into the flat, but none ever saw them again.

Sooner or later the borax prospector finds himself at the end of a hot, weary journey beside a sun-dried patch of mud. Here should have been a water-hole. His animals nose the earth, half-frantic. His canteen is empty. There is but one thing to do. He begins a long, slow tramp for life.

This is a grim struggle with merciless elements—hot earth that drags at his feet, hot air that cracks his lips to bleeding, and a blazing sun—against these things a man's will.

At the outset he travels with plodding feet, and the distance may be forty miles. His body leans forward. In his mouth he holds several round pebbles. He bends his mind to the one purpose, to keep on and on in the straight line he has chosen, to keep on and on. He is inflexible.

A Battle With Thirst

The mirage shows visions of promise it never showed before. He turns his head from it. Fever of thirst comes over him, and brings other visions, close at hand beside his path—water, always water. He drags his heavy feet straight onward. He walks for hours. His skin is hot. He fights himself to keep from tearing off his clothes. His tongue sticks to the pebbles. He touches it with his hand; it is hard and dry. His head reels, and he staggers.

In the desert's most arid places, even among the rocks of the Funeral Mountains, a ball-cactus grows whose globes are rich in moisture. When he can loose his mind for a moment from the idea of walking forward in a straight line, he looks for one of these. He sees one and he cuts down into it, hollowing out a cuplike depression. When sap has gathered in this he sucks it up, then he plods on.

Water shows, real water, a shallow pool at the base of a rock. He knows that spring. About its rim are bones of animals that drank from it. He averts his head and passes. Dizziness returns and he finds his feet wandering. Knowledge of thirst's tricks, of this unreasoning desire to walk in a circle, to tear off his clothes, to run blindly after the mirage or stoop toward fever's vision, keeps him to his path—that and will. And when he has reached his goal this same knowledge, born of the experience of others, makes him drink sparingly and bathe his body for hours before he satisfies his craving.

These are some of the things among which the borax hunters live and work. Silent men, with faces like sun-dried rawhide, they move slowly, with infinite care; and always, when they can get it, they carry more water than they need. They have traveled in and about Death Valley for years, until now the company has built a railroad to tap the ledges which they discovered, on which they did the assessment work. With that railroad have come mining development, towns, pipe-lines for water, machinery, women and civilization. And ahead of these things they are slowly passing to more remote corners of the desert. The civilization whose path they helped to prepare is not for them; they do not want it. The arid wilderness is theirs; instinctively they seek it, to search its sun-baked fastnesses for minerals which the rest of the world needs, to endure its hardships, to face its dangers, thus earning their wages.

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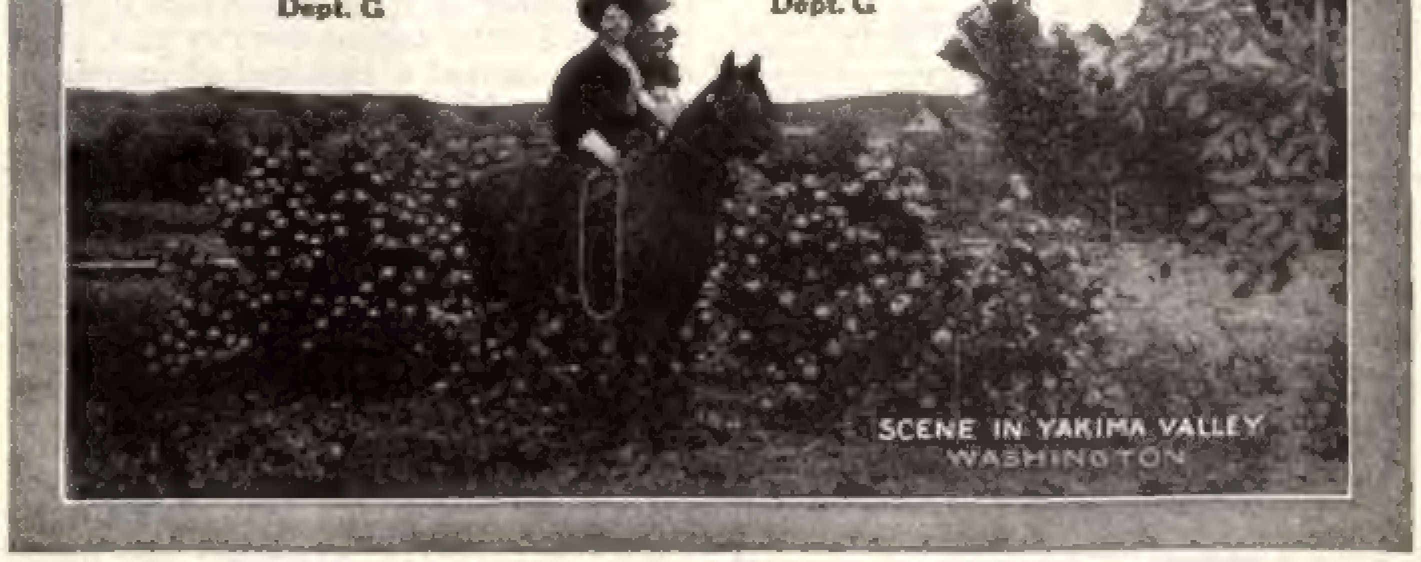

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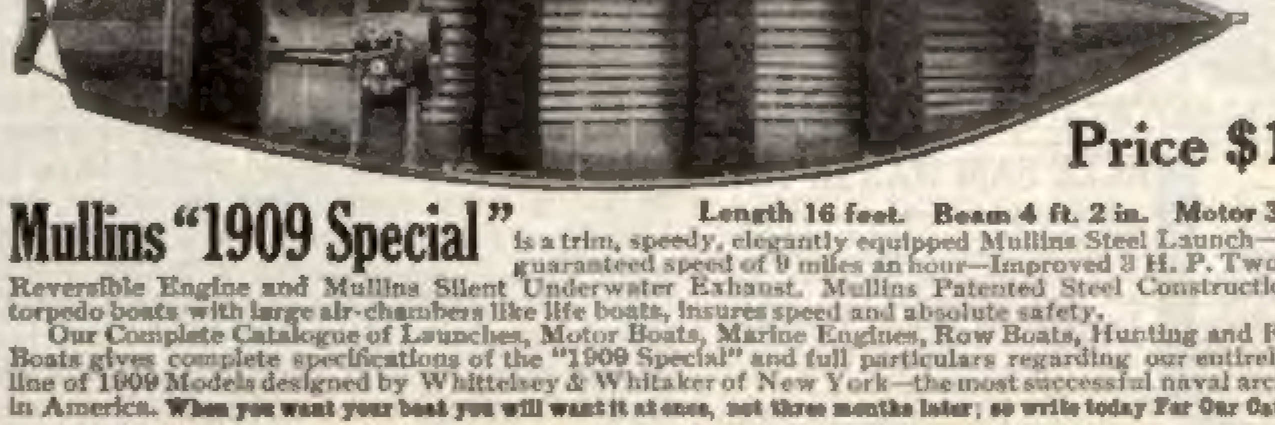

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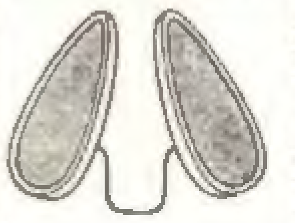

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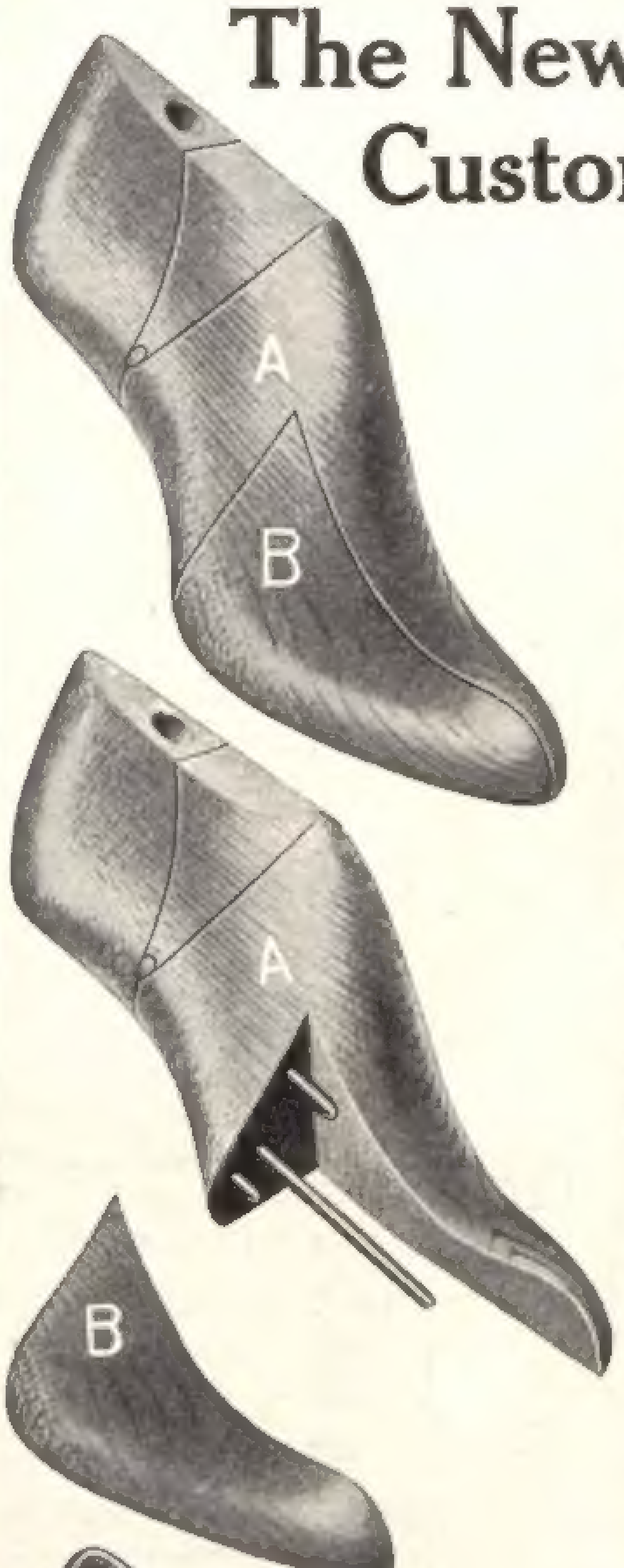

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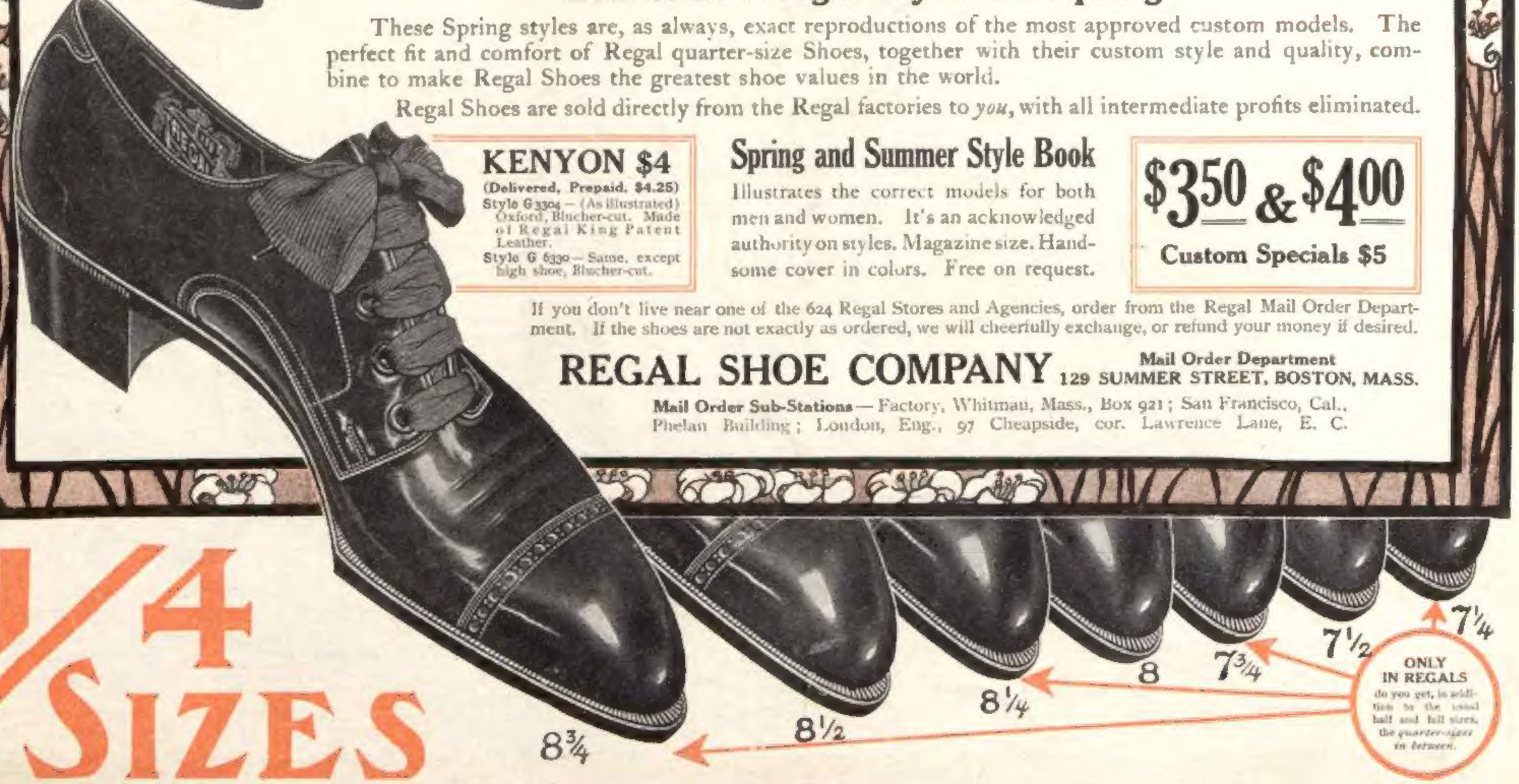

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